THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 202, Number 11

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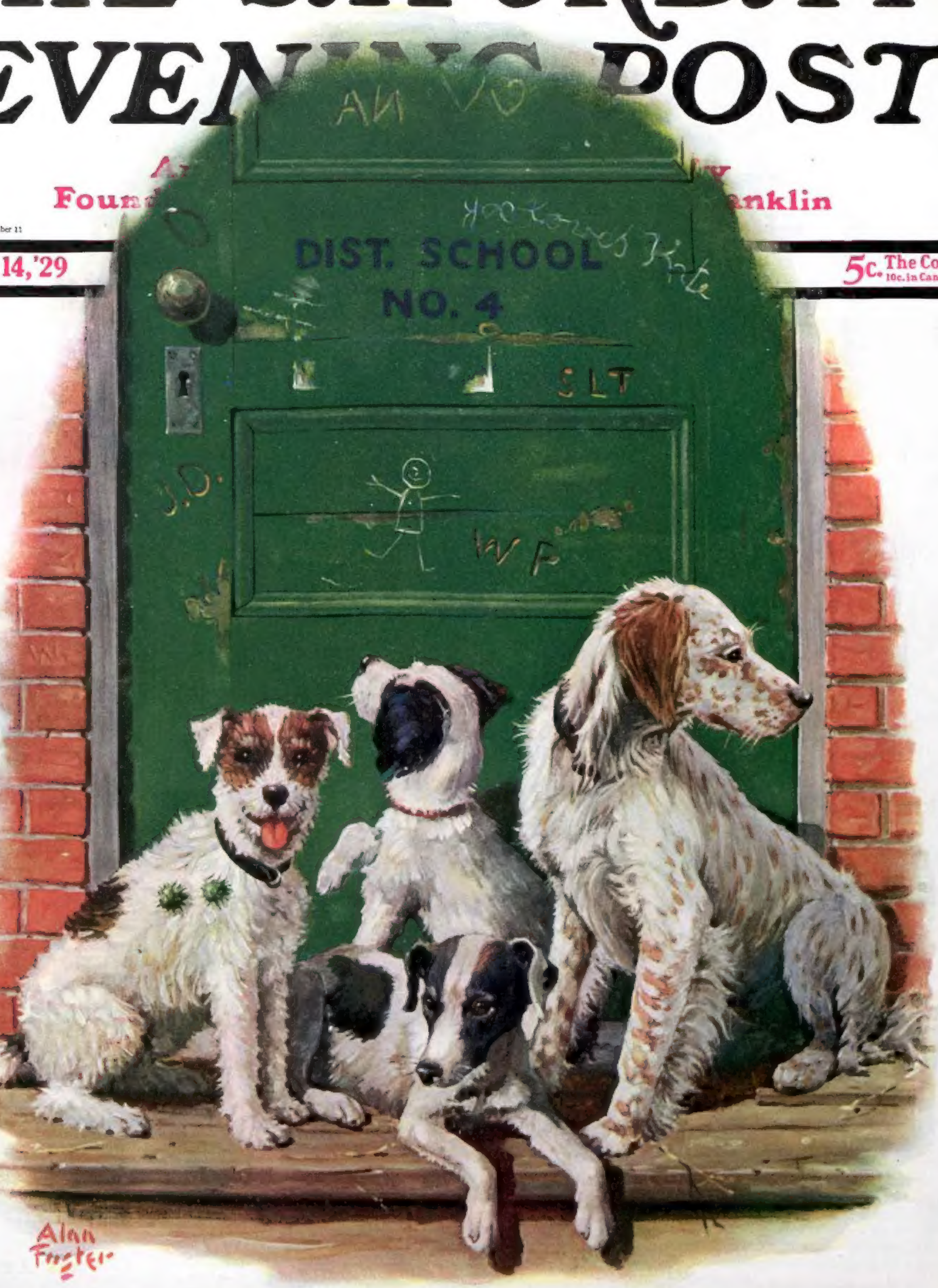

Charles Francis Coe—Louise Kennedy Mabie—Roy Chapman Andrews
Leonard H. Nason—Princess Der Ling—Christian Gauss—James Mahoney

Chocolates that have won a definite place for themselves. Salmagundi is a special assortment selected by a critical lover of chocolates. Identified by the charming metal box with design by Mucha, the queenly figure shown above.

If you do not know Salmagundi, get acquainted at the nearest Whitman agency. The store that shows the Whitman sign receives Whitman's candies *direct* from the makers and guarantees satisfaction.

Whitman's Chocolates

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At 25 Rue Ste. Gudule, is the salon de beauté of Fontaine, proud possessor of warrants from the Queen of the Belgians and other titled women of distinction.

FONTAINE *of Brussels*

Beauty Specialist by Appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians

advocates this twice a day treatment to keep skin lovely

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores is the regular use twice daily of a really good soap—and in my experience the soap to use is Palmolive."

Fontaine

25 Rue Ste. Gudule, Brussels

Monsieur Fontaine giving a facial treatment in his salon. Fontaine believes in the twice-a-day use of "le savon Palmolive," which, he says, is used with great success for facial massage in his establishment.

VISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty adviser to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon . . . proclaiming him official "Fournisseur," as was his father since the year 1866.

This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from Continental women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

"The first step in beauty care"

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage for which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui rend à la peau la velouté" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet).

"The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complexions begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality.

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap...Palmolive.

"The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means."

Therefore—Palmolive!

"That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in *Brussels,* is recommended in *London,* by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson; in *Paris,* by Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion; in *Vienna,* by Pessl; in *Berlin,* by Elise Bock. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather; rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular facial treatment.

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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The Hart Schaffner & Marx store in your city will show you Corona brown in Gordian Worsteds, Motor Twists—stripes of all kinds

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

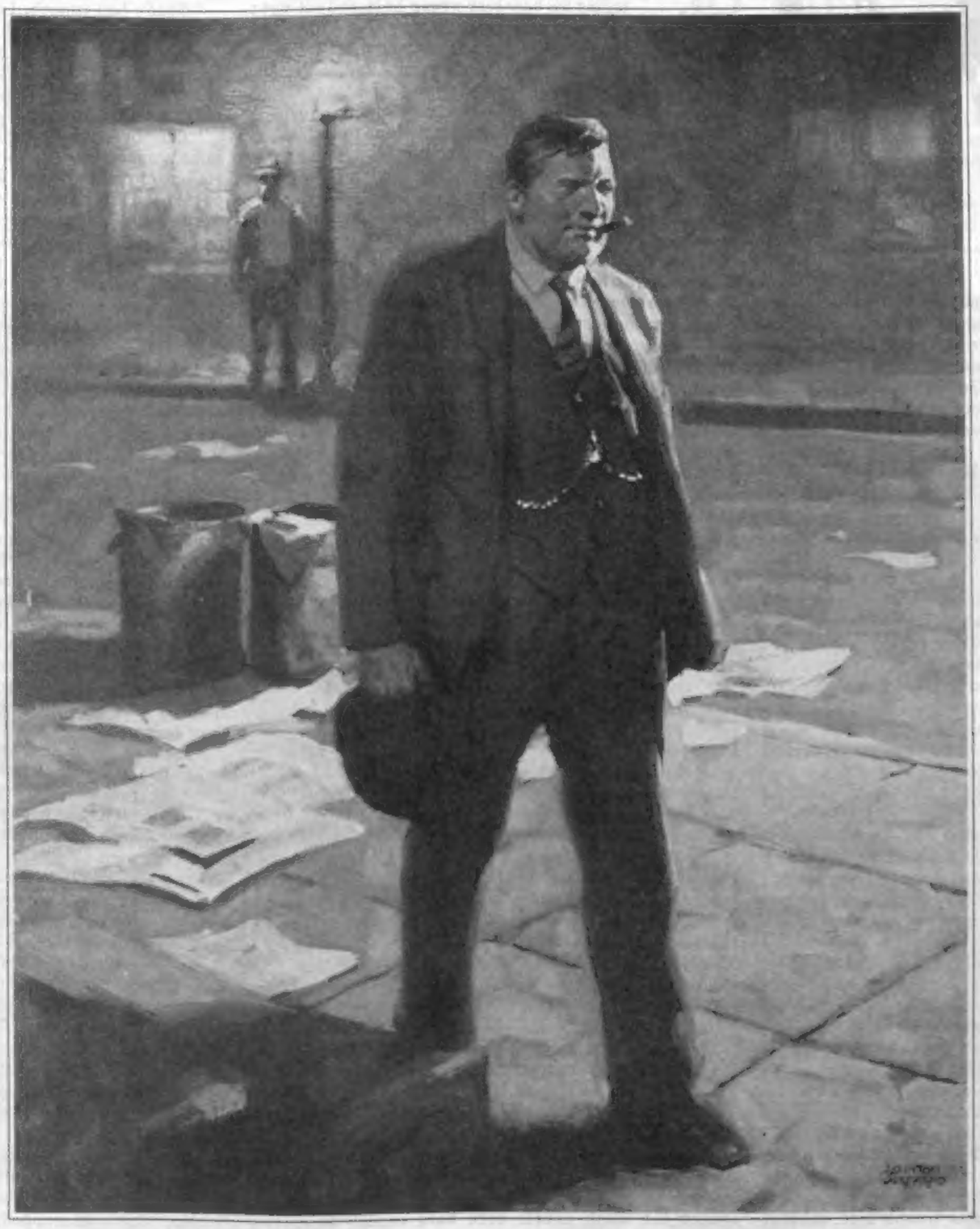
MY FIRST political pull came about in an unexpected way. It happened through Dan Rafferty. Dan has always been a pretty smart politician, and though he has no education, he seems to know just how to go about the political racket. He always makes friends, but I never saw him do anything for anybody that cost Dan himself money.

I am not knocking Dan. In his own way, he is a good fellow, and you can lay your last dollar that he's an organization man from his heels to the top of his head. He plays the game every inch of the way with the big bosses, and they know it and never have any fears about Dan. That is where he is wise. Besides, he has proved to me that he knows how to be a friend.

I guess the day has come when about everybody realizes that the officeholders themselves have mighty little to do with the Government. On that account it will not do any harm for me to set down for you just the things that came to me after Dan Rafferty got me started working with the political organization.

Dan's faults were always plain to me, but his smile was a thing that kind of wrapped them up in velvet. He could smile his way through tough spots better than any man I ever met. He was always smiling; and once, when I had done him a good trick, he got very fatherly and gave me good advice. We were sitting in Rourke's back room at the time. Dan used to protect Rourke, and prohibition meant very little around the place.

"You can take it from me, Eddie," Dan told me, "politics ain't makin' speeches an' kiddin' voters. Not no more it ain't. It's the old personality that counts. Why, listen! There's men in the organization that has been educated in colleges an' married in churches, an' even now they don't know enough to see that it's all a laugh. Chumps, they are, Eddie. No actor is as funny plain as he is blacked up—you know that. Same with everythin' else. Go get yourself some gold teeth, Eddie, an' wear brighter clothes an' never speak about a big man except by his first name.



He Passed Under the Circle of Light From the Lamp and I Saw Him Fade Kind of Slowly Into the Shadows of the Next Block

"When you buy a drink wait till guys are around to see you pay. If you spend ten bucks for coal for a widow, have somebody else finance a parade to celebrate it.

"Talk big—always big. You can't talk too big. An' never do anything you don't have to do, because everything you do may twist around later an' smack you cold. Always keep close to the voters, too—not once a year, at election time; not once a month, either—every day, Eddie. Politics is a business nowadays an' a feller's got to work at it."

You can see for yourself that Dan is pretty smart. He knows his onions, all right. He is a big fellow physically and in his day has been a good man in a saloon fight. I remembered hearing that he got started in politics because he stood in the door of a voting booth and held off nine men that were drifting for the other side. That attracted the bosses' attention and he got himself on the ticket next year for constable.

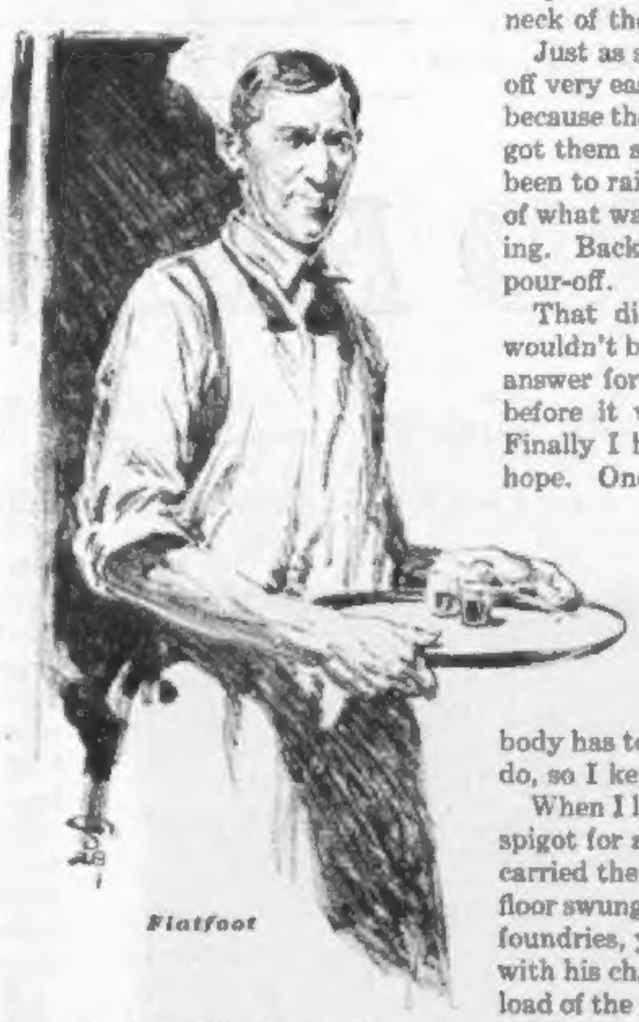
It was easy enough to do that, because nobody but a lion like Dan Rafferty wanted the constable job. In those days some of the merchants were just beginning to sell things on the dollar-down-dollar-when-you-catch-me plan and lots of the boys around the district were giving that racket a great play. They would pay a little down, then use the stuff and forget the weekly payments.

When the collectors came to take it away they would bar the door and sue the merchant because the stuff was unsatisfactory or misrepresented. Their suit would be for a return of the down payment. Always when the trial came up, the constable for the district had to serve summonses and such things on the guys in our district.

Knowing the guys in our district, I would just as soon have gone to the African jungle to serve tobacco to a herd of bull elephants. But it never fazed Dan. He took the nomination. Because nobody ran against him, he was elected. Right away he began taking fees for serving papers and then taking a bit more from the man he served for showing him the tricks of the law. He charged the merchant for serving the buyer, then, on

the same call, he sold the buyer a few tricks about beating the paper he served.

In three months he had an auctioneer working with him. Because he represented the law, he could do a lot of things; and finally, after old Mike Glavin was elected a judge, they had it all their own way. Whatever Dan said went. His ideas were so good he was just naturally boss. If the store paid more than the customer, the store got the stuff. If the customer paid more, the judge saw to it that trial costs were too heavy for the amount involved and he would refuse to issue a writ of replevin. That stopped the merchant's prosecution.



Flatfoot

In a year Dan was a popular guy and had made a lot of dough besides. Every time the customer won against the merchant, Dan would let him set up a few drinks at Rourke's place and tell everybody what a fellow Dan was for the workingman.

But telling you about Dan has got me ahead of the story. I feel like you ought to know Dan, because later on you will hear a lot about him. Here is the way I got close to him and so into the political racket:

Every year the downtown organization financed an outing of the Rafferty Voters League. That was really the organization headquarters in our ward, but Dan had sense enough, and power enough, to see that his name went over the door and he got credit for the outings.

When the time for the blow-out came along, the whole ward would be steamed up. Dan would walk around the streets and smile and pass out cigars and tell where the beer for the outing was coming from and how much there was of it. Everybody thought he was paying for it just because he loved mankind.

I got to know Dan through his dealings with a man who ran a foundry in our ward. The foundryman was suddenly billed by the city for back taxes. He put up an awful howl. They laughed at him downtown, and talked about suing him and raising his assessed values just to teach him a lesson. He had never given anything for campaign funds, but he finally went to Dan for help.

Dan chewed it all over, allowed he could fix the thing for about three hundred dollars to pass out downtown, and there, because the foundryman paid, the matter might have ended had Dan not been so cute. But Dan was cute. He fixed it with the boss of the foundry to post a sign that none of his workers could have the day off to go to the Rafferty outing.

"An' stick to it," Dan instructed him, "until the boys come to me to do somethin' about it. We'll let it build up plenty an' then I'll drop around and make them think I fixed it with you to let 'em off. That'll pull votes my way when I need 'em, an' you know, now, the value of havin' a feller like me fer your friend."

"But," said the poor bird who had been stuck for three centuries, "that'll turn all the men against me. I can't stand for that, Rafferty. God knows that outing costs me enough as it is. There isn't any work done at all the day of the blow-out, and for the next two days all that is done is done wrong. There is too much beer on those outings. It's bad enough that way. But getting them sore on me would be the last straw. Can't we fix it up some other way to get you the votes? I'd be willing to come out strong for you."

"No, no," Dan grinned; "you don't savvy this political racket. I'll see that it helps you more'n it hurts you in the end. I'll tell the boys you was forced into it against your will by a crowd tryin' to cause labor trouble here, an' that I had to go 'way high up to get all of you out of a jam. Then you come to the outing an' you'll be better off'n ever before."

They worked it out that way, and a week before the time for the outing, up went the sign. I was working in the foundry at the time. I was foreman of the cleaning floor. When they saw the sign, the fellows were pretty sore, because they worked hard and it was always hot weather when the outing time came around. A day in the open with all the cool beer they could drink was a thing to be thought about a lot. It cost them not a dime.

When word of the sign went around among the boys, we were running through a series of steel castings that were built on a queer drawing number. The core markers had some kind of a trick they had to do that left a wide fin on one end of the casting and a gate on the other. In cleaning off the stuff for annealing and grinding, the boys had to go easy with the heavy hammers or they would bust off the neck of the casting itself.

Just as soon as that sign went up, necks began to crack off very easy. I knew something was wrong with the boys, because they were a decent enough lot, but nasty when you got them sore. The easiest thing in the world would have been to raise the devil with them and start a big blaze out of what was just smoldering. So I sat tight and said nothing. Back to the furnace went about 50 per cent of each pour-off.

That did plenty to production costs and I knew it wouldn't be long before I was up on the mat with plenty to answer for. I hoped the boys would get over their anger before it went too far to explain, but they got worse. Finally I heard about the sign and I just about gave up hope. Once that afternoon I was ready to go in to the boss and tell him straight just what he was up against. But nobody ever gets anywhere telling his boss how wrong he is, so I sat tight.

It was near quitting time that night when the boss sent for me. I figured he was going over the timekeeper's reports and had caught up with the increased reject percentage. Everybody has to take guff now and then for something he didn't do, so I kept a close mouth and started for the office.

When I left the cleaning floor I stopped over at the water spigot for a drink. As I did that, the overhead crane that carried the castings from the molders' floor to the cleaning floor swung along overhead. If you know something about foundries, you know that a chainman is pretty apt to ride with his chain. As a usual thing the boys would hook on a load of the castings, jump aboard and ride over the foundry to the cleaning floor. Then they would drop free there and unhook so the castings could be dumped.

I happened to notice that the chainman was not riding the load this time. He was running along the floor underneath. I looked up and saw the crane operator dancing his control lever so the crane worked in jerks. In no time at all the load of castings was swinging like a bird in a hammock. Then I heard the chainman holler:

"Stand clear there on the cleanin' floor! We're goin' to have our own outin' right here!"

My cleaners jumped clear, and the crane operator, leaning out of his cab to time the whole thing and wearing a wide and nasty grin, swung those castings like a cannon ball and let them drop so that they crashed hell-bent against the side of the brick annealing oven. I knew that all those castings were neckless and I never even stopped to see if the oven was ripped wide open.

Those ovens have to operate at a steady heat of anywhere from fourteen hundred to two thousand degrees, and an open seam might mean thousands of dollars in repairs, because an oven goes out of commission during the work and cuts production plenty. Seeing that gave me sense enough to speak out in church, and queer as it may seem, that is the way I got into politics.

The Boss

I went in to see the boss, and instead of bawling me out for the breakings on the cleaning floor, he looked at me like I was his oldest friend.

"Eddie," he said, "hell's poppin' since I put up that sign about the Rafferty outing."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world it is!" I admitted right away. "You don't know the half of it, boss. I just seen a crane operator bang a load of them Number 2400 B's against the south anneal oven hard enough to spread every seam she's got. The breakage on my floor has gone up 100 per cent since that sign was hung."

"I knew I never should have done it," he growled. "It's a fine thing when a man has to bribe a lot of mick politicians and ruin his business for them as well!"

That remark did not register with me at all then. All that I have told you, I learned later on. Just now the boss, it developed, was in worse trouble than broken casting necks and smashed annealing ovens. He was in wrong and I did not know how.

"Somebody set fire to the compressor house, Eddie," the boss went on, "and put the sand-blast rooms out of air for the next three hours. Castings'll pile up on the grinding floor and then back onto your floor, and unless we get straight mighty quick we'll lose an oven heat just because we've got no place to pour off."

"If you want my advice," I said, "change that sign. Let the lads know that the Rafferty blow-out is goin' to be the same as always. Then the trouble'll stop."

The boss rubbed his chin briskly and his eyes got hot-looking, but he shook his head finally and said: "I don't dare. Sounds crazy, but it's a fact. If I do, they'll be down on me for taxes that'll make my head swim. They've juggled the politicians, and once let them go after me and I'll have to shut up shop or move."

Not knowing anything about Rafferty at that time, I did not answer him. The boss rubbed his chin some more, scratched his ear and swore under his breath. I could see that he was burning up over something, but I was not feeling any too good myself on account of the trouble on the cleaning floor, so I let him take the lead.

"Honest, Eddie," he went along after a minute, "this is the rottenest line-up I ever heard of."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," I admitted, "but it's a cinch it ain't the cleanin' floor."

"That's bad enough, Lord knows," he growled. "You can melt five thousand dollars in one of those annealing ovens about as quick as you can cause a disturbance in church. But if that's all I had to worry about I'd be happy. It's this political ring that's botherin' me—Rafferty and his mob." He fairly spat out the last sentence.

"They billed me for back taxes about a month ago, then came around and stuck me up for three hundred dollars to get out of paying them. I could take my choice between paying the three hundred or going into court on the back-tax thing, facing increased assessments and getting the police and fire departments so sore on me that I couldn't smoke a cigarette on the place, much less run an oven."

At the moment I was kind of relieved that the boss' troubles were so big he couldn't ride me for what was happening in the foundry. But it struck me as mighty funny that the boss would talk about playing along with Rafferty and his gang and then hang up this sign that caused all the trouble in the foundry.

"It looks to me, boss," I said, "as though you went right out and spit in a wildcat's eye when you put that sign up. Rafferty will be pretty sore about that. He gets a lot of votes out of them outin's and the boys all think he's a whale of a big guy."

"Don't be a jackass all your life," the boss snarled back at me. "It's Rafferty himself that put the sign up! He'll make capital out of it. It's one of his fine schemes for advertising himself and his outing. By the time it's over he'll look like a little tin god to every workingman in the district. The men are really going to the outing all right, but Rafferty wants it to look as though I was forced to put up that sign so's to fight him here in the district. If this gang don't wreck the foundry before the truth comes out, Rafferty says he'll make himself—and me too—stronger than ever with the men."

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I just kind of whistled, and I guess I looked surprised, because the boss rubbed his chin some more and drummed with his fingers on the table; and finally, just because he was so full he had to talk to somebody, he went along:

"Rafferty hasn't got any investment in the foundry. What's he care if these fellows damage the place? He's got me in a tight corner and he knows it. If I try to go after him, all I'll do is run into Mike Glavin, the judge. I'll be thrown out of court, and the fire and police departments'll be thrown into this place with regulations that'll drive me crazy."

As the boss talked along, I could see he was pretty sore and pretty worried too, and I began to wonder why he had sent for me. I had never had anything to do with politics and I didn't know Rafferty as well as lots of other fellows in the plant.

When the boss stopped a minute, I asked, "What can I do? Where do I fit in the scheme? I'm workin' fer you and I'll do anything I can to help you, but I don't see ——"

"No," the boss snapped, "you don't see, Eddie. You didn't see it was Rafferty made me put the sign up, either. There's a lot you don't see. But you can help me if you will."

"Sure I will," I said. I always kind of liked the boss.

"You hang around Rourke's place a good deal and that's quite a hang-out for the men from the foundry," the boss explained. "Dan Rafferty makes that a high spot for

himself too. What I want you to do is find some way to tip off the boys around Rourke's that everything is going to work out all right and not to do any damage around the place here. They'll all get their chance to go to the outing and drink their beer and raise all the hell they want to. If you can find a way to do that without letting Rafferty know ——"

"What a chance!" I cut in. "Rafferty knows everything that happens in Rourke's joint. Him and Rourke play hand in glove. Ever since I been a kid ten years old Rourke's place has never been closed. In spite of prohibition he's sellin' booze in there right now and every cop in the district knows it. He's a sure shot to play cozy with Dan Rafferty."

"Well, then," the boss said, his voice kind of high and strained, "go to Rafferty himself. Tell him what happened on the cleaning floor today, and in the sand blast. Make him see that something's got to be done to keep the boys quieted down. Get him to pull off his trick right away so that I can take that sign down tomorrow morning."

"All right, boss," I said. "I'll see Rafferty and I'll do what I can with the fellows down at Rourke's tonight. But it looks to me like a tough job to make Dan Rafferty change his mind or make him work any way but the way he wants to work."

"You do what you can, Eddie," he urged me. "If you can break this thing up before it goes any further, I'll find some way to square it with you."

So that was the way I had my first talk with Dan Rafferty. I found him down at Rourke's that night, his gold teeth shining and his smile working overtime. He was sitting at a table with two or three molders from our place, and Rourke was there too. Dan had some sucker that he had brought in to buy drinks for the night. I walked over to the table and Dan boomed hello to me in his heavy voice and stuck out his big hand and shook with me until I might have thought I was the only man on earth he cared about. He certainly was a smooth operator that way.

"Sit down, Eddie," he boomed. "Hey, Flatfoot, bring Eddie here a shot. Let's see if we can put a smile on his dial. I swear I never seen a feller had such trouble grinnin' as you, Eddie."

I sat down at the table and he slapped me on the back so hard I almost coughed. Everybody around the table was laughing with Rafferty. There was something about him that just kind of picked you up and swept you off your feet. I guess that is why he is a good politician.

I drank a glass of whisky, and the sucker that Rafferty had brought in leaned across the table and looked at me. His eyes were kind of glassy. I found out afterward he ran a little store down at the other end of the ward.

"Listen, Eddie," he said, his voice thick and a little uncertain, "don't go reachin' for your pocket now. I'm throwin' this little party tonight. Me an' Dan are old pals an' the drinks are on me. How 'bout it, Dan?"

"I'll tell the happy universe!" Dan boomed. "This is Jim Larnin, Eddie, an' a reg'lar guy, too, take it from me. There's nothin' in the world gives me the kick that I get outta bringin' reg'lar fellers together."

"That-a-boy!" Larnin said, taking a very deep breath.

Rafferty laughed out again and called the waiter. "We can't have Eddie drinkin' alone here," he said, slapping me on the back again. "Eddie's the foreman of the cleanin' floor down at the foundry, an' a good guy, take it from Dan Rafferty. He's my friend, Eddie is, ain't you, Eddie?"

"Sure," I said, and darned if I didn't feel kind of proud.

Flatfoot brought over some more liquor and we tossed that off, and finally Rourke himself caught fire. He banged on the table with his fist and said, "Bring a bottle over here, Flatfoot. With gents gathered around a table like this here one, they ain't got no time to waste waitin' fer a worn-out waiter with squeaky shoes to be bringin' 'em their liquor."

"That-a-boy!" Larnin said again, his head kind of hanging to one side. "Bring on the liquor."

Flatfoot glanced toward the door and a worried look came over his face. He did not like the idea of setting liquor out in the open. Rafferty laughed out loud, said, "Ain't I here? Set out the booze."

I just about gave up hope of getting a chance to talk turkey with Rafferty. He had a live one in this Larnin and he was spreading his wings like an eagle. It was early and I knew that before long quite a crowd would be there. Larnin was too good a shot for Rafferty to miss out on. As the boys gathered, Rafferty would stage one of his real parties and give the bill to Larnin. That might keep Rafferty pretty busy. So I decided to get to him just as quick as I could. I made an excuse about having a message for him and took him over into a corner.

Rourke

"Listen here, Mr. Rafferty ——" I began.

"My name's Dan," he butted in. "Where d'you get that mister stuff, Eddie?"

"All right, Dan," I said. "But listen here—my boss is in a tough jam down at the foundry. He asked me to come here tonight and see what I could do about it with you. Just as soon as he put up that sign about not letting the boys off for your outing, everything went sour. Guys are throwin' castings around, crackin' up annealin' ovens and puttin' the sand blast out of commission, just to show how they feel about it. The boss wants to play the game with you all right, Dan, but he wants to know if we can't tip the boys off in some way that everythin'll be all right later."

"How kin we?" Dan exploded.

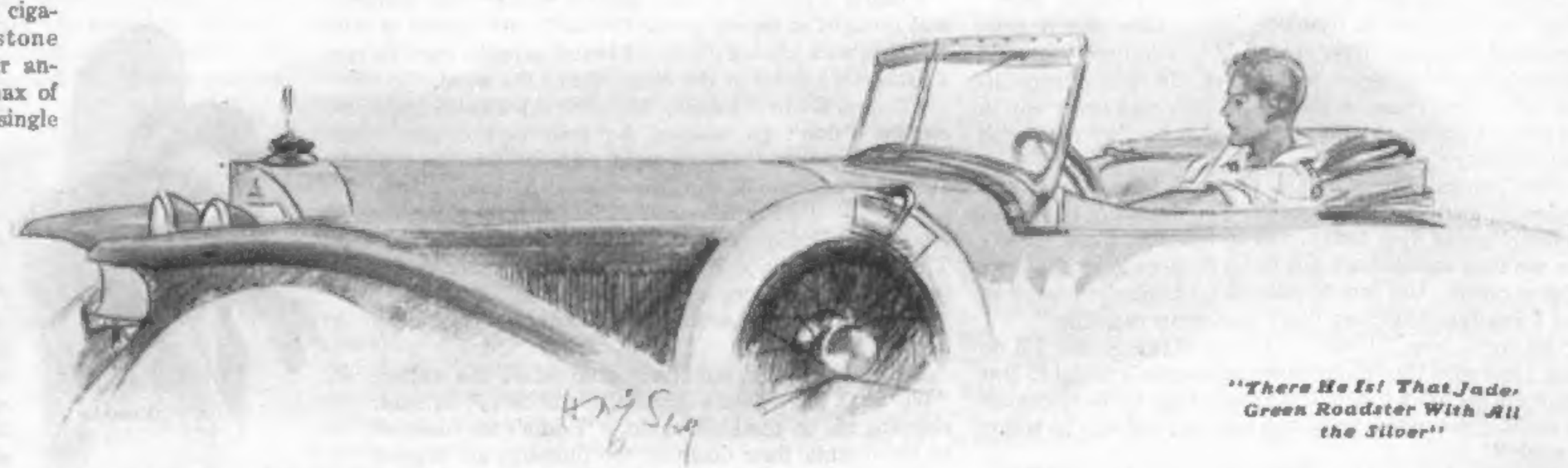
He raised his big hands, palms up, as if to show me there wasn't a thing in the world to do about it. The back room was pretty well filled with smoke by this time, and Dan's fingers were spread wide apart and I could see little threads of smoke twisting around his hands and in between his big fingers.

"Somethin's got to be done," I said. "Honest, Dan, they'll bust up that joint complete."

(Continued on Page 218)

Dan Boomed Hello to Me in His Heavy Voice and Stuck Out His Big Hand and Shook With Me Until I Might Have Thought I Was the Only Man on Earth He Cared About

POOR LITTLE BESSIE MAY



"There He Is! That Jade-Green Roadster With All the Silver"

By James Mahoney

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"AND ever since," wailed Luraline, crushing out her cigarette on the tombstone beside her, as she ended her anguished confession on a climax of despair, "I haven't done a single solitary thing but think and think and think about it—and wish I were dead!"

With the tour of the public improvements since Bessie May's last visit brought to a summary end in the latest of them—the new cemetery—and Luraline's roadster parked discreetly in a hedged byway, the two girls, in an intimacy rescinding all punctilio concerning garters and bareness above stocking tops, sprawled, feverish and intense, beneath two morbidly adolescent weeping willows in a particularly secluded nook of the sod-new and expensive landscape gardening. It was the dramatically perfect setting, and offered as well the privacy for cigarette smoking to render it all even more clandestine, confidential and impressive for poor little Bessie May.

Of all Luraline's dearest and most intimate friends, there was not another sufficiently lacking in both attractiveness and strength of character to be trusted even as far as this preliminary confidence, and Bessie May, forever ready to burst into grateful eulogy of Luraline, was at once both the only and the ideal person. If only she had simply gone on at once and said, as, after all Luraline had told her, anybody would certainly have had the right to expect: "Oh, Luraline, darling! I never heard of anything so horrible in all my life! Isn't there anything I can do?"

But she merely sat silent, gazing out beyond the willows, while her cigarette stub burned toward her finger tips.

It was agonizing. The whole course of Luraline's life hung on the final outcome.

At last, however, she flicked the stub away and lifted wistful hazel eyes to Luraline's frantic blue ones.

"Oh, Luraline!" she breathed fervently. "How I wish I were you!"

Luraline sprang to her feet.

"Oh, you wouldn't!" she cried passionately. "Not if you were me! You simply don't know what it's like to be me! Nobody knows! Nobody ever possibly can know!"

Bessie May stared in amazement.

Beneath its wisp of lilac georgette, Luraline's young figure breasted the light wind, poignant and slim as the new moon. Her lips were hurt flower petals, her eyes limpid blue stars, and her hair such rare red gold that, against the deep azure of the sky, the short bright curls all over her head were like little points of flame.

"Why, Luraline Barpee!" exclaimed Bessie May. "What a thing for you to say!"

"Oh, it's true!" Luraline asserted vehemently. "You're the lucky one! And you just don't know it!"

"Why, Lu-ra-line!" cried Bessie May, more astounded than ever. "When all these perfectly terrible things are always happening to you, and I never get any attention from men! Why, you're just the most marvelous person I've ever known, and I'd do anything in this world if it would make me be like you. I even started smoking cigarettes just because you did. But I had to smoke so many just to get so I could stand it that now," she mourned, "I've got the habit! Oh, it's just all no use. I'm just a stick, Luraline—just a stick! When I go by at dances they all just look the other way, and all I can do is just go on begging God to send somebody friend enough to the one I'm stuck with to want to break in and help him out of it. But He never does, excepting ones none of the other girls will bother with. They're all I ever get any chance at. The really thrilling ones scare me to death right at the start, before I can even make the effort!"

Bessie May Simply Sat On, Repeating Over and Over Again, Dully, Joylessly, "Oh, Mr. Mimble, Somebody's Just Told Me the Most Thrilling Thing ——"

Luraline sank hastily to her knees beside her. "But, honey, some day every girl gets a chance at somebody. And you'll be a comfort to him and a blessing!"

"But never to any really thrilling one!" wailed Bessie May.

"Well," conceded Luraline, "maybe he won't be such a terribly thrilling one, but you'll make him happy. While I ——" Again anguish overwhelmed her. "Oh, Bessie May, it just looks like I can't even see a new one without getting him wild, and then, no matter what I do to him, it just seems like I've got to find some way to get him back again, and somehow I just seem to keep right on until I just ruin their lives. Sometimes when I'm all alone by myself I get to thinking about it, and I nearly go crazy." Solemn, suffering and intense, she gripped both of Bessie May's arms. "Bessie May," she said, "I'm a woman without a soul." She hid her face in her hands. "Oh, it's just what I am!" she sobbed, stamping her feet up and down in a violent convulsive shudder. "Everything I am in this whole wide world is just nothing but just one mess of sex appeal!"

"Oh, darling," begged Bessie May, striving with her fingers to uncover Luraline's streaming face, "you mustn't feel like that! You just know there must be some good in you somewhere!"

"No! No!" wept Luraline. "There just isn't the least bitsy bit of good in me anywhere! Or," she added, quieting her body to lift to Bessie May two deep blue holes of pain and despair, "how could I ever have made any man go and do what he did that night, afterwards?"

"Well, honey, I know you keep on saying it was terrible—just terrible—but still you don't seem to say a thing about what it actually was."

Luraline dried her eyes. "Well," she said resolutely, "I'll tell you exactly what it was, even if it kills me. I mean, even though he didn't actually have me dated up or anything like that, I knew there couldn't anything hurt him so much as for me to go off to that dance with somebody else. So the minute I saw this perfectly repellent boy, Virgil Spread, passing the drug store. . . . Now, Bessie May! Don't you see how much more awful that makes it? Because it just probably means this Virgil Spread's life's going to be ruined too! Anyhow I let him come early, so we'd already be out riding around when he'd come by, blowing his horn."

"But, Luraline, you've already told me all that!" Bessie May said.

"I know it! Oh, I know it, Bessie May! But can't you just see how I keep going over and over it in my mind? And if only you'd seen him when we came on into that country club at last—the way he just looked at me with his eyes and marched up without a 'May I break?' or anything, and jerked me away and danced me to the door! And, honey, the minute he got me out there all alone by myself he grabbed me by the wrist—I had on that silver dress of mine—and twisted it until I thought I was going to faint. And he just kept on twisting and looking at me that way with his eyes. And then he said, 'Now, you did every bit of this on purpose,' he said, 'and you know very well you did! And you needn't think you're going to get off this time, until I've got you told!'"

"Well, honestly, honey," ventured Bessie May timidly, to console, "with all that language, and twisting your wrist that way—well, I just don't believe I'd fool away any more of my time grieving about it."

Luraline looked with blue-eyed commiseration upon her best friend, poor little Bessie May. "Why, Bessie May Dove!" she gasped incredulously. "Don't be silly! That's passion!"

"Well," conceded Bessie May dreamily, "maybe it would be kind of wonderful."

"So, naturally, Bessie May, I said I was going to scream. 'I'll scream,' I said, 'and somebody'll come!' And he said, 'Well, go on and scream! Let 'em all come! And all you'll do is just get yourself told in front of the whole cockeyed world!' And, honey, wasn't I scared! 'I never want to see or hear of you again as long as I live!' he said. 'Because,' he said, 'you're just nothing in all this world, Miss Luraline Barpee, but a little old rag and a bone and a hank of hair!'"

"But, Luraline, honey, don't you know you've already told me all that?"

"Well, Bessie May! If you weren't my very dearest and very most intimate friend, do you know what I'd think? Well, I'd just think you just didn't have the slightest interest in me in this world!"

"But, darling, I only meant I thought you were going to tell me what he did afterwards!"

"Well, I was. But now I just wonder if even that would be of any use. Besides, I went straight home with this Virgil Spread, so I didn't actually get to see any of it. But you know how we all go down to the Busy Bee Lunch Wagon—it's always so kind of piquant sort of, with all the boys in their Tuxes and all the girls in their evening clothes, sitting there at that counter on those stools and ordering ham and eggs from those funny-looking men. Well, after the crowd was all there he came in—and he was just a scream, they all said! And he had his hip flask in his hand and was all the time taking a drink out of it, and getting more and more of a scream every minute, just jumping up on that counter, making speeches and quoting poetry and raising Cain! And he kept yelling, 'Hooray, boys! Let's celebrate! Little old Richard Orme Mimble's off women for life!' and shouting out all that about 'a fool there was' you know, 'and he made his prayer' and all. He knows just heaps of deep stuff like that; he's really got the most marvelous line."

"But, Luraline, all that just kind of looks to me like maybe he was just sort of showing himself a good time!"

"Why, Bess-ee May! How can you even think such a thing? When he was just starting out to drink himself to death! Can't you see that's just what he was doing? Just drinking himself to death. And then he got to throwing the china around, and breaking all the windows and mirrors and things, until they all had to run out. And by the time the police came in ——"

"The police! Oh, my goodness, Luraline!"

"Yes, would you believe it? One of those awful lunch-wagon men had to go and call a policeman. And there he was, flat on the floor in all that glass and fried eggs—in his Tux! And simply paralyzed, honey, simply dead to the world. It was the middle of the next day before he could even walk out of jail."

"Jail! Oh, Luraline, darling!"

"Yes, locked up! And oh, Bessie May, it was just so awful to know every bit of it was all my fault. I couldn't even bear the sight of those horrible newspapers, much less read a word, and it was all in both of them. You can see for yourself when we get home—I've got the clippings in my Memory Book. And he's just gone on ruining his life like that ever since! Oh, Bessie May, if only there was anybody in this world willing to help me!"

Holding the attitude, with outflung hands, she left the lead open.

But Bessie May, with shadowed brow, merely sat gravely pondering.

"I mean, f'r instance," Luraline elaborated, "if only somebody who knows—I mean, somebody who's actually seen me doing it right before their very eyes—would only be willing to go up to him and tell him how I'm suffering, why, I honestly believe it might save him from going on and ruining his life! Don't you think so, too, Bessie May?"

Gazing, Mouth Open, Bessie May Touched it Reverently. "Oh, Luraline," She Whispered. "Then You're Actually Engaged to Him"

"Well," Bessie May adjudicated thoughtfully, "I always say such a marvelous person as you are, Luraline, has such a wonderful opportunity to use it to appeal to their better natures; but with all that jail and everything, I can't honestly say I think you really used it very much to appeal to his. Still, deep down below everything, there must be an awful lot of good in you, Luraline, or you just wouldn't be suffering so much over it."

"And you," Luraline hastened to interpolate, "have actually seen me doing it, haven't you, Bessie May? I mean, f'r instance, right here this afternoon, right before your very eyes."

"Well," offered Bessie May, "I think it shows even more when your face is completely at rest."

"Dumb! Dumb! Dumb's not the word!" thought Luraline.

"And I always say it's when their face is completely at rest you can tell what a person really is."

"Listen, Bessie May! His people got hold of it all somehow, and wired him to come home. He's got to start tonight, right after that dance. Well, that just means tonight's the last chance ever to do anything, and—oh, Bessie May, what if he starts out dead drunk all alone by himself in his car like that in the middle of the night—and runs into something?"

"Oh, Luraline!" Bessie May's eyes grew wide with concern. "Then why don't you just go right up to him tonight at that dance and—I mean, just sort of tell him yourself?"

"Haven't I told you he won't even let me come near him?"

"Well then, why not just write it all out and send a boy?"

"Listen, Bessie May!" Luraline's face flamed scarlet. "I have written to him! Six times! And all he does is put them in another envelope and send them back without opening them."

Helpfully, but hopelessly, Bessie May's brow knitted again over the apparently insoluble problem. Luraline could bear no more.

"Well," she said scathingly at last, "it certainly looks to me, Bessie May, like as good a friend as you're supposed to be might offer to go and tell him for me."

Completely astounded, Bessie May sat bolt upright. A light of wonder, hope and utter unbelief transfigured her nondescript little features into something almost pretty.

"Why, Luraline!" she gasped. "Do you mean to say you'd actually let me? I mean, a stick like me, when it's something so absolutely thrilling?"

Luraline stared. Then all of a sudden she flung her arms around Bessie May, kissing her madly and pounding her on the back until it hurt.

"Oh, you fool!" she cried, half sobbing with relief. "You darling! You dumb, dumb fool! Oh, you're just the darlingest thing in all this world!"

Bessie May struggled free. "But, Luraline," she wailed, "I don't know him!"

"Oh, that's all right!" cried Luraline. "You remember this Virgil Spread I was telling about? Well, what if I make him break in on you—ever since I let him go with me that night, he'll do practically anything I tell him to—and then he can just kind of dance you up to him and introduce you. Then he'll just have to ask you to dance."

"Oh, Luraline! The way you think of everything!"

"Then you'll do it?" cried Luraline and, at the mute, awed assent in Bessie May's face, became almost delirious. "Oh, you darling! You sweet! Look! I'll show you something no other living soul knows anything about but him!" She plunged her hand into her dress and, on her knees before Bessie May, dangled under her nose, at the end of a lilac ribbon, a flawless, platinum-set diamond solitaire. "It's the ring!" she said.

Gazing, mouth open, Bessie May touched it reverently. "Oh, Luraline," she whispered. "Then you're actually engaged to him."

"We-ell, not what you might call actually engaged. My mother and father," she explained virtuously, "wouldn't want me to be engaged. Besides, they just simply can't stand the sight of him, so he just kind of gave me the ring in case we might just sort of slip off or something in his car." *(Continued on Page 72)*

EUROPE BROADCASTS

By Paul Schubert

A Poster Showing the Time Allocations of the German Broadcasting System

ASHORT two years ago a curious Europe sat and regarded with some astonishment the phenomenal growth of America's broadcasting systems, scarcely able to believe the reports that came to her across the sea. Nation-wide networks, then still a new thing, were making great America one small community. Distance was vanquished; time a nullity; the voice of one man reached ten, twenty, thirty million pairs of ears and more. What next would the young giant of the West accomplish?

Today it is our turn to sit and watch as another tremendous radio audience comes into being, this time composed of those who were so lately onlookers. For the world moves in this twentieth century; radio achieves in the space of days such growth as the printing press took decades to accomplish. Already Europe's listeners number virtually as many as our own; they are destined to multiply several times over, for the population which provides them is four times that of the United States.

An American, tuning down through the European broadcast band, hears a new kind of radio, curiously unfamiliar, yet curiously attractive. It is like straying into one Continental concert hall after another, with side excursions into gilded opera houses, lecture rooms and gay variety shows; it is a babel of thirty polyglot tongues, with music the great international language, comprehensible alike to Swede, Spaniard and stranger from North Dakota. Missing are hours, signatures, vo-do-do-deo quartets, crooning messages of good will, pauses for station announcements, call letters, whispering tenors; even the dance music has a palpably foreign accent—it sounds as though it were played in broken English.

For a time it is all as baffling as traffic that keeps to the left instead of the right, but once one has mastered a few of its idiosyncrasies and learned to identify the more important stations, this international eavesdropping becomes a fascinating pursuit.

An Ear Tour of Europe

EUROPE is much smaller than America. A five-tube portable set in Paris or Berlin will bring in almost all of the twenty-three of her nations that broadcast. Of the twenty-seven that lie between Siberia and the broad Atlantic, only four—Albania, Bulgaria, Greece and Portugal—have yet to join the parade. A mere twist of the dials and the magnetic throat of the loud-speaker will reverberate to the vowels of Finnish speech from Helsingfors, the lisping cadences of Spain from Madrid, the labials of French and Flemish from Brussels, or the gutturals of Magyar and German from Budapest. There are two hundred European transmitters, and more than forty of them are powerful enough to be heard over wide areas, the rest being the relay stations that are such a feature of Continental broadcasting; networks of four or five of these surround almost every key transmitter to extend its signals to thousands of low-power, nonselective receivers.

The programs that come in are not standardized, for although seventeen of the twenty-three broadcasting nations follow a generally similar broadcasting structure, there is no all-European network. When this does come—and it seems probable that it will, since already six nations join in international hook-ups that are highly successful, and the movement is spreading—it will not take the form of a central source of programs for the whole Continent, but will mean, rather, that the various national networks will act in turn as hosts to all the others, retaining their own identity. For Europe's nations remain self-determinative, unwilling to merge themselves into a true United States of Europe; they think individually, not collectively, and after all, their cultures, traditions, resources and problems are so different that it will be a long time before the citizens of, say, England and Jugo-Slavia can be expected to turn to their loud-speakers for the same radio program with equal anticipation.

"We have trouble enough pleasing our own listeners," said one prominent broadcasting executive. "Of course we are always glad to have foreigners tune in on our high-power station, but that station's real purpose is to reach the remote corners of our own country. Ninety-eight per cent of our effort is devoted to those at home."

Excluded

HENCE Italian programs remain entirely Italian, those from Spain as Spanish as the fandango; and this lack of standardization is one of European radio's great charms, even while it is the greatest obstacle to any wide-spread sharing between the countries.

Will commerce, most puissant standardizing force in the world today, change this? Modern commerce—that of mass production and the machine—exerts tremendous pressure on us all in its economic endeavor to make as many of us as possible like and want to use the same things; it laughs at barriers of race and habit; it has unified America; against all odds it is battering at Europe's border walls in its desire for wider and ever-wider markets. If Europe ever merges, it will be a commercial merger.

But that will be without the aid of radio. For this is a curious paradox—that America, which spends more money on amusement every year than all the rest of the world put together, and could best afford to make broadcasting a luxury paid for out of its own full pockets, has converted the ether into a publicity medium, while Europe will this year dig into its pockets for nearly forty million dollars in cash and pay it out for broadcast programs from which all advertising is rigidly excluded. Of all the nations across the sea, only four—France, Spain, Belgium and Holland—are attempting to work out radio structures which serve commerce.

"There you have it," remarked an American business man who was discussing the subject. "These are among the reasons why America is prosperous and Europe is still in the doldrums."

"Europe is still in the doldrums," replied his European steamer acquaintance, "because it takes more than a decade to recover from a suicidal death grapple such as our Continent's late civil war. As for radio, do not forget that national advertising, as you conceive it, is literally unknown in Europe, to say nothing of Continental advertising. Our mass production has not reached that stage. Had we attempted to make advertising support an expensive thing like radio, all of us would share the plight of the four countries which followed your lead and whose radio is sadly below par.

Old-World Musicians Broadcasting From Franz Schubert's Birthplace

No, radio arrived in Europe at a time when our industry was crippled, while our people were starved for music, for amusement, for recreation from the burdens of an awry world. It offered the cheapest form of mass entertainment ever discovered. The fact that our citizens were able to buy it gave them just the sense of luxury that they needed; and now that those days are past, we find we have created a practical broadcasting structure which is giving such tremendous and popular service that it is questionable whether we could ever alter it to serve the ends of commerce any more than we could alter our opera houses. Our business will find its markets without radio."

European broadcasting is like the theater or music hall. It charges an admission fee, varying in the different countries from $2.50 to $6.00 a year. The box office is the nearest post office or even the letter carrier; the prospective listener receives a ticket, or license, entitling him to entrance to the broadcast performance three hundred and sixty-five days and nights a year. The box-office receipts are turned over to the broadcasting company which serves that area and constitute virtually its entire revenue; upon their total depend the quantity and quality of the service rendered. Unless he pays his fee, the citizen is no more entitled to use a radio set than he would be to occupy a theater seat without a ticket. And although a radio set is not difficult to conceal, there is no problem in connection with these payments.

Nothing Less Than the Best

THE average citizen of a European state is no more interested in gate crashing than is his American cousin; while for those few who need the threat of law, there are penalties for the operation of nonlicensed sets which are about the same as those in America for the operation of nonlicensed automobiles. And the public opinion is strongly contemptuous of dark listeners; they are classed with the mythical meanest thief

The companies which carry on this bought-and-paid-for type of broadcasting are for the most part nonprofit corporations which began under private ownership, but the majority of whose stock has since been acquired by the state.

PHOTO, FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE REICHS-RUNDFUNK-GESELLSCHAFT, BERLIN

An Orchestra Tuning Up in Cologne's Largest Radio Studio

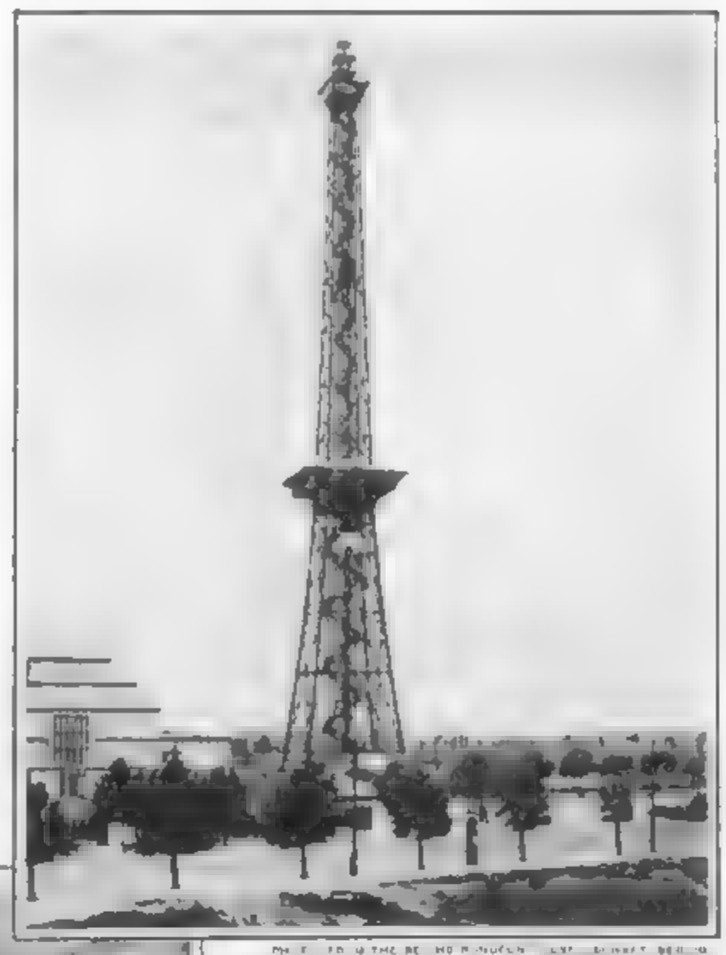
For obvious financial reasons they have been granted monopolies in their respective territories. In spite of their state control—not at all unusual on the Continent, where railroads, telegraphs, and many other public utilities are customarily owned by the governments—they are so constituted as to be free from the domination of politicians and the dangers of patronage and pork; there are rigid safeguards against the graft often associated with monopolies, public or private.

Moreover, the fact that these companies are dependent not upon government appropriations but on their own earnings, has proved a most effective guaranty against that type of stagnation frequently found in subsidized undertakings.

But laws and constitutional details are of little avail if the public utilities which they protect are administered by stodgy, incompetent minds. What of the men that run these companies? Anyone who comes into contact with them speedily perceives that these are executives of the very highest type, men of imagination, with crisp, modern, constructive viewpoints, who are worth every cent of the really high salaries paid to them. The consistency of this fact is rather impressive, and explains better than statistics or words why what one hears through the loud-speaker is what it is.

"That these men are doing the work they are is due," explained a German editor, "in part to a genuine sense of service, in part to a true and very fine sense of responsibility to an audience which knows few luxuries and to which radio means much, and in part to the fact that today the broadcasting companies of Europe are on such a firm basis, structurally and financially, that they can afford to pay salaries that enable them to compete with big business for executive and imaginative talent. It is their pride and their tradition that nothing less than the best will do."

Some day, no doubt, some enterprising home-bred youth will earn a wonderful year in Paris by embarking on a radio-set rental service for visiting Americans. Meantime the stranger who would temporarily join the European radio audience is reduced to bartering with the seven assistants of a radio shop full of enough different kinds of apparatus to stock a museum.



The Antenna Tower of a Big Broadcasting Station in Berlin. The Platform Halfway Up Is a Popular Restaurant

The Studios of Europe Are Not Quite So Elaborate as Those in America

A European radioset is a very different affair from those glossy creations that ornament the American home of today. At the very outset it is complicated by the fact that the Continent broadcasts on two separate bands of frequencies, making use not only of the familiar sector between 500 and 1500 kilocycles but also of a long-wave band between 154 and 287 kilocycles—1948 to 1010 meters—on which there are twenty-five stations, among them some of the most important high-power transmitters in Europe.

Every European radio set, therefore, has some provision for changing coils so that both these bands may be tuned to. Formerly the coils themselves were interchangeable, in very much the same manner as vacuum tubes are. This practice is still followed in cheaper sets, but it is such a nuisance that receivers of a better quality have permanent dual-coil installations, with a switch for throwing from one to the other. Length of aerial, too, is affected by this practice of using two broadcast bands; outside antennæ are often erected in duplicate, while loops have double windings.

This means that all radio receiving apparatus is more cumbersome than its American equivalent, but it has certain compensating features. By far the largest portion of European listeners are people who, though they have enough money for the ordinary comforts of life, still have not the means to let down the bars on thriftiness. They spend carefully, and that portion of the budget devoted to luxuries and amusement is administered with an eye to getting full value

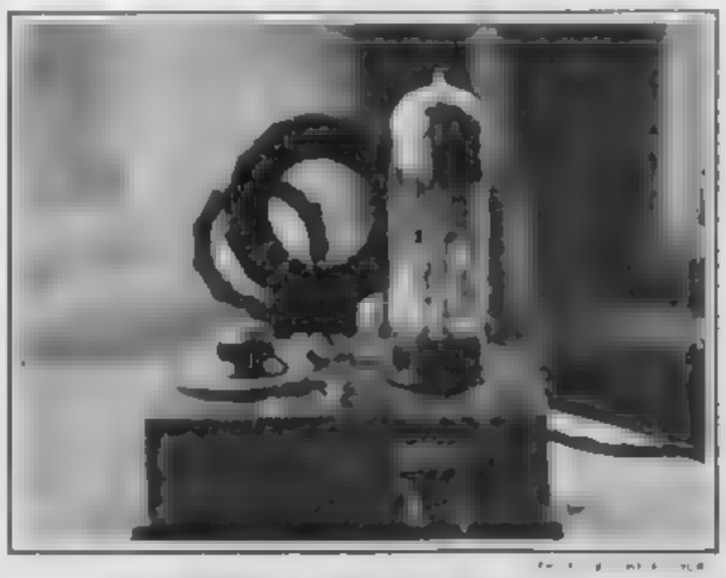
These are the people that support radio and to whom it means most. Recognizing this, one of the cardinal principles in the seventeen countries operating on the European plan has been the doctrine that programs must be available to listeners using cheap, simple sets.

All That Anyone Needs

TO THIS end, cities in these countries have only one station; there is no local interference. Extensive use is made, moreover, of relay stations. A low-power, nonselective receiver is all that is necessary to bring in the program to which the set owner's license fee contributes

By changing coils, however, he can receive the broadcasts of a national station on the other wave band, thus getting an alternative program. His extra coils cost perhaps seventy-five cents. A selective receiver would cost three times what he pays for his nonselective affair. If and when he has the means he can always get the selective set; meantime the nonselective set with extra coils is of tremendous value.

(Continued on Page 157



A Typical European Radio Set

Mrs. Seton Buys a Necklace

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE House of Van Wageningen occupies No. 24, the Rose Street—a five-minute walk from the Ryks Museum. Like a sturdy fishwife on her doorstep waiting for the return of the herring fleet, the building has squatted there while the winds and damps of centuries brushed their gentle patine across the face of the ancient square stones of its walls, toning them to the smoothness of a fine, gray Shantung, mellowing them to the color of a November sky at twilight. The doors and shutters are of oak, iron barred and bound with heavy, hand-beaten straps. Above the lintel, chased roughly across the face of the center stone, is a griffin, with a scroll below it and a Spanish motto, *Tenemos Todo*, relic, no doubt, of some cavalier straggled from Alva's train in Flanders and drifted long since into Amsterdam, to be, long since, forgotten.

Hendrik Van Wageningen, the younger, bowed to the lady and, cupping his chubby right hand in the soft, pink palm of his left, stood caressing his knuckles, waiting.

"I have come from Brussels," she said, and opened her hand bag.

From a pocket within she took a card, across the face of which was engraved: Entrechats et Cie., Rue Albert Trois, 14, Bruxelles.

"Ah, yes," said Hendrik Van Wageningen, turning the card and reading on its reverse side in longhand:

My Dear Mr. Van Wageningen: This is to introduce Mrs. Philip Gerome Seton, of New York, who wishes to buy some emeralds. —ALEXANDRE ENTRECHATS, FILS.

"You Will Have to Tell Me What Arrangements are to be Made. I'm Terribly Ignorant About Those Matters. You Will Look Me Up, of Course"

"Ah, yes—yes, indeed," said Hendrik. "I shall be very glad to do what I can. It is a single stone you wish?"

Mrs. Seton smiled. "It seems absurd to say so when one is buying emeralds, but I really can't make up my mind. I don't know what I want."

"It is many times true, nevertheless," said Hendrik. "To buy a jewel is like buying a painting. Sometimes a small rondelle will satisfy. Again, for perfect satisfaction, one must have two; again, many."

"True." Mrs. Seton nodded. "Of course I have seen what Entrechats have ——"

"And now"—Hendrik smiled—"M'sieur Entrechats is very kind to send you to us. Please to sit you down, madame."

He bowed her to a chair and stood for a moment looking at her.

Mrs. Seton was perhaps forty—the New York forty of a moneyed woman. Beautifully turned, from her slim, narrow heel to the flair of her hat. Smart with the genius of fine shops. Confident with the stamina of breeding. But of what Hendrik Van Wageningen took particular note were the matched pearls nestling unostentatiously against the soft lace at her collar, the solitaire on her hand, and the tiny little antelope in brilliants galloping upon the knot of the narrow ribbon that bound her hat.

"Can it be," thought Hendrik, "that she wants the necklace?" He passed into the tiny room behind the screen and stood for a moment with his chin pinched between his thumb and forefinger. When he returned to the velvet and dark warmth of the outer shop he held a small tray between his hands—held it reverently, as a priest holds the salver. He set it before her. There were two stones upon it, glowing with deep fire that seemed, in the quiet of the room, to roar softly like a distant waterfall. For a moment neither he nor Mrs. Seton spoke. She raised her hand once as if to touch the stones, but decided against it and sighed instead.

"They are too beautiful. But what could one use them for? They are much too large for ring settings."

"That is true, madame. They are the two halves of the Annam emerald."

"A pendant perhaps?"

"For what? Surely not diamonds?"

Mrs. Seton smiled and waved them away.

"Please, before I am tempted beyond myself."

"It is true—they are for a museum—or for someone with the heartlessness to cut them further. But now, please to tell me, madame. It is something very fine you wish, no doubt. You know stones and like them. M'sieur Entrechats could not satisfy, so you come to us. It is for the Ladder, is it not?"

"I didn't dare tell you"—she smiled—"for I know I can't afford it, and I know that I must have it if I see it. M'sieur Entrechats swore I would."

Hendrik bowed and once again retreated behind the screen. When he came out this time, his tray was long and narrow, with a molten stream of flame streaked down its center. The tiny room seemed to light up with the sudden fire; the air itself to crackle and burn. Again the two people were silent. Presently, however, Hendrik was going over the stones, one by one, with his glass held above them for her to see their depths and coloring, indicating striations and the slightest variation of weight; pointing out finally the one replaced stone that had been put in by Steuberling for the Grand Duchess Xenia in 1885.

For a long moment Mrs. Seton sat looking at the Ladder of Fire, then she took a cloisonné case from her bag and lighted a cigarette. The thin blue smoke drifted upward in the quiet air and hung in a gossamer web above their heads. Finally she nodded.

"I must have it."

"You are most kind to honor us."

"You will have to tell me what arrangements are to be made. I'm terribly ignorant about those matters. You will look me up, of course."

"It is most easy," said Hendrik Van Wageningen. "The Ladder can be delivered to Choate, Dirkus & Co., in New York, and all the formalities of customs gone through with by our own agents; payment to be made on the other side."

"But I may not go home for some time," said Mrs. Seton.

"In that case, delivery can be made here and the arrangements made through your banks on this side."

"That will be better, I think. Now, just one more thing: I shall want you to make me a copy of the Ladder—an exact copy in every detail—the stones, of course, to be glass or composition."

"It is usual with a piece of this kind," said Hendrik, "to have a copy. There was one once, but it has disappeared. Another can be made within a fortnight at small cost comparatively."

Mrs. Seton reached into her hand bag once more and drew forth her check book. A small, red-covered booklet with the arms of the United States in gold on its cover came with it. She laughed gently, and opening the passport to her photograph, held it out to Hendrik.

"To identify me." She smiled.

He glanced at it and waved it back.

"You are very kind, indeed, madame."

"Now, the reproduction will be— My check is on the *Crédit* in Brussels."

Hendrik thought for a moment.

"In francs, roughly, about fifteen thousand. The metal must be handworked, of course, and heavily plated to be convincing."

"True." Mrs. Seton drew her check for the amount, tore it from the book and stood up. "In two weeks, then. And in the meantime you will write to me and give me the full details about the Ladder and I shall arrange with my bankers—probably in Paris. And you will please keep the matter confidential until delivery?"

"Very good. Thank you most gratefully. Good evening, Mrs. Seton." As he closed the heavy oaken doors after her, he stood again with his pink hands cupped together, caressing each other gently. "Six hundred and seventy thousand florins!" he breathed. "A most excellent day. One must admire these American ladies. Consider. Unescorted she comes—alone. She sits. She smokes a cigarette. She nods casually and buys a piece that Hughes has bid on three times—and she never asks the price. Six hundred and seventy thousand florins! Marvelous!"

That, then, was the second of October. By the sixth, the House of Van Wageningen knew all that was necessary to know about Mrs. Philip Gerome Seton III through Choate, Dirkus & Co. If Mrs. Seton chose, Mrs. Seton might buy twenty emerald necklaces and drop them one by one from the rail of the Île de France into eighty fathoms of blue water and never worry about where her next limousine was coming from.

On the fifteenth Hendrik Van Wageningen received a *recommandé* letter from Paris:

> You will kindly deliver the Ladder and the reproduction to my agent, Mr. Robert Forsythe, who will be in Amsterdam on the seventeenth with credentials and a certified draft for five millions of francs on the Metropolitan Trust Company's Paris office. You will please challenge Mr. Forsythe with the word "Tuesday" to avoid any possible chance of impersonation and see that he answers "The Second of October."
>
> I should be very grateful to you if, for the rest, you will still keep this purchase confidential.

Mr. Forsythe came to No. 24, the Rose Street. Mr. Forsythe identified himself most satisfactorily. Mr. Forsythe presented Mrs. Seton's certified check and, putting the Ladder in an old pigskin cigar case, which, in turn, he placed in an inside pocket under his tightly buttoned topcoat, he left No. 24 carrying the reproduction in an obvious brief case.

That was at nine o'clock. Shortly after Mr. Forsythe left, Hendrik Van Wageningen kept an appointment with Folke Berentzen, who was on from Copenhagen with a commission. That and the shop kept him until after eleven, and he dined copiously and punctually at twelve. It was on toward 2:15, then, before he presented Mrs. Seton's check for collection and deposit at the Ryks Branch of the Royal Bank of Holland, and it was all of 3 30 before the Amsterdam police had the exits from the city picketed, during which interval of time twenty trains had left the Central Station, and from the Schiphol Airport of the Gemeente—Handelsinrichtingen, the K. L. M., Luft Hansa, the Lignes Farman and the Swedish Aerotransport had each dispatched planes to the four quarters of Europe and beyond.

And it was almost four o'clock before the International Protective Association clicked into its stride on the case; at about which time, or possibly a little later, a gentleman touched the arm of Mrs. Seton's maid on Trottoir 3 at Le Havre, as Mrs. Seton's hand luggage was thumping through her compartment window in the boat train to the waiting straps of the blue-smocked porters below, and held out a parasol of maroon silk with a handle of ebony topped with ivory.

"Madame's, I believe?"

Mrs. Seton's maid took it and looked at it.

The gentleman shrugged and departed in the crowd.

"Come, Lena."

The crowd milled furiously about them.

"Lena!"

"Yes, madame"—breathlessly; and some twenty minutes later the parasol stood in a corner of the clothes press in Mrs. Seton's cabin.

A few minutes before sailing time a man in dark clothing pushed his way roughly through a group of passengers in front of the purser's office and leaned close to the grille.

"Franklin," he said out of the side of his mouth.

"Oh, hello there."

The man slipped a piece of paper across the counter and tilted his hat on the back of his head, strumming meanwhile quite casually on the ledge with his broad, stubby fingers.

"I want the steward."

The assistant looked at the paper. All it had on it was: "Mrs Philip Gerome Seton III."

"That's A Deck—wait a minute—Number 19. Fred, buzz the chief's office quick." The assistant took the telephone from his clerk.

"Hello, Reineke? . . . Franklin. What bedroom man have you got on Number 19, A Deck? . . . Good. Locate him, will you—in a hurry? . . . Treasury Department, yes. . . . Down here at the office."

A little man, Harry Prout, wiry and closely shaven, with the hair at his temples almost white, but a set to his shoulders under the white linen jacket, that a Life Guard's colonel might well be proud of He tapped on the office door and stood there, heels together and chin tilted slightly upward from long habit, that he might look into the face of whoever opened. All his life, Harry Prout had always had to look up to see people's faces.

"Here you are," said the assistant.

The undercover man jerked a thumb and walked over toward the saloon passage. "You Prout?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got Number 19, A Deck?"

"Yes, sir."

The man lifted the left-hand point of his vest. Harry Prout saw a badge on the belt beneath.

"Know what that is?"

"Yes, sir; I've seen 'em before."

"Well, get this, Prout: There's something stirrin', see? We got the flash the dame in Number 19's been buying in Amsterdam. That means joolry—and it's big stuff, get me? She's as rich as Rockerfeller. Watch her goin' over and try to spot it. Watch her friends and get a list of 'em. Watch her maid, if she's got one; and if you spot the stuff or get a tip and her declaration ain't up to half a century grand, spill what you know to Hoskins in New York. It's the usual cut, and sure-fire."

"Yes, sir—but 'arf a century grand, sir?"

"Fifty thousand, I mean—dollars."

"Yes, sir; I understand, sir. Thank you, sir"

"That's all right." The Department agent tilted his hat forward again and pushed out through the crowds in the entrance hall. Harry Prout stood where he was for a moment. Thirty years on the Atlantic—a blue-water steward. A man sees a lot in thirty years; and from the inside, in the flunkies' department, a great deal more than other men can see—a great deal that other men would not care to see. But this was quite usual. American ladies did it as a matter of course. It was a game of double or quits to them merely. Very well.

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"I Want You to Take Them Off at Once. Scrub Them Off. Don't Scratch Them. Get Every Bit of Glue Off as Well—These!" She Put Her Finger Upon a Label of Brack's Doelen Hotel, Amsterdam

MED SHOW

As Told to WESLEY STOUT

By Dr. N. T. Oliver (Nevada Ned)

Doc Noonan, the old Kickapoo boy, pipes from the sticks in Kentucky: "Back thirty-five miles off the railroad. Got a house, rent paid, and the old tent in storage. Sitting on top of the world. I have my winter B. R. Will make the schoolhouse circuit with soap and candy. Gave show last night. Receipts included two cords wood, one sack flour, one bushel meal, one old wood stove, one gallon old-fashioned cane — kind they used to make — pound of butter, gallon of buttermilk and six dollars on the door. Gave four dollars in prize candy. Didn't play a bloomer all summer. Had twelve-people Med Show with Chief Big Thunder as lecturer and Noonan the Great doing sensational escapes, magic, mental telepathy and illusions. Louise Noonan, singing, dancing, acrobatic and contortion act. Chief Big Thunder and wife, Indian war dances. Al Stofel, black-face comedian; Giles & Goard, singing and musical act. Eckles Sisters, singing and dancing. You ought to see the Big Chief load 'em."

—*Billboard, Pipes for Pitchmen.*

The Only Known Photograph of a Kickapoo Medicine Company "Indian Village" ; Manchester Depot, Vermont, 1885

I HAVE no idea what the year 2130 will be like, except that I am sure of three things—death and taxes will operate, the Younger Generation will be viewed with alarm, and "Nature's own remedies" will be sold on the streets with song, dance and ballyhoo by pitchmen, high and low.

The medicine show is the eldest, if not the favorite, child of the stage. It flourished in the ancient world. The troubadour and the mountebank of the Middle Ages, more often than not, sang a universal panacea. It followed across the Atlantic on the Pilgrims' heels and was outlawed by one of the earliest statutes of Connecticut.

Therapeutic Thespians

HERE it was organized into an industry and reached its zenith between the years 1880 and 1895, then declined, though it survives numerously. I have counted more than one hundred of them in the Billboard, their clearing house, in the past two years. It is an off corner of these states where some successor of Soapy Crane will not stand with a rope and a gun sometime this year and draw a push on the promise that he is about to hang a man and shoot a monkey off the courthouse cupola.

America's contributions to the med show were two—the show and the Indian. In Europe the pitch doctor always has shown out-of-doors and seldom with the aid of more than two or three entertainers. Here full evenings of drama, vaudeville, musical comedy, Wild West shows, minstrels, magic, burlesque, dog and pony circuses, not to mention Punch and Judy, pantomime, movies, menageries, bands, parades and pie-eating contests, have been thrown in with Ho-Ang-Nan, the great Chinese herb remedy, gratis or for a nominal admission, and med shows have played in opera houses, halls, storerooms, ball parks, show boats and tents, large and small, as well as doorways, street corners and fairs. Broadway rarely is without one. Harlem is overrun with them. Even the radio has known them.

Who first hitched the noble redskin to the traces of "roots, herbs and barks; gums, seeds and berries" is not of record, but John E. Healy, of New Haven, Connecticut, and Texas Charley Bigelow, of Beeville, made him a Big Business when they organized the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company in 1881. They hired possibly a thousand assorted redskins from Indian agents as atmosphere, paying each brave and squaw thirty dollars a month and expenses. They gave one of the earliest Wild West shows as a come-on for Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. Pawnee Bill's introduction into show business came through his delivery of a party of Pawnees to Healy & Bigelow in Philadelphia.

Although their wholesale success never was duplicated, they left a lasting impress on the business and "Kickapoo veteran" for years after was the hall-mark of an old-timer as compared to the Johnny-Come-Latelys. With Æneas, I can say, "All of this I knew, of much I had a part."

John E. Healy—"Puck," from his fondness for the quotation, "What fools these mortals be"—was a second-generation Irishman born in New Haven. He first sold shoes there, then peddled a magic vanishing cream from door to door. The Civil War coming on, he enlisted as a drummer boy and served until Appomattox. Mustered out, he was impressed with the ease and elegance with which a pitchman sold medicine from a barouche on Boston streets. He returned to New Haven, made a batch of liniment which he called King of Pain—a title soon transferred from the liniment to the man—and shipped to Savannah, where he had to pawn his watch to buy his license. With the money made from his pain killer he moved up a step in show business and organized Healy's Hibernian Minstrels. There was no black face about his show. His troupers wore green velvets and billycocks, twirled blackthorns, sang Irish ballads and danced Irish jigs for a generation of immigrants still homesick for Erin. No such minstrel was complete without an Irish panorama elucidated comically by Barney the Guide. Among his troupe was Jerry Cohan, father of George M. The senior Cohan, then a youth, was known as the Dancing Philosopher. As he jigged, he commented on the day's follies much as Will Rogers was to do later with a lariat and a wad of gum.

Nevada Ned in His Kickapoo Days

Mumbo-Jumbo

BEE COUNTY, Texas, was a settled farming country when Charley Bigelow was born there after the close of the Mexican War. The cattle trade did not yet exist, there were no Indians nearer than the Staked Plains, and his horsemanship was acquired behind a plow. A born trader, he had swapped the neighbor boys out of most of their possessions when Doctor Yellowstone, otherwise Phil Grant, one of the Pilgrim Fathers of Indian medicine, came through South Texas selling his Herbs of Life. This was destiny, and before long the Bee County farm boy had let his hair grow down past his shoulders, learned a portfolio of magic, drove a four-horse coach and was Texas Charley, versed in the lore of the Indian medicine man. His stock patter in doing a trick was "Nemo secundo, stale tomatoes, saleratus; oxious, noxious, polly, pollygopsious, erysipelas." Rapid-fire talker, skillful bluffer, good friend and convivial, he made money and he spent it.

In Baltimore there was a Dr. E. H. Flagg who sold Flagg's Instant Relief, a liniment, by keister, or low pitch—that is, from a satchel on street corners. He played the violin and sang; one of his songs was We All Wear Cloaks. Being a down-easter, he pronounced it "clucks." His liniment, unchanged, was to become first, Pain Balm, then the Kickapoo Indian Oil. That other famous liniment, Hamlin's Wizard Oil, also was the same in formula, it is said.

I know only that Flagg claimed relationship with John A. and Lysander B. Hamlin. In 1879 he improved what was then known as Holman's Liver Pad and substituted his own name for that of Holman, his brother-in-law.

Dr. John B. Williams was another Baltimore citizen, editor, not of liver pads, but of the Sunday Telegram; regular contributor to the Philadelphia Saturday Night, Robert Bonner's New York Ledger, and other family weeklies, author of many paper-back novels and of a son, Percy G. The latter went on the variety stage under the name of Percy Garnett and soon broke up the famous sister act of Ida and Capitola Forrest by marrying the former.

Doctors Bill Crawford and Jim Perdon as Quaker Medicine Men in California, 1898

A Percy G. Williams Liver Pad Unit at Owensboro, Kentucky, 1883. Doctor Oliver at the Left

From the money he made later out of liver pads and electric belts, Percy G. Williams rose to share control of the vaudeville world with B. F. Keith and, when he died in 1923, to leave a fortune of $5,000,000 to create a home for old and indigent actors out of his Long Island estate, Pine Acres, at East Islip.

The liver pad was a medicated bag clamped over the pit of the stomach. Its theory was that of absorption. The skin has 50,000,000 pores, and medicaments taken in through the pores were presumed to act more effectively than when routed via the stomach. The now-neglected liver was one of the Big Three of the physic of the time, and this was the current therapeutic novelty. The result was sales, and the eye of John E. Healy was caught.

He dropped his Hibernian minstrels, joined Flagg as a partner, and began to organize units to advertise and sell the liver pad and the liniment. Among the first they hired was Bigelow. Texas Charley was the doctor and I the banjo player of the first company they sent on the road in the fall of 1879. There were two other units, each of three entertainers and a doctor; the first appearance, to the best of my knowledge, of the chain-store principle in med shows.

Pain Balms

I WAS a Philadelphian, reared by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church. Losing his pastorate through a doctrinal dispute, he retired to a farm and country church at Line Lexington, Pennsylvania. I, showing promise in school, was intended for the ministry. In my first year at Yale membership in the glee club turned me giddily toward the stage and I joined Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels in Philadelphia. The aged Willis P. Sweatnam now lives in retirement at the Lambs Club. I was playing with Fannie Prestige's musical stock company at Miller's Winter Garden when Billie Hearst told me that Flagg and Healy were offering twenty-five dollars a week and expenses for performers.

We played the streets of Baltimore for two months before jumping to Wilmington, North Carolina. Bigelow's hair was long and he sported a beard the like of which seldom may be seen in these effeminate days, but he had not yet adopted buckskins. His costume was the conventional broadcloth frock suit and sombrero. At the city market, Baltimore, we ran into flashier competition. Madame Du Bois and Dr. Andrew Dupre were selling liniment and pulling teeth publicly to the accompaniment of a brass band. Dupre, who spoke no English, wore the full regimentals of a French chasseur, including horsehair helmet and skin-tight doeskin breeches. Attached to the hilt of his cavalry sword was some sort of tooth-pulling gadget, and the spectacle of the chasseur extracting bicuspids with a saber was worth considerably more than the price of admission, which was nothing

In the South the liver pad was a sensation. The newly emancipated blacks knew nothing and cared less about the 50,000,000 eager pores of the skin, but they saw in the device an addition to voodoo, a new and potent conjure. That and Texas Charley's stage presence put a liver pad in every cabin.

The next season I was sent out with another liver pad and Pain Balm unit, with the dual assignment of playing the banjo and keeping the doctor sober. Instead, he kept me jingled. We arrived at Louisville one morning without ten cents between us, and the doctor proposed a drink. I protested both that we had no money and that liquor before breakfast was an outrage against that liver to which our lives were dedicated.

"Follow me, look wise and say nothing," commanded the doc.

He turned into the first wholesale liquor house and spoke: "My name's Graham. You don't know me. You may know of this young fellow, however. He's the son of Howard Claflin, of Pittsburgh."

Claflin was a prominent distiller, and the reply, without fail, was, "Glad to know you, gentlemen. Have a drink?"

There were many wholesalers in Louisville and we called on all. This sort of thing led to the company's stranding in Birmingham, Alabama, then a town of not more than 10,000, its main street dirt. Flagg wired orders to close and return to Baltimore, but my wife was not far from motherhood, so we stayed on.

At our hotel there was a quiet guest who departed early each morning with a keister, returning after dark. I discovered that he was selling polishing irons from door to door in the negro quarters. The desired high gloss on the boiled shirt fronts of the Grant era was obtained by rubbing the rounded heel of an iron across the grain of the linen. The Chinese knew the trick, but the negro laundresses of Dixie did not; they using blunt-ended irons. This pitchman was buying these irons for twenty-five cents, knocking off the heels with a cold chisel, rounding them with file and emery paper, then selling them for $2.50. I introduced myself and suggested an improvement in sales methods.

"I'll get acquainted with the bishops of the African M. E. or M. E. Zion churches, get letters of indorsement to all pastors, and we'll give demonstrations in the churches and organize laundry classes with club rates."

He objected that he could not make the irons fast enough, but I pointed out that any blacksmith could do the work, and we joined hands. In Greensboro, Alabama, the Ku Klux Klan mistook our activities for carpet-bagging and ran us out, and in Columbus, Georgia, my partner absconded. The expectant mother and I were up against it!

Jim Lighthall, King of the Medicine Men

Dr. Lone Star

An acquaintance of ours was billed to play Columbus that night with a down-east play, Alvin Joslyn, a forerunner of The Old Homestead, Shore Acres, and such paper-snow and erring-daughter dramas. He not only carried a band playing gold-plated instruments but more diamonds than a Maiden Lane salesman.

Putting Ten Dollars to Work

HE WORE all he could crowd upon his person and displayed the remainder in some Main Street window. My wife's mother had done many services for this man's sister, and I applied to him in our distress.

"Sure," he welcomed us. "We'll make a place in the show for you somewhere. Be at the hotel when we leave tomorrow morning."

We were on hand, but the Alvin Joslyn company had departed for its next stand immediately after the show the night before.

The following attraction at the Columbus Opera House was Zera Semon, a crippled magician from Philadelphia, where I had known him.

"I've been playing in one long stretch of bad luck," Semon told me. "How much do you have to have?"

"Ten dollars would see me through," I hazarded.

"I can give you a sawbuck, but it would be like pulling teeth. What good will ten dollars do you though?"

I explained the polishing-iron racket and he parted with ten dollars with a sigh. Now I organized the American Laundry Association, with my grandmother in Philadelphia the unwitting president and my sister in Boston the equally

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Ferdon's Quaker Medicine Company Setting Forth in a Tallyho on Parade

THE TINSEL FISH

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THERE was a little white-and-gold elevator in the New York house, and sometimes, when Miss Locke and Cynthia got into it at the nursery floor and rode down in it to the drawing-room floor, Miss Locke would let Cynthia push the buttons. Every evening that her mother was at home, Cynthia was taken down to the drawing-room after dinner. Cynthia always wore one of her smocked dresses of crêpe de chine in white or maize or green. Her dark curls were arranged—so. Her teeth had been well brushed after the nursery supper. Her finger nails had been well looked to. In her plump little hand she held her minute monogrammed handkerchief—C. A. F.—and above the letters the tiny embroidered fish. Between the breathless moment when Miss Locke left her at the drawing-room door and the moment when a voice said "Come in" Cynthia tried to remember that she was a Fish and looked at her darling little fish for courage. It was the symbol of her house.

Her mother would be lying on the sofa before the fire, smoking, or standing up, smoking, or walking up and down, smoking. When her mother was alone she wore tea gowns of pale lace or chiffon and just a string of pearls. When there were guests she wore evening gowns without any back—usually glittery gold ones or slinky silver ones—and one of her arms would be ablaze with bracelets to the elbow. Even her cigarette holder glittered when she had guests. The lady guests would say, "Your little girl, Val? What a duck! Come and kiss me, darling." And her mother would say, "Not a chance. She knows better. She has been brought up not to kiss."

Then the men would laugh and crowd about her mother so that all Cynthia could see would be the top of her mother's gold head, or perhaps the gold heel of her slipper, or maybe the slinky restless end of her beautiful dress as it slipped away over the floor. Cynthia would sit down on the puffy black velvet stool before the fire and fold her plump hands and arrange her feet and hold her handkerchief, and watch for the top of her mother's gold head, shining away there among the hovering gentlemen. For gentlemen always hovered about her mother, or hung over her mother, or slumped down as close beside her mother on the sofa as they could get. Cynthia on her footstool, watching, despised these gentlemen. She longed to stick out her foot suddenly and trip one of them up. It would be so wonderful to see him sprawl. But she never did this, of course. All she did was to put her foot out a very little way and take it back again.

It was all much nicer when her mother was alone. Usually it went like this:

"You had your ride? How did the pony go?"

"The pony has a name, mother, and his name is Jock. He isn't just a pony. When ever will you remember, mother, that his name is Jock?"

"How did Jock go?"

"Jock went like a rushing wind."

"Jock is too fat to go like a rushing wind. It is the sign of a jumbled mind to exaggerate."

"Jock went like a little, slow, fat breeze."

"That's better. What is the capital of Vermont?"

"M-Montpelier."

"What is five times nine?"

"F-forty-four."

"You're shy one there. . . . And counting on your fingers? A Fish?"

"F-forty-five. . . . Miss Locke gives me time."

"And I jump at you, don't I? I try not to, God knows. But a Fish should be prepared for any emergency. Even for jumps. What is an emergency?"

"I—I almost know, but I don't quite know, mother."

When Her Mother Spoke Her Voice Wasn't as Clear as Usual, "Are You Ever—Lonely, Cynthia?"

"That's the Annesley in you. The Annesleys never quite know."

"You were an Annesley, weren't you, mother?"

"Still am. I'm no real Fish, Cynthia. I'm just an imitation fish. Tinsel, not gold. . . . What's the principal export of Java?"

"I don't know, mother."

"Find out from the worthy Locke and tell me tomorrow night. Or next week sometime. I'm going to Quebec tomorrow. And now run along to bed. No kissing, but you may pinch my thumb if you like. . . . Easy, there! Don't take it off. Fervent, aren't you? Try to grow out of it. If you don't you're done for."

Miss Locke and Cynthia looked up "fervent" the next day in the dictionary. "'Burning,'" read Miss Locke aloud before she could stop herself. "'Boiling,' 'fiery.' . . . Dear me," said Miss Locke, looking at Cynthia over her spectacles. There was a pause. "We will now," said Miss Locke firmly, closing up the dictionary, "go into this matter of the exports of Java. Now, Java, Cynthia, is one of the most interesting islands in the world ——"

The day droned on. Her mother would be away for a week. Nothing would happen except mornings and noons and nights. Seven of them. The day droned on.

Her mother was away for a month. By the time she came back, Cynthia had forgotten the exports of Java. Miss Locke had sent the daily telegram of course. "Well and happy. Slight cavity in upper tooth successfully filled by Doctor Henderson today." "Well and happy. Omitted ride because of rain." "Well and happy. Slight tendency to tonsillitis completely checked. Doctor Meigs reports throat in perfect condition."

Her mother walked into the schoolroom unexpectedly late one afternoon, with her fur coat still on, with her hat still on. Her mother stopped for the first, queer, frightening moment just inside the door and looked at her. Her mother didn't say anything, and Cynthia didn't say anything either. She just stood up and turned white. But inside Cynthia, her heart, which had been quite dead, seemed to come alive. Her heart seemed to come alive so suddenly, so terribly, that she shook all over with its beating.

"So there you are," said her mother. "Why do you hold the table? What's the matter with your legs?"

"N-nothing," said Cynthia. "My l-legs are quite well."

"Don't stutter. Here's a package for you."

Cynthia stumbled forward somehow. Cynthia duly received her package.

"Chocolates," explained her mother to Miss Locke, "but just plain creams inside. She may have one now and then after her dinner?"

"But of course, Mrs. Fish. But of course," said Miss Locke, eager, flustered, taking off her spectacles, putting them on. "A certain amount of sugar, in limited quantities —— You—you had a—a pleasant sojourn?"

"No," said her mother. "My sojourns are never pleasant. Are yours?"

"But they are, Mrs. Fish. They invariably are," said Miss Locke, eager, flustered. "My sister meets me with the car and with all her dear children. We picnic together in the woods. We sing together at the piano in the evenings. We share our enthusiasms. We study plant life together." Miss Locke's voice dwindled. Her enthusiasm, with no one to share it, died. "You—you find Cynthia looking well, Mrs. Fish?"

"Quite well. How did she scratch her hand?"

"Mrs. Bennington Fish came in one day for tea and there happened to be a pin on her dress."

"There would be. . . . Well?"

"I sat on Aunt Clara's lap," confessed Cynthia, "and she kissed me."

"She pricked you. . . . Open your mouth. Wide."

Cynthia opened her mouth wide and her mother looked into it. Her mother stripped off one glove and held out her lovely hand. Her mother's eyes looked all soft and shadowy. Her face was pale. Her mouth was scarlet. Her mother was the most beautiful mother in the world.

"Good girl," said her mother briefly. "Pinch my thumb if you like. Easy. Don't take it off. . . . I'm having some people in for an early dinner before the theater, Miss Locke. Bring her down about eight." That was the way it went when her mother came home again.

Once more Cynthia sat on her black velvet stool before the drawing-room fire, with her feet arranged, with her plump hands holding her minute handkerchief. Once more she was with her mother. Once more her heart was all light and alive and dancing within her. Once more shivers of utter content, of joy, ran over her.

One of the lady guests said, "Hello, darling. My little girl at home has a great doll's house, complete—even running hot and cold water. You must come in one day for luncheon and play at dolls with her."

And Cynthia said, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Robbins. That would be nice," with the pleasant, obliging, sociable, inclusive Annesley part of her, but the disdainful, contemptuous, devoted, single-minded, exclusive Fish part of her had already made up her mind not to go.

The ladies smoked and drank their coffee. The men hovered about her mother. That is, all the men hovered but one. This was someone new to Cynthia—different. He wasn't old, but he was tired. There were lines across his forehead. Cynthia looked at him curiously. He didn't hover. He just leaned against the fireplace and smoked. He didn't even look once at her mother. He looked at herself. When Cynthia discovered that he was looking at herself she flushed. She jiggled her foot and examined fixedly the embroidered fish on her handkerchief. The man crossed the hearthrug and sat down on the floor beside Cynthia.

"Suppose we share it," he said, holding out his hand.

Cynthia delivered up to him her handkerchief, her embroidered symbol, the keys to her city.

"Monogrammed," he said, looking at it with distaste, "but not, as yet, by some saving grace, perfumed. If you are related to the famous Mrs. Fish, to the glittering Mrs. Fish, I was at your christening party. You young fry grow. I've been out of touch for years. I've been to places."

"Where?" asked Cynthia.

"Where it is quite correct to stick out one's tongue. One bows—like this—and then one does it—like this." He did it. He stuck out his tongue—way out. Cynthia watched him do it. Cynthia giggled a bit. The man remained grave.

"Where else?" asked Cynthia.

"Where it is night for six months. Almost too long—that night. Where there is a mountain that smokes cigarettes. Like this. Just a beautiful spiral." He showed her the beautiful spiral. Cynthia watched him do it.

"Where else?" she demanded.

"On a whaler. Ever been on a ship? Ever been on a lovely, dirty whaler?"

"I have been on Uncle Bennington's yacht."

"That's not a ship. That's a hotel."

"Aunt Clara gave me lobster."

"Girl, you have lived. Yachts—lobster—the peak of life for most people passed at —— How old are you, Cynthia?"

"Nine," said Cynthia. "I can ride. I can swim. I can dance. I can make pictures with bits of tinsel paper."

"What kind of pictures?"

"Fish," said Cynthia. "A little one hiding in rushes—that's me. A floating one, all gold—that's mother."

"Where are the pictures?"

"Upstairs in Miss Locke's desk."

"Let's go." He stood up. He held down his hand to her. Cynthia stood up and took his hand. They had almost reached the door when her mother stopped them. Her mother looked queer. Her eyes were almost shut, and yet she didn't look sleepy. She looked as if she might be just waking up. Her hands, reaching out, took Cynthia by the shoulders and held her, gripped her. Her mother's hands almost hurt.

"You can't do that, Ran," said her mother.

"Why not?" asked the man.

"Because I won't have it," said her mother.

"You won't have what?"

"Walking her off. Talking to her. Making up to her. Charming her. . . . She's mine. I won't share her with anyone."

"Not even for five minutes to look at some tinsel pictures?"

"What tinsel pictures?"

"Pictures she has made."

"She never told me she had made any pictures."

"She told me. Why have her downstairs at all if you were afraid of me?"

"I always have her downstairs. Why should I change just because you walk in? You are not important. I am not afraid of you."

"Then why object?" asked the man, amused.

There was a short silence. And then all the ladies and gentlemen, who had been quiet, became very talkative again. Her mother's hands stopped gripping her and released her. Her mother moved back from them a little and leaned against the wall beside the door. Cynthia longed suddenly to put her arms around her mother tight, to comfort her, to kiss her, but Cynthia knew better. She had been brought up not to kiss. She walked out into the hall hand in hand with the man, and into the little elevator. The man pushed the buttons for the nursery floor. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. He looked even more tired than he had looked before and the lines across his forehead were deeper.

"I've fought and bled to see your pictures, Cynthia," he said. "They had better be good."

The elevator stopped at Cynthia's floor. Miss Locke was out for the evening, but Teeny was at her post, sewing. Cynthia got out her tinsel pictures. They didn't look at all good to her as she spread them out on Miss Locke's desk. The little red fish looked very shy, hiding down there among the rushes. The lovely gold-and-blue fish didn't float as easily as her mother floated.

"This is us at home before we start," explained Cynthia. "This one is when we start. That's mother. That's me going with her. I look pretty silly, don't I?"

"Start where?" asked the man.

"For Java," said Cynthia. "Some day we are going to Java. When we can't stand it here any longer."

"Who says it?"

"Mother. . . . This one is when we get there. That's Java. It's one of the most interesting islands in the world, but it looks just a green lump in the picture. That's a tree. They make coffee there."

Cynthia was afraid the man was disappointed. He didn't say anything. But he looked at her pictures carefully, silently, for a long time. And then he drew a deep breath.

"Jove!" was all he said. "Jove!"

Floating off to sleep that night, Cynthia remembered that the man had called her Cynthia. He hadn't asked her name. She hadn't told him her name. But he had known her name. Before Cynthia could reach the point of thinking that this was queer, she had floated off to sleep altogether.

The next evening it went like this: Her mother was lying on the sofa before the fire with her hands locked together across her eyes when Cynthia came in. Her mother wasn't smoking. She was wearing a tea gown of pale green chiffon and high-heeled velvet slippers of sapphire blue. On her hand was

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"There's Such a Thing as Law in the World, Isn't There?"
"Not for Us," Said the Man. "We Have Had Enough of Law. Sit Down, Val"

THE GENERAL'S HORSE

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful house built upon a gentle slope, with a fountain and a garden before it, and an outlook upon a winding river and the blue hills beyond. This house, however, had been rudely dealt with. The fountain had been emptied and the stone bowl that caught the water broken in half. The garden gate of artistically wrought iron hung drunkenly by one hinge, and the house wall itself had two great holes in it, like staring eyes aghast at what they saw in the pleasant fields along the riverside.

Below the house, bisecting a green meadow, ran the Château-Thierry-Rheims road, along which long columns of artillery, wagons and machine-gun carts were halted, the horses standing with drooping heads, and the men lying in tumbled heaps, just as they had fallen, hoping to catch a quarter of an hour's sleep.

Beyond, in the shelter of a grove, a squadron of French cavalry had picketed, their clustered lances making a grove of their own. There was a new bridge on the river, where none had been before—a bridge of boats—across which a slow stream of traffic flowed—slat wagons, fourgons, ration and machine-gun carts, caisson, limber and gun, one carriage at a time, eased down the steep slope of one bank by sweating men with a rope, and hauled up the other by the same means.

On the distant sweep of hill and upland that the house saw—for it faced the east—were high, rolling columns of black smoke, rising straight into the startled summer air like signal columns or funeral pyres. It was the enemy burning his ration and supply dumps, and the sight of it was heartening to the weary men along the roads, for those pillars of smoke meant that the retreat was still on, and that the moment when it should end and bloody counter attacks begin was not yet.

Beside the house, upon a heap of brick and plaster from the shattered wall, sat two men; one of whom explored, with a fork, the contents of a bright yellow can.

"Gee, that stuff tastes morish," said the other, licking his lips "Slip us that can again!"

"Wait now, till I get a mouthful myself. Whose can is this, anyway?"

"Well, I seen it as soon as you," protested the first; "only you was nearer to it."

"Hey, Guy!" They Cried to Joe. "Where's a Dressing Station Around Here? We Got a Man Here That's Hurted!"

"Yuh. You seen it after I showed it to you! Well, here, help yourself! Man, I can't eat it all. There's too much pepper in that hash! You can't only eat so much of it, no matter how hungry a guy is. Whaddyuh suppose they put it out in such big cans for? Once you open one and have et a few bites, you got to ding it away."

"Them cans is meant for a squad," said the other, spearing some of the contents with a splinter. "You turn a squad loose on one and see how big you think it is. The doughboy that threw this one away is gonna be a popular guy when it comes chow time!"

"I don't think he threw it away; I think he dropped it. I seen lots o' wire slippers an' blinken batteries an' maybe picks an' shovels along roads where doughboys been, but I never saw no chow before. When they get weary o' carryin' chow they most likely puts it inside of 'em."

"Yeh? Well, I seen 'em throw chow away! When we was lyin' in the woods up back of Étampes you could tell where the doughboys had been through in the night by the big cans o' sirup all over the place. We used to go out and buscar 'em for our breakfast!"

"Huh?" cried a third voice. "Buscar what? Oh, so there you are! Joe, what are you doin' here? Give us some of what's in that can! Hash, by the look! Um-m! Just time to grab a mouthful. Joe, this ain't no time to be camouflaging! You scratch out to the road, now, and give a hand! . . . You ain't seen a piece of timber round here we might use as a jack, have you? A kind of a beam, now? No, there ain't enough wood around here to use as a toothpick. Never mind, Joe, you hustle right out to the road with me!" He bent over and whispered in the other man's ear. "Joe, this here is your chance! You come out with me, and if the old man sees you, you're made! Come on! Throw down that can and come on!"

The other, with every expression of reluctance, raised himself from the pile of plaster.

"Come on, Duffy," said he to his companion. "Let's go out an' see what this is all about."

"No, no!" cried the last comer. "Duffy, you stay here! No, there's no use botherin' Duffy! Stay here, Duffy!"

He seized Joe's reluctant arm and began to hurry him out of the garden. "Ain't you got no brains?" he hissed in Joe's ear. "Suppose the Old Man seen Duffy first—why, then maybe your chances on bein' made a corporal would be just cut in half! Compree? Gee, I sometimes get discouraged tryin' to help you!"

Joe made no reply, but, allowing himself to be hurried along, looked back. Duffy, still comfortably seated on the pile of plaster, was once more inspecting with great interest the contents of the yellow can. At the sight, Joe jerked his arm from the other's grasp and halted.

"Listen, now!" he cried. "I ain't had but one peck at that hash, an' it's the first thing I've bit into since yestiddy morning! Where you rushin' me off to? There a fire or somethin'? Well, I ain't goin'! Leave me have my chow first!"

The other halted likewise, and putting his arms akimbo, on the sleeve of one of which the new chevrons of a corporal, sewed on very crudely with black thread, could be seen, looked with disgust at Joe.

"Joe," the corporal began patiently, "ain't you an' me buddies? Ain't we from the same town? And when I got made corporal, didn't I swear I'd have you made, too, within a week? Well, ain't I tryin' my best an' ain't I layin' awake nights, when I should be catchin' my shut-eye like anyone else, just thinkin' up ways an' means to get the Old Man to recognize you're the most obvious man to be the next corporal? Ain't I, now?"

"It's more'n a week," answered Joe sullenly. "It's a year, seems like, you been botherin' me. You're wearin' me out breakin' up my sleep an' my meals! I'd rather be a private anyways!"

"Now that's the spirit!" said the corporal sarcastically. "That's the reason you wasn't made long ago! You don't coöperate! You hang back in the traces like a onery hard-tail! Work! That's the answer! How do you suppose I got made in the first place?"

"I think they pulled your name out of a hat!" replied Joe acidly.

"Well, they didn't!" snapped the corporal. "Now you come along with me out to the road. I'm a corporal an' you're a private, and if you make any more talk I'll turn you in for refusing duty. Come on, now, Joe; think of all the extra money a corporal gets a month, an' you an' me will both be corporals; an' then maybe you'll get made sergeant—who knows?—if the war lasts long enough. And then you'll go home an' can tell everybody in Turnersville that you was a sergeant in the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, the fightenest outfit that ever bit the ear off a boche!"

The two arrived by this time in rear of the house. There was an orchard there of young fruit trees, a gentle slope of

kitchen garden that rose to the sky line, and beyond, the dark tree tops of a thick wood. There was another road here that followed the high ground, coming down out of the woods to the west, continuing through the back yard of the house and going on into the upper town of Mont St. Pere, about a quarter of a mile to the east. This road was really only a woodland track, but armies follow, like water, the line of least resistance, and this cart path was just as crowded as the road that followed the valley.

Joe Began to Reflect That After All Corporal Rouk Had Perhaps Done Him a Favor

As far as the eye could see there was a line of wheeled traffic, come down across country from the heights about Champillon Farm and the Bois de Barbillon. This line was still, though not silent. Protest was bitter, and the reason for both the halt and the protest was that just at the narrowest part of the road, where it passed between the house and stable, a huge vanlike wagon, like an onion crate on wheels, had bogged one wheel to the hub, with the wagon body directly across the road.

"That's our slat wagon!" explained the corporal hurriedly, "an' Oley was makin' the turn, you see, to pull off the road, an' in he goes. There's a grave there or somethin'. Now he can't swing either way or he'll break his pole, an' he ain't got no spare. We can't unload because all these outfits yearn to get off that road there before it starts to rain hardware stores on 'em, an' they won't leave us the time. Now yuh see what I fixed up? Whaddyuh see along the wall there?"

"Horses."

"Horses. Right the first time. Well, now, thinks I, if we could have a coupla span o' them horses on the front o' the slat wagon—huh? An' out it would come—huh? An' I wouldn't say it was my plan; I'd say it was yours!"

"Where yuh gonna get harness?" asked Joe dubiously.

"Why, out the slat wagon! Ain't it got spare harness in it for three teams? Now, you just curve out an' say to Oley, 'Oley,' you'll say, 'why don't we slap some o' the spare harness on them goats lined up against the wall there and just jerk this wagon out of the way?'"

"Yeh, but whose horses are they?" objected Joe.

"Oh, they belong to the Frogs. See, there's a Frog soldier watchin'em. And anyway, you're only gonna borry 'em for a minute. An' you get the credit, an' when the skipper comes along with the guns he'll make you on the spot."

Joe moved a little nearer so that he could have a view of the slat wagon, unobscured by the number of sweating soldiers that were standing about or beseeching one another hoarsely to heave on a wheel. This matter required thought.

"Hey, Joe!" shouted the driver suddenly from his high seat. "Where's Corporal Rouk? He's a buddy o' yours; where's he at? He went to find us a beam for a jack an' he musta fell down a well somewheres."

"We can't use no beam," said one of the bystanders. "If we had a bunch of stout guys on that front wheel, now! But they won't do no work! They'd rather sit their horses and run off at the mouth! If the boche start shellin' the road they'll move!"

"Tip the whole works over!" suggested another.

"Well, you ain't gonna tip it over!" announced the driver. "That wouldn't help none anyways. It'd block the road worse'n before. . . . Hey, Joe, go see what's keepin' Rouk, will you?"

"Never mind Rouk," said Joe, drawing in his breath as one who takes a plunge into icy water. "Why don't we put some o' the spare harness on those horses along the wall there and pull that slat wagon outta there with one jerk?"

All turned and looked at the horses. There were five of them lined against the stable wall, sleek, well-fed and unharnessed. A lone French soldier with a cigarette glued to his lower lip seemed to watch over them.

"Them's Frog horses," said several of the bystanders. "They won't give 'em to us."

"Juh ask?" demanded Joe.

"No, but ——"

"Well, watch me!"

"Watchuh doin', Joe?"

Duffy, Joe's late companion of the hash can, had followed out of curiosity, and was now looking with interest at the bogged wagon.

"Duffy," exclaimed Joe, "got that hash yet? Gimme it!"

Joe approached the French soldier.

"Bon joor!" greeted Joe with a smile. "*Chevaux*, one minoote? Er—chariot dee park stuck, *chevaux*—er—pull out. Compree? This is for you." He presented the French soldier with the can of hash, still half full.

"Ah!" exclaimed the French soldier. He sampled some of the hash with his fingers. "Ah!" said he again.

"*Chevaux?*" insinuated Joe, smiling.

"*Oui, oui, chevaux!*"

Joe thereupon laid hand on the halter shank of the first horse and, the guardian being intent on the contents of the can of hash, he untied it. Willing hands untied four more, and other willing hands, directed by the driver of the slat wagon, unloaded the sets of spare harness.

Horses that are used to a saddle are apt to exhibit symptoms of alarm at having wagon harness put on them. These symptoms, however, the hurrying men quieted, and shortly the two extra teams were hitched in. The slat wagon, ordinarily drawn by three teams like a gun, had been reduced to one through lack of horseflesh, but the lone team, of course, wore artillery harness, which permitted the traces of the swing team to be immediately attached. Volunteer drivers mounted the off horses.

"Put 'em into their collars!" shouted the driver of the slat wagon. "Now then, you no-account sons, allez! *Hu-u-up!* Put the hooks to 'em now! Don't let 'em swing; you'll snap the pole—don't let 'em swing!"

"Keep that team straight! Hey!" shouted the onlookers.

The four saddle horses might submit to being harnessed, they might also submit to being hitched in, but once they were put into draft and felt the pressure of trace and breast band, they attempted to free themselves of such annoyances. The lead team, in spite of its driver's frantic attempts, swung about parallel with the team that followed it; which team—the swing—kicking madly, unseated its driver and, in a flurry of kicks, snorts and angry squeals, followed the wildly plunging lead team in its turning movement.

The onlookers shouted, men ran from the waiting column to help, the driver of the slat wagon from his high seat emptied the vials of his wrath and

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"Hey, Joe!" Shouted the Driver. "Where's Corporal Rouk? He's a Buddy o' Yours; Where's He At? He Went to Find Us a Beam for a Jack an' He Musta Fell Down a Well Somewheres"

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Nassau Hall, on the Princeton Campus. From an Old Drawing by F. Childs

THE COLLEGE

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

THE first novel of my friend and former student, F. Scott Fitzgerald, is only ten years old. I can recall very well his leaving the first draft with me when he went off to the wars in 1917. This means that it had been written while he himself was an undergraduate, and it was rewritten shortly after his return. As a story of college life, it may, therefore, be classed as a contemporary document. About the title, as about so much that he does, Fitzgerald cast a shimmering radiance. Perhaps for this reason its meaning has escaped some of his readers. There is more than a dash of the Celt in his rich temperament and he had certainly heard the song which the Irish weep over—"A little bit of heaven; they call it Ireland." Like all Irishmen and most sensible persons, he knew that you cannot beat the Irish, and so, remembering the song, he stepped it down ever so little and called his book, This Side of Paradise. To make it perfectly plain, he might have added, They Call it College. That title is itself a commentary on what an intelligent young man quite recently thought of his four years on the campus. In this low world it is as close as one may ever hope to come to what lies on the other side of the pearly gates.

In spite of all this, every professor who has reached middle age in any of the older colleges has in recent years received quite regularly, by word of mouth or by letter, complaints from older alumni against the changes which have been taking place upon the campus and in the undergraduate. These alumni assume that things have been steadily degenerating and that somewhere in the past, as in the Greek mythology, there lies a golden age of the colleges. Through all their grievances one recurrent note sounds like a bourdon: "The good old times—the good old times." It has been repeated so frequently that we have come to believe the phrase, and it is worth while to inquire how good these good old times actually were.

In the Town, But Not of It

IN THE rather harum-scarum throng of nearly a million undergraduates now in the colleges, there are, of course, all sorts. They represent all social strata in our country, though the sons of the professional and economically more prosperous classes still predominate. In many ways they are like their predecessors. There are, therefore, certain constant factors which must be considered. Undergraduates today, as undergraduates of fifty years ago, are all young. Some of their troubles may spring from this source. The average age of the freshman classes remains about what it was fifty years ago eighteen or nineteen. Students were slightly younger in the eighteenth century. At Brown the average age at graduation was 20.43 years, before the Revolution, and 21 years after it. None of these young men was born on the campus. They have already spent eighteen years at home, if, in this flibbertigibbet age, they are still fortunate enough to have one. All their sins and all their peculiarities should not, therefore, be charged against their alma mater. We call them "collegiate" when they respond overenthusiastically to the extremes of manner and custom which are prevalent in the colleges. Whether there were good old times or not, one thing has happened which no faculty or board of trustees could have prevented. In former days the campuses were isolated communities on the outskirts of towns, as Harvard was to Boston, or Yale to New Haven, or sometimes, like Princeton, they were deliberately set down in the country. Even where the college was in the city proper, like Brown at Providence, the undergraduate made his home almost exclusively within college walls. Tristram Burgess, a graduate of Brown in 1796, could write that he knew little of Providence until after graduation: "For though I had resided in the town more than three years, my residence was at the college, nor was I in the street more than once a week, and then on the Sabbath."

Three of Princeton's Oldest Buildings. Stanhope Hall (1803), Nassau (1756) and Reunion (1870)

The Business of a Student

THE experience of Burgess was not unusual. The rules of the older colleges prevented that free coming and going, that week-ending now prevalent everywhere, but particularly deplored where the residential tradition is strong, as, for instance, at Yale and Princeton. At such colleges the rule prescribed that from sundown on Saturday to Monday morning the student must remain in his room and receive no visitors. He could leave only for necessary errands and to attend religious exercises.

The manner in which the student was to spend his ordinary working day was likewise prescribed, and it looks as if colleges here also took their cue one from another, since Harvard, Princeton and Brown are all substantially in agreement and their old rule reads:

> That the scholars may furnish themselves with useful learning, they shall keep in their respective chambers, and diligently follow their studies; except half an hour at breakfast; at dinner from twelve to two; and after evening prayers till nine of the clock. To that end, the Tutors shall frequently visit their chambers after nine o clock in the evening and at other studying times, to quicken them to their business.

Isolated communities of this sort could have their way with students. In them the collegiate atmosphere could, therefore, be more concentrated than it is now. With the changes in modern life, there are no such isolated communities anywhere. The entire country, including the colleges, is being reduced to pretty much a common denominator of social custom, of which this newer habit of week-ending is only one. It would be normal to expect, therefore, that with this absorption of the college by the modern city there would be a less distinctively college life, and so we find it.

If anyone is curious and will take the trouble to look through a volume like Yale Yesterdays, he will soon come upon what may at first strike him as an amusing picture of Yale Men of the Seventies around the Pump. Now the only funny thing about that picture is that it was not intended to be funny. The Yale undergraduates had not the slightest idea of being amusing; they are, in fact, a bit solemn and self-conscious. This matter of standing around the pump was a grim business. Some of them are wearing stovepipe hats. They must have been upper classmen.

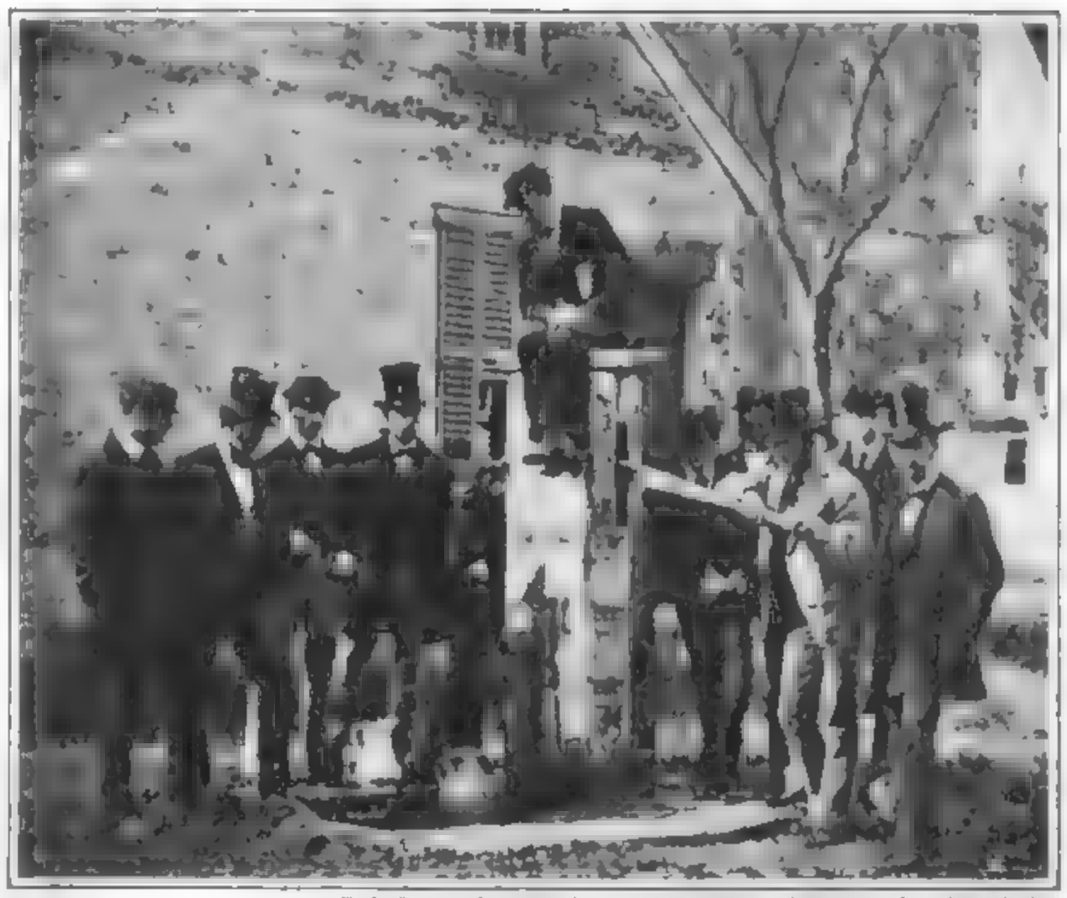
The College of Hard Knocks

COULD it be that there was a touch of the collegiate even in those far-off days of the giant killers? And what were they doing with those pitchers, huddled together under the spout of the pump? In the 70's they no longer hewed their own wood, but they did draw their own water, for there were no spigots in any of the old dormitories, and long after the beginnings of modern conveniences every man was, in this regard, his own chambermaid.

If he will look through the records of other colleges they will tell pretty much the same story. Ten years later, Princeton was no better. Here is a "Sophomore Eating Club of the Eighties." Sophomores today are usually a bit class-conscious. This is not because we live in degenerate days; it is because they are sophomores. If anything, they were more so then. Notice those deliberately careless postures. They are almost posed. Every man jack of them knows that he is having his picture taken; it is quite an occasion. They do not even group themselves around the door as sophomores of today would gather around an entrance to Commons. Even in the 80's, these young gentlemen already felt their academic oats. They sit on the roof of the porch, they are second-story men and they dangle their feet over the edge in insolent sophomoric libertarianism.

The observer will notice also that they all wear curiously foreshortened hats. They must have been prescribed by some tyrannical college custom even then, for certainly no one but a sophomore could ever have chosen one on the unsupported dictates of his love for the good, the true and the beautiful. In these pictures, and any others of that robustious time, it will be noticed that a great many of these young men, probably all who could, wore mutton-chop whiskers. To them it was an index of the larger freedom and of that grown-up masculinity which sophomores have always affected. They, too, in their way treated themselves like men and, college custom for college custom, the reader of the present will probably conclude that it is a mercy that the tides of today have set in other directions.

If in our search for the good old times we go back to the very beginning of college life in America, we meet with disappointments. Six years after the settlement of Boston the first action toward establishing the first college in America was taken, in 1636. When, in the year of its opening, 1638, John Harvard, a young Nonconformist minister, died and left about £800 and a library, everything seemed promising The woes of undergraduates, however, began at once.



A Group of '71 Men at the College Pump

Nassau Hall Illuminated by a Bonfire in Celebration of a Championship Football Season. In Oval—On the Chapel Steps, 1861

The Reverend Nathaniel Eaton was appointed head of the college and, in the opinion of the Harvard historian, proved himself particularly unfit—"dishonest and violent." His wife, who was housekeeper and stewardess, abetted him in his evil courses, and with her connivance he cheated the students and "with his own hands he ill-used them." Educational malpractice, which was to have a long history in America, seems to have begun with the first head of the first college. Eaton quarreled with his usher, Nathaniel Briscoe, had two men hold him, then beat him over the head and shoulders with a club. Briscoe, fearing he was to be murdered, began to pray; "whereupon Eaton gave him some extra blows for taking the name of God in vain." If we were headed toward the good old times, the start was inauspicious

There were several fairly serious disabilities which those early students accepted with praiseworthy heroism. Their first building, according to Arthur Stanwood Pier, was primitive, poorly constructed and far from weatherproof. The rooms were dingy and cold, as only a portion of each sash was glazed, and oiled paper was used in the rest. When, in New England's winter, their small dark studies were frigid, the boys carried their books to the hall, where a fire was maintained at the expense of those who used it. This probably meant that those who could not contribute were not allowed to have places near it. On these bitter nights the boys read by the flickering flame of the "public candle."

From this semicircle of light and warmth they must have slunk away shivering to the icy little cubicles where they slept. It will be readily granted that it was heroic to begin higher education in America under these Spartan conditions. One of the most striking facts, however, in the history of our colleges has been quite generally overlooked. For nearly 250 years—certainly until 1850—living quarters and the meals provided for American students were pitifully inadequate. This was an important factor in creating that restive and rebellious spirit which, in spite of the common belief, was considerably more frequent and more serious in the old colleges than it is today.

Corporal and Spiritual Guidance

CORPORAL punishment, often in the presence of the student body, continued at Harvard until the middle of the eighteenth century, though to the receiver it may have been mitigated by the thought that its infliction had been preceded and followed by prayers from the president. As late as this period, breakfast was still two "sizings" of bread and a cue—half pint—of beer, and "evening Commons were a Pye." It was still necessary, in the second half of that century, for the student to carry his own knife and fork to the dining room, and when he had dined he wiped them on the tablecloth. At Yale as late as 1815, students at meals drank cider out of a common pewter pitcher, since the university could not afford tumblers.

At Bowdoin, and probably in America generally, blackboards were used for the first time in 1824. Before that

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THE DEVIL ON THE DEEP SEA

By Francis Brett Young

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THERE'S a proverb which states that lookers-on see most of a game. Like most of them, this is a generalization, and, therefore, dangerous. But if there's one place in the world where that particular proverb is valid, that place, I would say, is the deck of an ocean liner—not one of those over-decorated cocktail bars which go throbbing across the Atlantic at twenty-odd knots, providing the bored and the stupid—it comes to the same thing—with an expensive home from home, but a real liner, one that behaves as a liner should—like a lady and not like a female profiteer—on a voyage of respectable length and reasonable speed. For the game which I'm thinking of—which is the oldest on earth—needs leisure. It resembles chess rather than squash rackets. Its setting should be tranquil; its duration at least a month, including the inestimable advantage of one full moon. Add to these the enforced idleness and isolation of life on shipboard—where the players are confined, so to speak, within a transparent crucible—and a dash of tropic heat, and the interested observer may see some pretty reactions, combinations, occasionally explosions, in the chemistry of human emotion. The man who sees most of all is the ship's surgeon.

It was as surgeon of the R. M. S. Ismailia, on three successive voyages back and forth to East African ports, that I became acquainted with the ingredients of what people out there call, variously, "the Cartmel Affair" or "the Cartmel Scandal." Personally, if I were forced to give it a name, I should call it "the Cartmel Comedy." Jimmy Cartmel, as he was then—he is now Sir James Cartmel, K. C. M. G., and governor of some West Indian island—came aboard the Ismailia, homeward bound, on special leave, for "urgent private affairs." Although I'd never met him before in the flesh, I knew all about him. Though still under forty-five, he was generally regarded as the coming man of the East African colonies and protectorates. You had only to look at him or speak with him for five minutes to realize why.

To begin with, the fellow was extraordinarily and undeniably good-looking; the very best type of English administrative official, with something of a soldier's clean-cut air of physical efficiency and nothing of the soldier's confident vacuity. If he had one obvious weakness, it was that he seemed to take himself a trifle too seriously; but then, after all, a career of the kind that he aimed at is a serious business. He came on board at the last moment, and in a frantic hurry; in so much of a hurry, in fact, that he'd actually forgotten to pack a pair of dress trousers. This from his steward—you see how we get to know intimate details at sea!

All the East African passengers—particularly the ladies—were surprised to see him. They had imagined him safely packed away in the secretariat up at Nairobi, working like a beaver at the foundations of that career of his. Even when he got on board he appeared to be still engrossed with these labors. He took no part—and this was resented—in the Ismailia's social activities. When he talked—which was rarely—he talked shop; when other people were dancing or playing bridge or deck games, he secreted himself in a lonely and almost inaccessible corner of the boat deck, intrenched behind a pile of official blue books that were ponderous enough, heaven knows, to make solid foundations for the most exalted career conceivable.

You Might Almost Have Imagined That Each Had Chosen the Other as a Perfect Physical Foil to Set Off Her Own Attractions

Intrenched, I repeat, but the queer thing was this—he didn't read them! He sat there for hours—as the second officer, who observed him from the bridge, informed me—without reading a single line, staring, with an abstraction which my informant described as sulky, at the smooth, oily wastes of the Indian Ocean, detached, and apparently averse from the gay, light-hearted hubbub of the other passengers who played games behind his back.

"There's something odd about that fellow," the Second told me. "He's running away from something."

Of course, it wasn't long before we all knew what that something was. I'll give the average ship's company four days to make public every atom of private gossip that anyone knows about anybody and increase it by 100 per cent by the time it's gone round.

Well, the story of Cartmel's "urgent private affairs" was this: He wasn't, in the ordinary sense of the word, a lady's man. That didn't imply that he hadn't susceptibilities; on the contrary, he had the reputation, which was soon considerably enlarged, of being a dark horse in those matters. But however much he might be interested in any woman, it was clearly understood in Nairobi that his career came first. He was far too cool and collected to take any chances. Time after time, when he appeared to be galloping headlong for matrimony, he had jibbed at the last fence; and this sudden flight home was, apparently, the latest example of that obstinate tendency.

The lady in the case this time was a certain Mrs. Haskard, a dashing widow in the late twenties or early thirties, who had come out to East Africa—as lots of them do—for the purpose of being photographed in the act of shooting big game. Mrs. Haskard had pots of money and an Australian accent, which to the untutored ear is indistinguishable from cockney; she also had looks of a dark, sanguine, flashing order, an admirable figure, which showed at its best in breeches, and an adamantine will. This figure she had displayed and recorded cinematographically on all the best hunting fields of Africa. She had imposed her will, by the aid of a high-velocity rifle, on elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion, leopard and okapi, to say nothing of a complete collection of gazelles and antelopes. She was as mighty a huntress, if not as chaste—but that was just gossip, of course—as Diana. Returning, flushed from her triumphs, to Nairobi in search of new victims, she had sighted the chief secretary, Jimmy Cartmel, a social and administrative lion of the first class, and immediately determined to impose her will on him.

In its early stages the affair was not unpleasant. Mrs. Haskard, as everyone agreed, was extremely attractive. She had beauty, she had money, she had intelligence, she had courage—all admirable assets in the wife of a prospective colonial governor and exciting accompaniments to a tropical flirtation. Unluckily, besides all these, she had that Australian accent—a perpetual offense to Cartmel's Oxford ears and an absolute millstone round the neck of a budding career. Even so, the affair had been a matter of touch and go. If Cartmel wasn't actually desperately in love, Mrs. Haskard was. Her will, as I've said already, was adamantine, and many careers have gone west in a tropical night at the dizzying altitude of six thousand feet above sea level. If his career were to be saved, there was only one thing to be done. And Cartmel, who was made for success, had succeeded in doing it. He had put in for special leave and escaped by the skin of his teeth, with his future intact and his wardrobe minus a pair of dress trousers! The lion, as everyone knows, is a cowardly animal.

It took Jimmy Cartmel five days to recover from the effect of his sudden flight; which was natural enough, when you consider that he was running away not only from Mrs. Haskard but from himself. He felt sensitive, as well he might do, knowing that the whole ship's company was amused by the situation. An excessive display of official dignity, an absorption in blue books, the hint of grave matters under consideration, were the only appropriate answers to that amusement. But by the time that the ship reached Aden he was feeling better—safer, that is. And at Aden, as luck would have it, Sybil Druce came on board.

When a man feels safe, he may guess, if he's wise, that he's in danger. No man could have emerged from an affair quite so passionately exciting as Cartmel's with Mrs. Haskard without having his emotions left in a sensitive state. There were a number of reasons which made it almost inevitable that he should be caught on the rebound.

To begin with, Sybil Druce, as a newcomer, was the only person on board the Ismailia, with the exception of the crew, who wasn't perfectly aware of the circumstances of his strategic retreat from Mrs. Haskard; the only person who, he could be sure, wasn't faintly smiling at him. Again, Sybil Druce was an extraordinarily pretty girl, much younger than Mrs. Haskard—she couldn't have been more than twenty—and Mrs. Haskard's opposite in nearly every particular. While Mrs. Haskard was sanguine and dark, Sybil was delicately blond; while Mrs. Haskard was an Amazon, Sybil was domestic, and didn't attempt to conceal it; while Mrs. Haskard was hard and brilliant, Sybil was soft and demure; and then, to crown all, Sybil's accent was as clean-clipped, precise and orthodox as Cartmel's own. He fell for her like a ninepin, was toppled clean over, even more because of what she wasn't than for what she was.

For Cartmel, at any rate, it was a case of love at first sight. The girl hadn't been aboard more than six hours before he was at her. And she, if she wasn't quite carried away, as he was, was quite properly impressed by the compliment of his attentions.

When they met at Aden she had heard of him as a coming man; he was easily the most distinguished personage aboard the Ismailia; and although as a constant companion she might have preferred a boy of her own age who would have shared her interests—which were, frankly, frivolous—it was really a tremendous score for a kid like herself to have attracted the notice of a man with a career, a man who was certain of a governorship and a knighthood within the next few years. And even if he were much older than she was, he wasn't quite middle-aged. He was young for his years, as I've said, in his physical prime, and not nearly so stuffy as you'd expect a man in his position would be.

Within two days the ship was smiling not at Jimmy Cartmel but at poor Mrs. Haskard, left high and dry, six thousand feet up, at Nairobi.

From the very first day it appeared that Cartmel was going all out. The Red Sea, at that season of the year, affords a most suitable temperature for the development of a passion; you have to go up on the lonely boat deck at night if you want to keep cool. By the time we reached Suez the matter had gone so far that nobody was in the least surprised when Cartmel rushed Sybil Druce up to Cairo for the day. They dined at Shepheard's and then drove out to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids by moonlight. After that, quite naturally, they had no more use for anybody else on board. From dawn to midnight they were scarcely separated for a moment. Miss Druce, the East African ladies decided, had quite lost her head; they only hoped, for her sake, that Cartmel was in earnest. At Marseilles, in a burst of confidence, Miss Druce told her stewardess that she was going to be married; her stewardess whispered it, in confidence, to the chief steward; within an hour the chief steward of course told me. And I, in confidence, told nobody. The only way in which to enjoy open secrets is to keep them. When we landed at Southampton the first thing we saw in the Times was the announcement of their engagement. The East African ladies decided, firstly, that Cartmel had behaved abominably to that Mrs. Haskard and, secondly, that Sybil Druce was a poor little fool. That's what you get in this world for being happy!

During our stay in England I must confess that I didn't give any more thought to the Cartmel-Druce engagement. These salt-water betrothals, of which the Ismailia made a specialty, have a way of dissolving on land. Not that I supposed for one moment that this one would dissolve; Jimmy Cartmel was far too anxious about his career to let any breath of scandal tarnish its brilliance. As a matter of fact, the ship was laid up in dock for a couple of months to have her bottom scraped and be reconditioned, so that when I rejoined her in the spring the transient excitements of the last voyage had practically disappeared from my mind.

Not for long, however. No sooner was I on board than the purser handed me a letter from Jimmy Cartmel. It was dated from the Colonial Office, five weeks before, and begged me, on the strength of our pleasant acquaintance, to keep a friendly eye on his fiancée, Miss Druce, whom I would probably remember and who was coming out on the Ismailia to marry him. This careful piece of staff work was quite in accord with Cartmel's nature. He never left anything to chance if he could possibly avoid it; hence the career. Unfortunately, there were certain things that he couldn't avoid.

Of course, I was only too glad to do what he asked me. My acquaintance with Miss Druce was accelerated by a rough Bay of Biscay, which made the poor child look like anything in the world but a happy bride. However, by the time we reached Gib, she found her sea legs and was all that a happy bride should be. Her engagement to Cartmel had improved her out of all recognition. When first I had seen her at Aden, some months before, she had seemed just an ordinary, fluffy, demure little girl. No doubt, in the meantime, Cartmel had impressed her with the importance of her new position as chief secretary's wife and the obligations that were due to his career. She sat at the captain's table with an air that was almost vice regal, and was as circumspect in her attitude toward the men passengers as Cæsar's wife should be; never for one moment allowing them to forget who she was or was going to be.

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"I've Sent for You, Doctor, Because of That Letter Which Jimmy Wrote You. I've Decided to Leave the Ship Tomorrow at Aden"

THAT DITZLER BOY

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

ONE of the first recollections Beulah Dostermann had was that of being tied by a clothesline to the bedpost. This indignity had been inflicted upon her after she had run off for the third time within a week to the Ditzler place.

She was not more than four at the time, but she never forgot her spasm of terror when she heard her father's heavy tread on the stair. She crawled in panic to the farthest reach of the rope under the bed and was sucking like a leech to the wall when she felt the sure, strong pull upon the cord. She did not resist then—nobody ever resisted her father. She wriggled slowly out and at his command stood. In after years she did not remember what he said; few words probably, but forcible, for she never ran off to the Ditzler place again. But what she did remember was that which occurred that very evening and which was in a way as surprising as the bedpost and the cord. He lifted her, tear-stained and still soggy with humiliation, from the corner of the sofa and carried her with him to the Ditzlers'. They spent a riotous, happy evening there.

She accepted it then as very young children do the unaccountable dealings of the great beings who have the power of pain and pleasure over them; but a few years later, when her mind began to take account of this problem of the Ditzlers, she thought upon the incident and in time she believed she knew the reason for the apparent inconsistency. She believed it was because her father understood the fascination which the Ditzlers and the Ditzler place held for her. Were not his own most happy hours spent with Oliver Ditzler? A stern man who seldom laughed, William Dostermann, yet he laughed most when he was with Ollie Ditzler; a silent man who talked little, yet he did talk when he was with Ollie Ditzler.

And yet there was no one in the world whom Dostermann despised so much as Ditzler. No one against whom he used such strong words of condemnation and contempt. A puzzle—that relationship of her father with Ditzler—which Beulah Dostermann never entirely solved. A puzzle, the Ditzlers altogether; a lifelong puzzle it was destined to be for herself—her own relationship with the Ditzlers, a relationship which was destined to give her the keenest happiness, the most acute unease of her life.

She Listened With Pride But With Secret Hopelessness

Her mother never approved of the Ditzlers. They were entirely without her neat, orderly ken. She would refer in caustic scorn to their shiftless ways, and her husband would heavily agree with her. Then off he would go to the Ditzlers'. It seemed as though he must have them every so often.

And Beulah was allowed to play with the Ditzler children. "They ain't mean, anyway," her mother would grudgingly concede; "but mind you wash away your face good till you git back, for I ain't having no Ditzler dirt onto my house."

They were dirty, of course, the Ditzlers. There was a large brood of them, so there was much surface, by and large, upon which dirt might cling. Yet there was specious cleanliness too. Near mealtime old Dede, the stepmother, would shriek, pipe in mouth, from the door: "Get at and wash up now! Get the pigs off you good or you can't eat."

The appended threat was unnecessary, for the Ditzlers seldom disobeyed any commanding voice. They tumbled to the tin tub which was happily rusting away underneath the pump and laved the pigs off face and hands with sketchy swiftness.

The pigs, the chickens, the ducks, the calves—they were not alien creatures with aloof quarters of their own at the Ditzlers'. They strayed at will through the yard both front and back, and even upon occasion into the house. They were individuals, many bore human names. There were cats too, a wheelbarrow load of them literally. One of the favorite sporting events of the young Ditzlers was a mad circling of the side yard with a wheelbarrow of cats. The animals were trained to it from infancy. They curled, relaxed and luxurious, in their careening chariot.

There were guinea hens too—those curious ladylike fowls which laid the tiny speckled eggs and which shrilled with unearthly clamor in a most unladylike fashion. They roused Mr. Dostermann's wrath every time he saw or heard them.

"What fur good was they anyway?" he would remonstrate. "Just somepin fur to throw the good feed into. Their eggs ain't no good. They ain't no good. That's what I am telling you always, Ditzler. It's the little things, the loose-ended things, where eats you all your profits away."

"They ain't no good, now that I give you right," Ditzler would agree. Then he would knock his hat in a way he had and smile. "But someway I like them. I just appeal to them someway." He always wore hats with a hole in the top of the crown and with a sidewise cock to the brim caused by that knocking habit of his. He had a careless, easy posture whether he were sitting or standing, which made him seem prodigal of time, and yet he was always busy, working long hours each day. The very sight of the cocked hat and the lounging posture sometimes made Mr. Dostermann, tense in the strain of his busy seasons, chew his lips in silent rage.

"Ain't you got no pride?" he ground wrathfully one day as, crossing the Ditzler yard, his foot stepped upon a barrel hoop which thereupon whacked upward smartly against his shinbone. "Look oncet on this yard! It could be fur pigs."

"It is, partly," smiled Mr. Ditzler. "It is some strubbly. But then, the children, they like it that way."

That was the day upon which Mr. Dostermann repaired the Ditzler chimney. He had discovered the loosened mortar ten days before and had taken Ditzler sharply to task about it.

"Yes, I been seeing it," Ditzler admitted: "but it seemed like a little thing, and it ain't familiar with me the brickwork and ——"

"Little thing! Little thing oncet!" Dostermann had seemed to swell with his scorn. "And what was I telling you always about the little things? But, to be sure, if you want your house fur to burn onto your heads, it makes me no difference."

It did make a difference to Dostermann however. For nine days he railed scathingly against his neighbor to Mrs. Dostermann; on the tenth he took a sack of cement to repair the chimney.

Beulah was allowed to go along. She was eleven now, a large, serene child who liked to sit and watch people. She was not animated, but she was observant. She had her father's clearly defined opinions, and even when sitting with folded hands she had about her a quaintly mature capability. That day most of the children were off with old Dede helping her gather her year's supply of mullein leaves, which she dried and smoked in her pipe. With the exception

of a pair of twins tumbling about, Beulah and Oliver Junior were the only youngsters present.

Beulah crowded into the wheelbarrow by the side of a nest of cats and watched with absorption her father knock the crumbling chimney apart, then skillfully re-lay the bricks. She watched Mr. Ditzler below ladle the cement into pails and she watched Ollie Junior carry the pails up and down the ladder.

Ollie Junior was the only flaw in her perfect enjoyment. He was a boy a year younger than herself and so like his father that to look at the two of them together was laughable. He was like him in manner, too; he could not restrain himself from joke and mimicry.

"Showing himself off," she muttered scornfully, and averted her eyes as he circled by the barrow and made as though to dash the cement upon her.

He poised upon the ladder and imitated every animal and fowl which came within vision—and it was skillful mimicry, too; she had to admit that, though she took pains to stuff her fingers into her ears ostentatiously. She had a growing dislike of this Ditzler boy with his unruly hair, his wide-sprung eyes and his freckled hands. In the schoolroom he made spitballs, he wriggled odious toes in the cracks of the seats and he always had a button off somewhere.

Old Dede came home, and in no time at all smoke rolled grandly from the new chimney. They stayed for supper. Of course the cracks and chips in the dishes were not fascinating to Beulah as they once had been. With her growing housewifely instinct she was now faintly aghast at the waste and carelessness they connoted; but at any rate the food upon them was excellent, for old Dede was a marvelous cook. They had, as always, a gala evening. Even at night the Ditzler place seemed in some curious way, well, sunny. And her father sat, after his storm of ten days against the Ditzlers, reposed and cheerful in the old paintless rocker. Now and then his beard rose and fell upon his chest at one of Ditzler's anecdotes.

It was Beulah who went home that night in such tempest as her quiet soul had never known. Ollie Junior had caught her in the hall whence she had gone to get her hat, and had whispered hoarsely: "Say, I do like you—I do like you so bad!" And when she had stung from him he had grabbed her arm with his freckled hand and had said: "Say, leave me have dare to set acrost from you on the school. I won't stick no pins at your legs—honest."

She had wrenched from him, had bumped hurtingly into the wall and had fled into the lighted room. She went home in a torrent of humiliation, shaking at intervals the arm upon which the loathsome fingers had rested.

She never told anyone that stifling incident. Indeed, as four years, five, passed it seemed even more humiliating, if anything, that a Ditzler had dared to lay his hands upon her, to express a desire to be near her. For in those years she grew into a straight, fair-bodied, high-minded girl who thought much as her mother did about the Ditzlers. And, too, during those years her mother died; and it is human custom to pay exaggerated respect, for a time at least, to the prejudices of those who have gone.

She even wondered as had her mother at that bond between her father and the neighbor he despised. For the bond held; it wavered through storms of contempt and rage, but it never broke.

"Och, what it is to have a dumb-head fur a neighbor!" William Dostermann would exclaim. "Here if he ain't leaving his east field go fallow on him fur the second year. Why ain't he making copy off me? Not an inch of my four hunert acres goes fur a waste—except that swang twenty acres at the swamp." Dostermann always stopped and made a sucking sound through his teeth at mention of that one plague spot among his rolling acres—that one spot which refused to work for him. "But that Ditzler! No, I ain't driving myself around that way no more, that much it kreistles me fur to witness such dopplich ways."

Or: "Such a mess of weeds as that Ditzler has got at his oats! Why ain't he cleaned his grain behind the planting of it? I told him times and times yet that he could be borrowing the lend of my fanning machine. But, no; into the ground he puts the weed seeds and the grain all upmixed together. Them kids of his could do the cleaning job fur him and it would be learning them somepin besides. Och, them kids! What a way fur to fetch them up! But, fur all, they are his kids; they ain't nothing to me."

But they were; the problem of the Ditzler children fretted him more and more as they grew toward manhood. "They are old enough that they should have shoes at their feet. Here if that Lillie wasn't on the store today with neither shoes nor stockings at and she could be fifteen or what. You go oncet over and tell that Ditzler to come here after his supper and to pack with him yet his children's feet. . . . To be sure, I mean the measurements at. Can't you understand nothing neither? Och, what it is to have a neighbor I have got to cobble fur and legs yet with the rheumatism into them!"

For the elements which William Dostermann had defied with his staunch body for so many years were even then beginning to exact their toll of pain in muscle and joint. It may perhaps have been the rheumatism upon this evening when the shoes were cobbled which precipitated the sending forth of Oliver Junior from his home; for even Beulah cringed before the words her father hurled upon the elder Ditzler, sitting mute and helpless under the wrathful strokes of hammer and tongue.

"You ain't fitten fur to be no father," Dostermann hurtled upon him, "so that's the reason why I say one of them kids has got fur to learn him somepin and take a hand. Ollie's the oldest, ain't? Well, then, leave him

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There Was a Large Brood of Ditzlers, So There Was Much Surface, By and Large, Upon Which Dirt Might Cling

ON THE SQUARE

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"What of it?" He Inquired. "Don't the Firms That Make Compressed-Air Tools Have to Pay the Interest on Their Bonds? Try a Wind Reamer"

ON THE great plant at Susquehanna Steel there stands a mill—a huge, high, hulking pile of structural steel—which isn't built according to our title. Imagine it. In Susquehanna Steel, where everything is laid out with the closest mathematical exactness; where, by the square mile, there abide red-whisker accuracy and rectangular precision, one big steel building stands askew, in fact, and not in fiction. It is the eyebar shop. Not many people know it, but the fact remains. You can set up a transit, if you don't believe it, at that corner of the eyebar shop which is nearest the Swatara gate, and check it with a turn of ninety. Or you can go down, if you'd rather, into the vault, thick concrete walled and fireproof, where all the plant's irreplaceable tracings are on file, and fish out, E-B-714-F. That is the eyebar-shop foundation plan. Work out the figures on it. Out of square one and five-thirty-seconds inches, so a little pencil stuff will show you; and E-B-714-F is signed on the bottom line of its title block with the name P. Bukoski. Maybe you didn't know it previously, but from now you do; when you see Mike Bukoski's name signed to a drawing you can bet your neck and anything you own fit to pour down it that every figure on that drawing is correct to thirteen decimal places.

P, you will now be telling me, does not stand for Mike; and you'll be demanding of me why we called him that when he had, all ready-made, a nickname as elegant as Buck. I'll let you in on this. We called him Mike for long. Buck was all right for short, but it didn't fit. Who ever heard of guy with a Vandyke beard and the name of Buck—even if the beard was red? So we called him Mike for long—Michelagniolo Buonarroti.

Of course, none of us knew if the great Michelangelo had a beard or not, or whether it was red or violet; but we did know that he was one of the world's supremest artists—and so was P. Bukoski, to his finger tips, all six of them.

Six finger tips? You are right, constant reader—out to thirteen decimal places. Six is the count; and that explains how Mike became a draftsman. As follows:

Mike's dad, one I. Bukoski, a drawer at the merchant-mill reheating furnaces, had got his young offspring, P., a job in the mills as early as the law allowed—which was pretty early in the ancient days at Ironville. From door boy at the reheating furnaces, Mike, then known to U. S. A. mill hands as Punk, had advanced with steadiness, until at seventeen or so he was serving a splice-plate punch at the merchant-mill finishing shed. There one day, placing a plate beneath the punch's dies, his hand had slipped, with the result that the first joint of his right-hand middle finger went into the scrap pan with the splice-bar punchings.

They rushed Mike to the emergency hospital on the plant, where good old Doctor Black, the company surgeon, fixed him up. Then the safety superintendent asked the injured boy if he felt strong enough to go back to the merchant mill with him at once, to show him how the accident occurred, so that immediately guards might be installed to prevent its ever happening again.

"Sure t'ing!" Mike told him. Mike—then Punk—like a good Slav, couldn't make the *th* sound those days. "Sure t'ing!" Mike said. What was a punched-off finger joint or so to a tough Hunyak like young Punk? He had a lot of fingers left.

So, at a nod from the surgeon, the safety superintendent took our hero back to the merchant mill, where Mike—then Punk—started up his punch again, and said:

"See. My hand. She's make slip, mister, jus' like dot!"

And down came the punch and took off the first joint of his left middle finger!

Steel men may recognize this incident, and many of them may feel inclined to scoff at its originality. But they'd better go scoff up an alley somewheres, for we have got Exhibit A to back our anecdote. Mike Bukoski, draftsman, is a very actual friend of ours; and we can introduce him to you any day, in the flesh, and let you count 'em—six.

Well, Mike—then Punk—didn't want to lose any time on account of a mere couple missing knuckle bones, and so, to give him light employment while he mended, they put him in the blue-print room. There his eye for the first time fell on the mighty intricacies of metallurgical design, and Punk Bukoski, splice-bar puncher, vanished on the instant, making place for Mike, the pencilman. For better or for worse, a draftsman had been born.

From blue-print room to file boy in the fireproof vaults is but a step, from files to tracer boy another, from tracer to detailer on a squad assigned to simplest work a third, and so on by degrees, until in the short space of thirty years or so, we find a gentleman in Vandyke beard of color like a strawberry-roan mare's tail bent over a drafting table in the top floor of the general-office building at Susquehanna Steel.

As we first come upon him he is busily engaged in brushing brown snow, newly fallen from a red tobacco pouch, off of a virgin yellow work sheet. He pulverizes long-cut in his palm, and fills a villainous dudeen, and sits and smokes and gazes, dreaming, out a window, and repeat. Some job. What our Italian friends call *dolce far niente*. But unless you keep an eye on that blank yellow work sheet, you'll be surprised to find that it has somehow suddenly pictured forth the most efficient set of rail-mill soaking pits you ever saw.

I first met Mike Bukoski not long after I had been rescued from behind a transit.

"Which would you sooner handle," said the chief to me one day—"this three-legged wunkus or those much more rantankerous and delicate instruments on two legs, known with great sorrow to construction engineers as men?"

"Seems maybe I could show the company more stuff handling men," I answered.

"Right you are, Roger," said the chief. "Go to the foot of the class. Take this blue print and tell Charlie I said to let you have a couple of those Uskok pirates that he's got, and let me see you put some open-hearth frames together."

So I borrowed a couple of the rigger boss' Adriatic fishermen, Dalmatian sailors, or whatever those pale-eyed rope wizards were, and went to work. I hadn't done three days' erecting before things started to misfit.

With a wisdom not acquired from books at Valley Tech, but rooted, rather, out of gridiron mud in competition with a gang of good square males, I didn't spill my troubles to the chief, but headed for the drafting room. There I would seek the culprit out whose signature was in the lower right-hand corner of the blue print I was battling.

I went to High Bill Mallard, six-feet-three of drafting boss, and a Valley Tech man half a dozen years before my time.

"Who's P. Bukoski, Bill—and why?" I asked.

"You here in Ironville two months and don't know Mike?" High Bill put down his pencil, brought a five-million-dollar blast-furnace project to a dead halt, and looked up at me.

"And which," I asked again, "of all these greasy grinds of yours is Mike?"

"The drafting gentleman up there by the window," Bill said—"Michelangelo. And listen, freshman; any time a bristle-neck from the field finds something cockeyed on a print of Mike's, he's good. So don't go hopping him unless you're plenty sure."

With which High Bill slid a slick triangle out along his T square, thus indicating that the world was full of work and that I was delaying some of the most important items of it.

There were a lot of windows at the far end of the drafting room, but there was no mistaking the one that High Bill meant. There before it sat the drafting gentleman in question, dreamily gazing through the breezy casement, across the black forest of towering, dark-plumed stacks toward the shining Susquehanna, lazily letting his subconscious mind work out the problem of design which was his next concern. No question who was Mike. If any lad in all that room full of good hump-shouldered pencil shovers could carry the name Mikeangelo, it was the fellow with the artistic temperament to smoke Bridgemen's Mixture in a clay dudeen, and at the same time sport a red Vandyke beard, and to do both at a drafting board. He also had the crust to sit and dream out through a window under the very eye of High Bill Mallard, who could get more drafting done with fewer draftsmen than any pencil-pushing chief this side of paradise—or purgatory—or wherever it is that

steel-works draftsmen land their final jobs. I felt that I was going to get along with this Mikeangelo.

"It's nothing much," I told High Bill, tapping the blue print in my pocket. "Mind if I take it up with P. Bukoski, personal?"

"Hop on him," High Bill gave me leave.

And so I hopped.

"Say," drawled this P. Bukoski sleepily, before I ever got the print unfolded, "you mean to say we got field men around this dump at last who don't go telegraph the president of the company at Philadelphia the minute they feel sure they've spotted something on the drafting room?" And he rang a bull's-eye in the cuspidor at his high stool's foot that the great Michelangelo himself could not have matched in the best day he ever gave to art.

"Two points. Nice shooting, dead-eye Pete!" I said.

"The P. is not for Petko," Mike enlightened me. "It's not a Slavic P. It merely stands there signifying Purity. And listen. If them holes don't fit, it's on the steel foundry. They got a bunch of keg-heads setting cores down there that ought to all be playing tunes on hunky banjos, and ——"

"Playing tunes on what?" I said.

"Short-handled scoop shovels. And suppose those spreader castings don't match to a gnat's eyelash ——"

"Please, sir," I interrupted once again, "but them buzzardly and putrefying castings don't come right with the buckstays half a hole."

Mike's look of pity slew me where I stood.

"What of it?" he inquired. "Don't the firms that make compressed-air tools have to pay the interest on their bonds? Try a wind reamer. Honest to Godfrey, never did I hear of anything as helpless as a field erector if his stuff doesn't simply fall together!"

But there was a twinkle in old red beard's eye as he renewed the feud between the drafting room and the field. It was an ancient feud when the great stones failed to fit up to that very same gnat's eyelash in the amazing masonry of the Cyclopean pre-Inca walls. And it's as fine a feud right now as it ever was. I decided right then that I'd rather have Mike Bukoski help me carry it on than anybody else.

So I said, "Name of Church. On the new open hearth. Green as grass putting steel together, so I'll be in here deviling you right along. Pleeztameetcha, Mike. 'J'ever hear that one about what to do if you ran out of gas in Hollywood?" And thus began a long association which still can warm the heart in retrospect.

I give you draftsmen, pencil pushers, good eggs to a man! They sit there humped above their boards, putting into concrete, visible form their own dreams and the dreams of other men. And when their job is done, a square-head field erector, who knows no subtler forms of effort than perspiration and profanity, can put those visions into being.

And Mike Bukoski was a prince of that good brotherhood. Up from reheating-furnace door boy to metallurgical designer; up without college degree, without even high-school diploma, practically without the English language at the start-off. What you call a man! A man, with his Vandyke beard the color of a strawberry-roan mare's tail; a man, with his villainous, scorched white-clay dudeen, and his spotlessly white small house on the high hill back of Ironville: Mike, with his little plot of holy ground where slept a beautiful American wife. Mike, with his rough-surface maleness, and his tough stories ever on tap, and the decent heart inside of him to take home from a good day with robustious men, to a wide-cheek-boned, Slavic-mouthed American daughter.

Daughters! There's something now! Something to put down words about. And it has been done—words without end, and the amen not yet. But most of them have to do with the daughters of other men. Just wait till Mike Bukoski writes a book!

"Say," Mike drawled to me one day, "you young bucks think the world is good because it's full of girls. Wait till you're dad of one, then come and talk to me. You ain't seen no lovin' yet!"

She had a job with the chief timekeeper, this Bukoski girl, and how they ever got their work out in that office heaven only knows. The outside timekeepers used to come into the field in the morning positively goggle-eyed and blank brained; and that was from seeing her only for the few minutes that it took them to get their books and sharpen up their pencils. How any man could do a day's work in the same room with that creature still remains a mystery to me after many years.

Think of the two amazing Polish women who have stormed across America's silver screens. Put, then, the fire smoldering in the black eyes of the one into the pagan, pale eyes of the other, and let it come to flame there, and you have Paula Bukoski's eyes. Add to the swift dashing tiger grace of one, the sinuous, full-limbed whiteness of the other, and you have Paula Bukoski's body. Combine the utmost of seductiveness and mystery and fire of the Slav with the wholesome, bursting vigor of America, and you have red-beard Mike's bewildering daughter.

A forehead high and wide and white, and a skull rounded as a coconut, on which grew close, smooth hair that fitted like a burnished casque—that casque so fair as to be more like silver than like gold; eyes pale enough to match that shining coif; and a mouth whose red stayed wide, as Slav mouths do, until it almost reached the corners. Teeth, too, that from their luscious frame flashed pearly iridescence. But what's the use? Words without end will never do it. There was a girl! I punch keys here to tell a cockeyed world that God was good to Mike Bukoski and Sam Hefton.

Mike knows how good He is. Wait till Mike writes his book. Not words and words, but a human heart packed in between two covers—that's a book. Mike seldom talks about his daughter, and when he does, the words are commonplace enough. But the tone that comes into his voice, and the look into his eyes! Mike knows exactly just how good God is—out to the thirteenth decimal! But big Sam Hefton doesn't. Big Sam thinks he does. But he won't know until his wife gives him a daughter.

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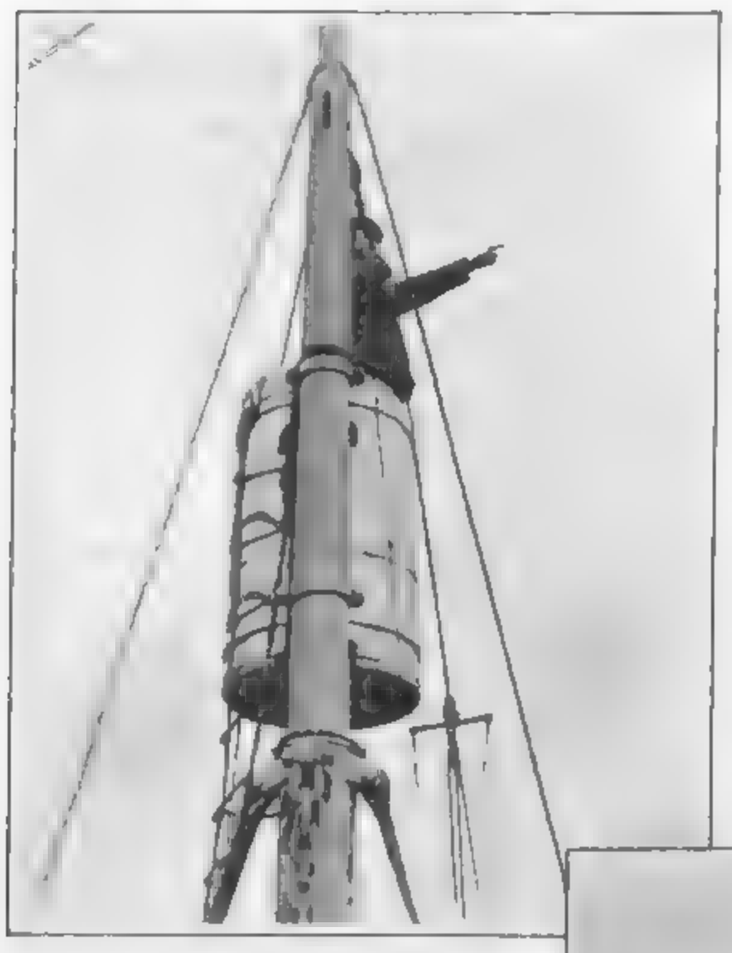
"Good-by," She Said Again, Turning That Devastating Smile on Sam. "The Number is Ironville 0731"

ENDS OF THE EARTH

By Roy Chapman Andrews



A Man in the Barrel of a Whaling Ship

ALMOST every day someone asks me: "How did you start exploring and digging up dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert?"

I can answer simply enough: "I couldn't help it. I happen to have been born to do it. I am sure that I should have been a rotten failure doing anything else."

Ever since I can remember I always intended to be a naturalist and explorer. Nothing else ever had a place in my mind. My first shotgun was given to me when I was nine years old. My mother was terrified at the thought, but very wisely my father said: "We can't keep him away from guns. He will get one somewhere and keep it hidden. It will be much less dangerous if I buy him one and teach him how to use it." Father was right. Nothing could have kept me away from firearms, and he taught me their danger and use in the best possible way. If he ever saw me point a gun, even a wooden one, at a person, or handle it carelessly, it was taken away for a day or more.

I lived in Beloit, a Southern Wisconsin town. Every moment that I could steal from school was spent in the woods along the banks of Rock River or on the water itself. Sundays I was not allowed to take my gun, so field glasses and a notebook were substituted. I kept a record of bird migrations and knew every species of bird and animal of the region. Also much first-hand information as to their habits was acquired.

Getting In on the Ground Floor

TAXIDERMY was a necessity, so I taught myself from books. The first bird skin I ever made up is now in the American Museum of Natural History with the rest of my collections. Mounting birds and mammals came to be very important to me, for I was the only one who practiced the art in that vicinity. I reaped a harvest during the shooting season and made all the money that I needed.

After preparatory school I entered Beloit College. During the junior year came the first tragedy of my life and the first real adventure. I was duck shooting with one of the young instructors of the college, Montague White, when the canoe we were in upset in the swollen river. White was carried by the current directly to the shore, but drowned from cramp in the ice-cold water when almost safe. I was swept out into the middle of the river. There did not seem to be a chance, but I fought the deadly numbness of freezing limbs until I reached some half-submerged willow trees. There was still a quarter of a mile of brown water between me and dry land. Some way I reached it; I never quite knew how. But that hour in the icy water nearly did for me.

The next year, in June of 1906, I graduated from college and a month later came to New York. I had thirty dollars, but no job. My father would have given me money, but I had a boyish superstition about taking any. The thirty dollars I had made myself stuffing deer heads and birds. I thought it would bring me luck, for to enter the American Museum of Natural History was my life ambition.

Dr. H. C. Bumpus was then director of the museum. He said that he had no job for me. "You have to have someone to scrub the floors, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course," said he, "but a man with a college education doesn't want to begin his career scrubbing floors."

"No," I said, "I don't want to wash just any floors, but the museum floors are different." Mentally I pictured those floors that had been walked on by my scientific gods. I would wash those floors and love it.

And scrub them I did. Doctor Bumpus took me at my word and put me in the taxidermy department with the rising young animal sculptor, James L. Clark. Part of my work was to keep the floor clean; the rest of the time I mixed clay for modeling, helped prepare animal and bird skins for mounting and did any odd job. Never, before or since, have I been so happy.

A Finback Whale and Plag Off Alaska

The day I was introduced to Frank Chapman I nearly suffocated with delight. He had written my Bible, the Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America. I used to hang about the meteorites in the foyer at one o'clock to get a sight of Professor Osborn when he went to luncheon. I never hoped really to meet him.

Director Bumpus did not forget me down there in the taxidermy department. He would send for me frequently to write special labels or to do some other bit of work for him. He used to inspect my floor now and then to see if the college diploma had got in the way of the mop.

A few months after I entered the museum my chance came. Doctor Bumpus called me to his office and introduced me to a gray-haired gentleman who, he said, was to build a life-size model of a whale out of paper. It was to hang in the gallery well of the third floor, and I was to be the gentleman's understudy. I was considerably frightened, but tried not to show it. My acquaintance with whales was less than nothing. You don't often meet a whale during your evening walk out in the woods of Wisconsin!

From the director's office I dashed to the museum's library and got every book I could find on whales. Most of them discussed in learned terms the skeletons of whales, but we were to build a model. I soon found that very little had been published on the external anatomy of whales and almost nothing about their habits.

But my lack of knowledge made little difference, for we were actually only to enlarge a scale model of a sulphur-bottom whale, which was to be made by James L. Clark, under the immediate supervision of Dr. F. A. Lucas, then director of the Brooklyn Museum. Doctor Lucas had been to Newfoundland, where he had cut up whales and knew every inch of them from flukes to blowhole.

The huge model became a long job. The skeleton of angle iron and wood grew apace, but the paper covering did not work. It just couldn't be kept from buckling and sinking in between the ribs. Our whale looked perfectly awful. It seemed to be in the last stages of starvation. I used to dream about it at night, and the director was in despair. Finally he called Jimmie Clark and me to his office. "This whale is getting on my nerves," said he; "it is beyond all endurance. What shall we do?"

Jimmie and I knew exactly what to do, for we were living together then and had spent many hours discussing that emaciated whale.

"Fire the paper gentleman," we chorused, "and let us finish it with wire netting and papier-mâché."

The director beamed. "Done. If you turn that wreck of a cetacean into a fat, respectable whale, I'll give you both a knighthood."

A Look at Jonah's Apartments

JIMMIE and I hopped to it with a crew of twelve men. It was amazing what a well-regulated diet of wire screen and papier-mâché did for that whale. He lost the pitiful starved appearance, his sides filled out and became as smooth as a rubber boot; we could almost feel him roll and blow as we built him up with our new tonic.

Jimmie Clark is now assistant director of the museum, in charge of preparation, and I am a wanderer on the face of the earth; but our old whale still hangs in the gallery well where he may be seen by one and all. For twenty-two years he has hung there and the inspectors report him to be in the best of health. God help those below if he ever falls, for he is seventy-six feet long and weighs several tons!

A Finback Being Taken on a Slip at Vancouver

He is a good whale too. I know, because during the next few years I was destined to see many hundreds of whales. One might say that I had a speaking acquaintance with some, for I studied them at sea with field glasses and camera, while they played and ate and slept. It was almost indecent the way I spied upon their private lives. And on shore, at the stations, I investigated them both inside and out as they were hauled from the water to be carved up. I even went so far as to crawl into the tummies of several just to see what sort of apartments Jonah had

rented. And after all that, I can still be proud of our papier-mâché whale in the American Museum.

Building that whale marked an episode in my life. For one thing, it graduated me from floor scrubbing; for another, it set me to thinking very definitely about whales. Then fate dealt me a second ace. A real whale was killed just off the Long Island coast at Amagansett.

For many years Capt. Josh Edwards, a fine old retired whaling captain, had lived there with his sons. Although seventy-six years old, he could not quite give up the sea. The village kept a fully rigged whaleboat in a shack on the beach. Sometimes the fishermen discovered a whale cruising along the shore. At the long-drawn cry of "There she blows," gallant old Captain Josh took his place in the bow of the boat and hurled the harpoon that made them fast. It was his arm, still strong under the weight of years, that thrust the lance into the leviathan's heart.

All this happened just as it had happened half a dozen times before, only with one important difference. I was at the American Museum and the director wanted the whale. He wanted everything—photographs, measurements, skeleton, baleen—all there was that could be used for scientific study or exhibition. The morning papers told of the capture, and two hours later Jimmie Clark and I were on the way to Amagansett. We were picked, naturally, for were we not even then building a whale? The director's instructions, as we dashed into and out of his office, were: "Get the whole thing—every bone."

Down to the Last Bone

WE DID not learn until afterward that he never believed we could do just that. He and Doctor Lucas knew a lot about beached whales and how quickly the great bones sink into the sand. He thought we might get most of the skeleton, but we never would have lost our jobs if some of the bones had been missing.

I was the most excited, the proudest boy in all New York State as we journeyed toward Amagansett. Only seven months in the museum and off on an expedition! True it was not an expedition to the Arctic or the tropics, but it was an expedition none the less.

Arrived at the village, the business of buying the whale was quickly ended. The baleen, or whalebone, was the valuable part, for at that time it was still being used for corsets and carriage whips. I believe it cost us thirty-two hundred dollars, which was only a little more than the commercial value. They threw in the skeleton, but we were obligated to get the bones ourselves. The captors took the blubber, which they tried out for oil.

The carcass was beached just at the edge of low tide. We knew it was a North Atlantic right whale, but the creature was so huge and so curious that at first we could hardly distinguish the head from the tail—the flukes had been cut off before we arrived. Finally, with the aid of the illustrations in our books, we discovered that the carcass lay on its back and left side. The baleen, or whalebone, interested me most of all. It hung in parallel plates on either side of the mouth and was frayed out on the inner edges to form a thick mat of bristles. This mat acted as a sieve to strain out of the water the tiny crustaceans upon which the beast fed.

After the fishermen had stripped off the fat, or blubber, which lies between the skin and the flesh and acts as a blanket to keep the animal warm, they went away. Jimmie and I were faced with a real problem, for the skeleton lay embedded in some fifty tons of flesh. Of course we could do nothing alone and the fishermen were not at all keen to work, even for high wages. The thermometer stood at twenty above zero and the wind was bitter. Finally we did persuade half a dozen men to hack away at the carcass with great knives. A horse helped to drag off huge chunks of meat by means of ropes and hooks. It was slow work, but finally the head was separated and up on the beach; also the ribs of the upper side. Then the worst happened. A storm blew up from the east, beating upon the exposed coast with hurricane force. We saw it coming and anchored our whale as best we could, working waist deep in the icy water.

For three days the shore was a smother of white surf. Anxiously we waited. Only half the skeleton was on the beach and that would be well nigh worthless if the remainder were lost. The fourth day was dead calm, but very cold; twelve degrees above zero at noon. When we got to the beach a smooth expanse of sand, innocent of whale, met our eyes. The bones had disappeared. Jimmie and I were frantic, but the anchor ropes extended down into the sand where the bones had been. A little shoveling exposed the skeleton, deeply buried. It would have been difficult enough in the best circumstances to uncouple the huge vertebræ and get the ribs of the lower side, but now it was almost impossible. As soon as we dug out a shovelful of sand to get at a bone, the depression filled with water. We had to grope blindly with small knives, our arms in the freezing water up to the elbows, to disarticulate each vertebra. None of the fishermen would work at any price. It was too cold and they just sat by the fire smoking. Jimmie and I carried on alone for three days, warming our hands every few minutes over a driftwood fire. It seemed hopeless, and I don't mind saying that I never have suffered more in any experience of my life than I did then. But the director had told us to get every bone and we simply couldn't give up.

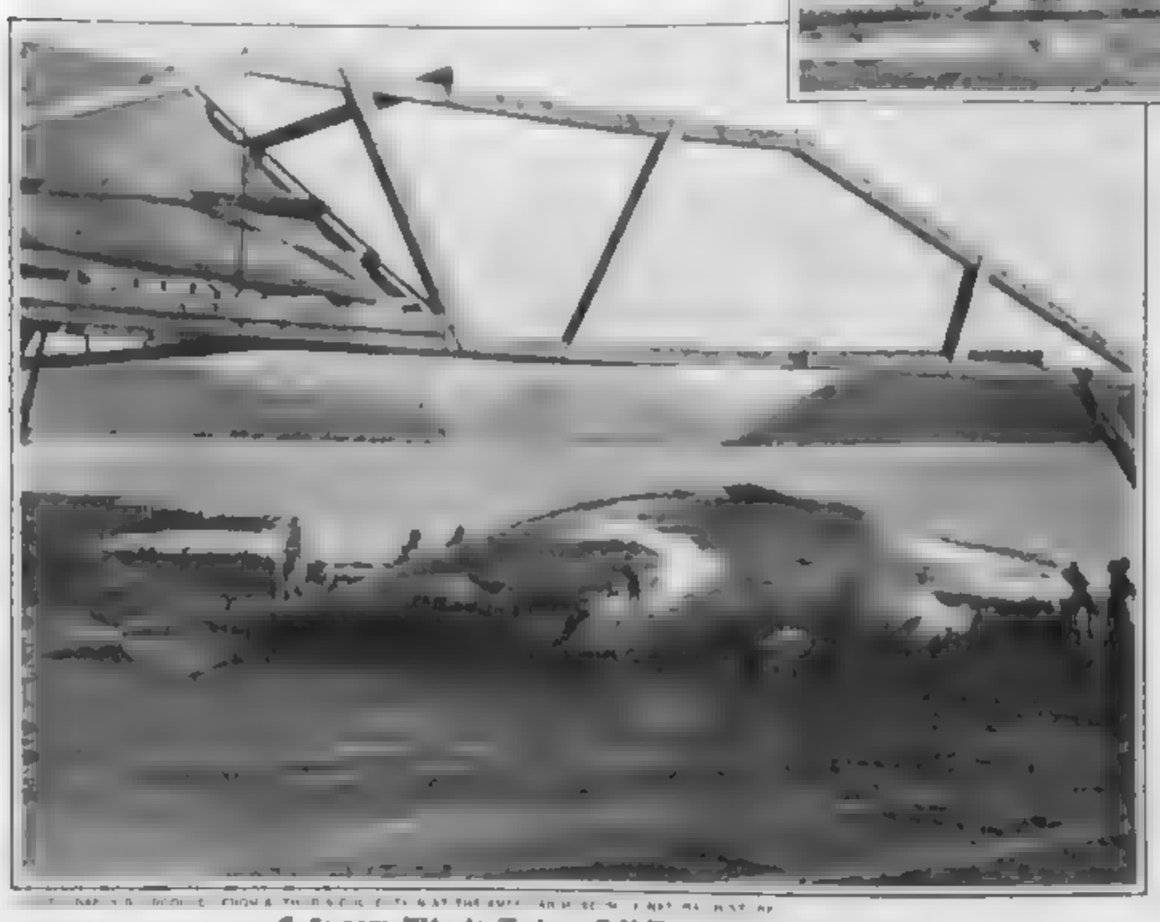
Roy Chapman Andrews

At last some of the fishermen decided to help when they saw us two kids struggling hopelessly in that icy water. I believe it was more shame than the high wages which brought them to our assistance. Anyway, half a dozen men came and we began to make real progress. At the end of a week a huge pile of bones lay well up on the beach. We checked them off one by one on a drawing from a skeleton in the Smithsonian Institution. They were all there, except that Doctor Bumpus had told us to watch particularly for the pelvic bones. The Smithsonian drawing did not show them, but we knew what they looked like. Two small bones about a foot in length which lay somewhere in the mass of flesh about the genital organs. They are the last vestiges of the hind limbs which used to exist sixty or seventy millions of years ago, when the ancestors of whales traveled the land on four legs. Of course they did not look like whales in those days; probably they were small shore mammals, living, like the seals, partly in the water and partly out of it. As they spent more and more of the time in the sea the flukes, or tail, developed as a swimming organ and the useless legs entirely disappeared. But the pelvis rudiments still persist as two slender angular rods, and nodules of bone representing the femur are also present in some species. They are so small and so deeply embedded in flesh that they are seldom preserved in museum skeletons.

Search as we would, Jimmie and I could not find those wretched bones. They were all that remained to prevent us from doing a perfect job. Suddenly I had the idea that the flesh containing them might have been pulled off with the blubber by the fishermen who flensed the whale. We got to the try-works just in time. That particular part of the blubber had already been thrown into the huge iron caldron. With a long-handled wire net we fished about in the pot and triumphantly brought out not only the two pelvic bones but the femural rudiments still attached in their proper places.

Jimmie and I breathed several sighs of relief. Now we could go back to New York with a clean bill of bones.

A Humpback Whale About to be Cut Up



A Sperm Whale Taken Off Vancouver Island

For a Dodo

THE Amagansett whale was a female fifty-four feet long. She had with her a baby only a few months old, thirty-eight feet long. The calf had left when its mother was killed and swam aimlessly along the shore toward the village of Wainscott. There it had been killed by other fishermen. The day after our arrival at Amagansett I had driven over to Wainscott and purchased the skeleton from the captors. John Nichols, new curator of fishes in the museum, had been sent up to get the bones, which he did without much difficulty. Later, it was traded to the British Museum of Natural History for the skeleton of a dodo—that extinct bird of which you may have heard.

Cleaning up the skeleton of the whale at the American Museum was quite a job, for at that time we were not equipped, as we are today, to handle such huge bones. But by spring the work was done and our sulphur-bottom model had been completed. As a reward for services rendered, the director let me study and describe the skeleton we had obtained. It was my first job in real science. Of course I could read French and German, and all winter I had absorbed every bit of literature regarding our species, much of which was written in those languages. Norwegian rather stumped me, but I learned enough to find out what they were talking about.

By this study of the literature I was amazed to discover how little was actually known about whales. Almost everything pertained to technical description of such incomplete skeletons as had found their way into museums. Almost never had these been collected by the men who

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THE FORBIDDEN CITY AND BROADWAY—By Princess Der Ling

I WAS ordered to the Manchu court in 1904, by Her Majesty Tsz'e Hsi, empress dowager of the Middle Kingdom, so shortly after the Boxer Uprising that it was then but a happening of yesterday. Her Majesty, nominally ruler of four hundred million people, still obeyed the mandates of the foreign countries which were slicing up commercial China to divide among themselves. The United States earned the undying gratitude of China by stipulating that such indemnity as the powers decided the United States was entitled to, be used for the education, in American colleges and universities, of selected Chinese young men and women.

These young men and women today have grown to a number which is almost incomprehensible to the old-fashioned Chinese, and an examination of the past of most of the big figures in China today will lead to a strange sprinkling of American campuses. The United States has had more to do, indirectly, with the situation in China today than she realizes.

And as I look at China of the republic, neither minimizing her faults nor exaggerating her virtues, I find it good. Manchu though I am, and proud of the proud race whence I sprang, I realize that the imperialist régime was not good for China, and that not even the might of Tsz'e Hsi, had she lived, could have averted the Revolution of 1911.

Automobiles, airplanes and railroads have come nearer making China a united nation than has any Son of Heaven since the beginning of Chinese history. The motion pictures, distorted though their message may be, have nevertheless shown China much about the outside world. The radio blares in every market place in a vast confusion of tongues, for China's dialects are many and no one man or woman knows them all. I speak eight Chinese dialects, yet often am as much lost in China as the greenest foreigner.

In the Presence of Old Buddha

TO UNDERSTAND why the result of all this is little short of cataclysmic, one has but to go back beyond 1911. Before that date was ancient China. Since then China has stepped forward a thousand years, and it is little wonder that she has stepped into pitfalls, since she has traveled so rapidly.

So, as in one of those motion-picture fade-outs, let us see the seething hordes of uniformed soldiery massing on the Siberia-Manchuria border. Observe them closely. Gradually they fade away, to give place to the Forbidden City of yesterday, when Her Majesty Tsz'e Hsi was mighty ruler of four hundred million people. I was her first court lady. I had been educated in Europe, and so took with me to the court something of the Western viewpoint. At this time Her Majesty was almost seventy years of age, and, though her forty-three years as almost absolute ruler of China had been filled with trials and hardships, she still was possessed of a keen mind, though an autocratically intolerant one, and to serve her was an experience one might never forget.

Inside the Forbidden City, in the heart of Peking, Her Majesty was the sun about which all China revolved. Even the humiliating experience of the Boxer Uprising could not rob Tsz'e Hsi of the reverence of her subjects. Her court was magnificent. Her gowns and those of her court ladies were studded with precious stones. She was surrounded by thirty-six hundred eunuchs whose duty it was to be as servant maids for the court. They held their jobs by flattery, each eunuch humbling himself before the eunuchs next in rank above him, and all of them paying abject homage to Old Buddha, the nickname by which Her Majesty was known. Certain hours of the day were set aside by Her Majesty for audience with her ministers, and war would scarcely have changed her habits in this regard, while securing a special audience for any reason was almost as difficult as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Princess Der Ling

Her Majesty would keep the ministers waiting, on their knees in the courtyard. In that courtyard, their knees scraped by the rough cobblestones, were the men whose duty it was, under Her Majesty's tutelage, to administer the affairs of China. Yet, regardless of what happened, regardless of crises, the affairs of China had to wait until Her Majesty was appropriately arrayed for the audience in the gowns of her painstaking selection. More important to her was the matter of maintaining the imperial dignity before her ministers than the matters they brought for her advice, and nothing could be brought forward for her attention until the ceremonials of the audience were carried out.

First, Her Majesty would appear in the door of the Audience Hall, with the emperor and the young empress. Beautiful court ladies, and some who were not so beautiful, were bidden to remain behind the screens which backed the throne, in order that their fair beauty should not come under the eyes of men—and many a strange thing have I seen from my vantage point behind those screens!

Her Majesty appeared, and all the great ones of her kingdom—men whose names are household words in China today and which were known all over the world even then, which have a place in history nothing can take from them—went down and bumped their heads on the cobblestones in the kotow which is almost as old as royalty in China. Her Majesty received the abject obeisances of her subjects as her due. She took them for granted.

Then, for a while after the kotows, business still was held in abeyance while the great ones asked after Her Majesty's health. For her health, good or bad, was more important than China! Men whose wealth exceeded the ransoms of kings, men whose words could set half China in turmoil, trembled before Her Majesty like guilty school children before a martinet teacher who rules with the rod. Above the door of the Audience Hall was a sign in Chinese. The words, translated, were Long Life Audience Hall, and I once heard a very famous minister, when the point came in the ceremonial when each minister must kotow anew and tell his name to Her Majesty, read off this sign in place of his own name: "My name is Long Life Audience Hall." Fear of Her Majesty was ingrained in the very fiber of the Chinese being, and no man was great enough to be free of it.

During the day there were men at court on official business. At night the only "man" in the Forbidden City or the Summer Palace was His Majesty Kwang Hsu, the deposed emperor. Only the eunuchs remained behind the walls between sunset and sunrise.

When Her Majesty traveled from the Forbidden City in Peking, to the Summer Palace in the Western Hills, sixteen miles away—a journey she sometimes made as often as three times a week—the entire road to the Western Hills must be first covered throughout with yellow sand. Yellow is the color of Chinese royalty. Her Majesty must be the first to pass along this road, which must be free of all footprints. Before her return, new sand must be spread. Many times have I followed her sedan chair in my own, along this pathway of gold, and many times—an action very indiscreet on my part—have I lifted the inevitable curtains on the side of my chair to peer forth to see what the populace did when Her Majesty passed.

But every street was deserted. Every road was empty. Every house was barred and bolted! No human being in all China, save folk of certain rank, dared gaze upon Her Majesty passing through or might even so much as look at her sedan chair, and decapitation might easily be the punishment for any who dared lift his eyes or even be within sight of the eunuch toadies on the journey along those sixteen miles; for the eunuchs joyed in torture.

Every person in China held Her Majesty in awe, because she had the power of life and death over the greatest and the least. Her merest wish had the force of an imperial decree. We were all her slaves. Some of us she favored, some she hated, and it was almost as dangerous to be in favor as out, since one never could tell when the favored might fall from grace and the outcast be elevated. A court of whims!

In Native Dress

Lest Vulgar Eyes Defile

THAT was my life in China, after my return from France, where my father, the late Lord Yu Keng, had been minister. I, of course, had a certain amount of freedom, because my father had never had any patience with the old forms, though forced to defer to them to a certain extent. Even as first lady in waiting, and with influence on Her Majesty beyond that of almost any of her ministers, I still was bound about by restrictions. I could not go out without dropping the curtain of my sedan chair. Not even the coolies who carried me could look upon my face. They would bring my chair, leave until I had been escorted to it and placed inside by some female member of the family or servant staff, the curtain discreetly dropped, when the coolies would return and carry me away to whatever was my destination. The destination, by the way, I knew but vaguely, because others were charged with my safety during my travels from home, and I never had to find my way anywhere. This has remained with me until today, and though the old life is two decades behind me, I still get lost when I go more than a block or two from my hotel. But what a lot of fun I have with the freedom which is mine here in the United States!

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HOOFING—By JACK DONAHUE

I MUST have been a peculiar little fellow as a child; fond of wandering off alone. How many children today would spend two or three hours a day sitting on a hard bench in a church? That's just what I used to do when the twentieth century and I were both in short pants. Of course, technically, it hadn't been a church for many years, but the building was the same, though the policy had been changed to refined burlesque. As far as I know, it's still called the Howard Athenæum, the home of the Mutual Wheel shows. In my behalf, however, I must say that I did enter this edifice with the proper reverence, and though my idols may have had feet of clay, they certainly could shake them.

In Boston, in those days, the boys didn't worry about what they were going to do when they grew up; you were going to be either a dancer or a fighter, and I had my career decided for me by a snappy left jab under the heart. That, literally speaking, sent me right into my dance. They complain today about the noise of the riveting machines, but New York has all the peace and quiet of the tomb, compared to a Boston corner of twenty years ago, when its boy tap dancers went into action.

The Howard used to have a slogan: "Always something going on from one until eleven." We could get a seat in the gallery for a dime, and if the dime wasn't forthcoming, we could use trading stamps—thirty being good for one admission. If the good housewife missed these little tributes to her buying powers, the chances are she was unknowingly helping a son or even a husband to pass a few pleasant hours in congenial company. Intimacy was the keynote of the gallery, benches taking the place of the more formal seats that graced the balcony and orchestra. On the main floor they charged a quarter. Here the tired business man came to get his second wind at close range, but we who had reached the heights, by climbing three flights of stairs, cared little for the dancing women or the weak warbling of the singers; we tolerated the comedians and saved all of our love for the hoofers, if they were good. And they had to be good; we wouldn't be fooled. A stolen routine or a missed tap was quickly detected, and the offender would find that species of the entire bird kingdom were perched on the rafters. Though boasting of their entertainment as family burlesque, as constant a visitor as myself can only recall seeing two women in the audience. Both wore heavy black veils and left immediately after Princess Sonude's specialty. They used to bill her as the girl "who sings with her hips." Today, with the product certainly not improved any, more women than men are in attendance. Perhaps they find it an ideal place to slip off and smoke a cigar and have a few good laughs. After a real hot number they would lower the drop and a specialty man or team would come out and work in one. We used to call them cool-offs. Unless he or she was a dancer, they were very apt to find the audience hard to reach. Only the very big stars—the Howard played one big name every week—could hold such a difficult spot, for, barring myself and a few other dance-lovers, I'm afraid that most of the congregation had come to worship at the shrine of Venus. But whatever you came for, you certainly got a run for your money. For the lads who aspired to the rings, there were such attractions as John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, while young Matty Baldwin and Georgie Byers, sitting on the bench with me, up on the shelf, would watch and dream their youthful dreams of fistic glory. Incidentally, both of these boys were to have their share of fame before they hung up their gloves.

Jack Donahue and Alice Stewart

But for me, the big moment would not arrive till George Primrose would step out on the stage, the orchestra would strike up Suwanee River and the old master would go into one of those beautiful soft-shoe routines. He belonged to the old school of tap dancers. He covered the whole stage with his graceful stepping, done to four-four time. Barney Fagin and Delahanty and Hengler were others of the same school. I never saw the latter team, but it was legendary in Boston that they played for a week at the Howard for the stupendous sum, at that time, of one hundred and fifty dollars, which was put up in advance, in gold, in a local store window, so that all might see and be impressed. But things were beginning to speed up. The four-four dancer was being replaced by the two-four buck dancer. The buck dancers got in more taps and they didn't use so much stage. In fact, one Paddy Shea worked in the barrooms around Boston, doing a fast buck dance with a glass of beer on his head, and without spilling a drop.

John Boyle, Harland Dixon and Jack Donahue

Ankling Along

MILT WOOD was one of my early favorites: a man more than six feet tall and weighing close to two hundred pounds. He was the first winner of the Richard K. Fox Trophy, in a contest held at Tammany Hall, New York. He did a dance around the rungs and on the top of a kitchen chair. I broke up three chairs at home before I finally gave the trick up as impractical. One year the prize would be given for single dancers and the following year for teams. The Ward Brothers were the winners of the team prize one year. Other winners were Phil Cook, of Cook and Sylvia, and Johnny Ford, who, I believe, was the last man to annex the trophy.

The first man to do a buck dance up and down a flight of stairs was Al Leach, who worked with the Three Rosebuds; others who used the stairs were Eddie Mack, of Mack, Goldie and Burns, and Dan Burke, a clog dancer. The difference between buck and clog dancing lies in the greater use of the heels in the latter; hence the old Irish expression: "He's a handy man with his heels."

The eccentric-dancing craze was started by Doc Quigley; the type of dancing he did is known today as legomania dancing. Other great comedy dancers were Nugent and Stevenson, Dailey and O'Brien, the Tanglefoot Dancers, who did loose-ankle work, and Smith and Baker. Tom Smith was doing one of the best comedy single acts in vaudeville until the aviation bug bit him a couple of years ago. His daughter, Eleanor, at seventeen has held the world's endurance-flight record for women flyers.

George M. Cohan was an eccentric dancer, featuring semi-Russian, or floor steps. His best-known trick was to run up to the proscenium, throw one foot against it and jump over it with the other foot while still in the air. His work was characterized by the snapping back of the head and arms in cakewalk fashion

Williams and Walker, the immortal colored team, were also comedy dancers; Walker did a neat cakewalk, much like the strut of today, and Bert Williams would follow behind him doing a slow, loose-jointed mooch dance. Montgomery and Stone are said to be the originators of stop-time dancing. One step generally taking eight bars of music, they would step after the first note of the seventh bar and dance without music until the last two notes of the eighth bar. McIntyre and Heath began their careers as hoofers, and they will offer proof that they were the first to do buck-and-wing dancing. A wing is done by taking the weight off one foot and describing an arc with it in the air while the foot on the floor continues to tap. When the wings are done with both feet, one after the other, the effect is given of a bird in flight; hence the name. Ryan and White were two boy buck-and-wing specialists. George White of that team is still a hoofer at heart, though his Scandals take up a lot of his time these days.

Then there were the novelty dancers: Ames and Corbett, who danced on kettledrums; the Innes Brothers, who were doing their famous West Point drill dance; the Purcell Brothers, who danced chained to each other, both dressed in prison garb; Moon and Morris, the back-to-back dancers; and Louis Stone, the upside-down dancer.

Eddie Leonard featured a sand dance. McNish and Penfold were exponents of Virginia Essence dancing—a soft-shoe routine without any taps. This is sometimes known as picture dancing. Great girl tap dancers of the day were Lulu Beetson, Mable and Dora Ford, and the McClain Sisters.

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Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller in "Sunny"

THE HAPPY HOUSE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THERE are some places, as there are some persons, which for a long time make upon us no particular impression, till by accident, or in some moment of clearer vision, we perceive that they are beautiful. The old Portlaw house on the high ridge beyond Mac's Corner, ten miles west of Fraternity, falls in this category. I had seen it a dozen times before it evoked in me any more than a casual attention; before I became conscious of the fine atmosphere of peace and happiness which dwelt about the place.

A hidden stream winds through the valley below this ridge, and Chet and I sometimes fish there when more familiar waters are unfruitful or overpopular. To reach the brook entails a drive of ten or a dozen miles, a steep descent afoot through meadowlands and woodlots for another mile or more. The stream itself is cloaked in alders, and only a few pools offer convenient access to the fisherman; but a sufficient and persistent diligence will sometimes fill your basket, and there is always the chance of a large trout to add spice to the adventure.

When we were that way bound, Chet and I were accustomed to drive through the Corner and up the highroad along the ridge, from which we could look out to the eastward across a wide wooded valley with long easy slopes rising toward the blue heights against the horizon between us and the bay. We always pulled off the road at a point just short of the Portlaw barn, to leave our car beneath an apple tree in the orchard while we descended to the brookside. At our first coming I noticed inattentively that the buildings were in good repair, the house in order, a few flowers blooming along the foundations. But thereafter the place became merely a part of the background, to which I paid little heed. We came, left our car, walked down the hill, fished till we were surfeited, climbed the hill again, sat in the shade to eat our luncheon and departed on our way homeward—or to new waters, as the case might be. Chet had referred to the farm as the Portlaw place; but beyond its location and its name, it had no identity for me.

Till a certain afternoon in late June, when summer was in flood and the sun was hot and high. We had left the car as usual; we fished as usual. But the day grew warm, and when Chet proposed to venture upstream farther than we were used to go, I preferred a pleasant indolence. He told me he would rejoin me at the car and so departed upbrook, and I sprawled under an elm by an open pool and smoked a pipe and dropped an ineffectual line into the clear waters. So by and by I set out to climb the hill to where we had left the car. Above the line of the woods a soft breeze stirred, to mitigate the ardor of the sun; and when I came to the orchard, it was pleasant to lie in the cool grass there and watch the clouds pass overhead, against the infinite depth of blue. Thus idle, I found the sun no warmer than was pleasant, the breeze no cooler than was necessary to delight. Once or twice a grasshopper buzzed near by. Once or twice a bird called. Once a hawk on soaring wings scudded down wind from west to east above my head. But no one passed along the road, no human sounds came to me. Upon the hilltop there a deep peace lay.

Chet was long in coming; and in the end, weary of inaction, I got idly to my feet and in casual curiosity walked toward where the old house stood. I had an impression that no one lived here, for we had never seen anyone about.

One Evening When They Three Were Together She Loosed Lola's Hair and Made Dave Tell Her How Beautifully its Luxuriance Flowed About the Girl's Shoulders

Yet it occurred to me now that the place lacked that unhappy and bewildered aspect which an abandoned farm is apt to wear. For one thing, it was not neglected, stood rather all in order. The paint was in good condition, the roof was sound, the windows were unbroken and the doors seemed serviceable. Deserted houses are apt to have board shutters on windows and on doors; there was here nothing of the kind. About deserted houses weeds are used to grow; but this farmyard was clean, the grass of a modest height, and there was even a bed of flowering perennials at one side of the door.

Also there were curtains on the windows, and these curtains were not torn or soiled or dirty, but fresh and crisp and clean. I drew nearer to look in through one of the panes, and I saw a sunlit room, full-furnished, with rugs upon the floors and pictures on the walls as though to testify to a pleasant occupancy.

The little house lay smiling on that sunlit hilltop; its windows seemed to beam upon the broad and lovely valley; it had an individuality and a character quite unmistakable, as though happy folk had dwelt here—even dwelt here still.

I had seen it a dozen times before without remarking this; yet the discovery seemed now so tangible and certain that my interest was stirred. Chet would be able to tell me something about the place and its history; and I grew more and more impatient to question him during the hour or so before he at last appeared, rod in hand, heavy basket on his hip, trudging up the road.

Old houses about Fraternity are like old trees—their roots go deep. It was so with this one; and Chet, who knows these things and whose memory is lively, ran through the tale of the generations. Jonathan Portlaw built the house eighty years ago, and his wife bore him a dozen children here. But the place was too small for all of them, so some went South, and some went West and some stayed near by. When Jonathan died, in the 60's, his son Remus became the master of the farm, and married Harriet Clemons and brought her there to dwell.

Jonathan and his wife were fruitful, but Remus and Harriet Clemons were less so, and less fortunately so; for their first two children died young, and only Richard, who bore the name of his Grandfather Clemons, lived to tend his mother when his father died. These folk are of a vanishing race. Richard married Jessie Maclure. Mary Portlaw was their daughter. But as long ago as the turn of the century, the baby and Grandmother Harriet Portlaw were left to dwell in the little house alone.

But if they were alone, they were not lonely; for the baby was too young to notice such matters, and Grandma Portlaw was too busy taking care of the baby to have time for grief. She had by inheritance a sufficient competence for her small needs; the farm yielded something; she was herself industrious enough not only to tend cows and chickens and pigs but to manage a small garden, after she had hired the planting done.

"I used to fish this brook then, same as now," Chet assured me. "I'd drive my old horse over here and turn down through the fields opposite and tie him down in the woods. But I'd always stop to talk to Grandma Portlaw, and I'd leave her some trout when I come back up the hill. She liked trout mightily. She was a fine old woman—gray-haired even then, and getting grayer all the time. But she'd milk the cows and feed the pigs and all, and you'd see her with a sunbonnet on, weeding the garden; and she was always a hand to have flowers around.

"I remember the little girl running around after her when she wasn't much bigger than a rooster. And I've et many a hot doughnut that grandma'd give me if it happened I come a day when she was frying them. She used to make cheese, too—some special way she had. That was mighty good cheese. She was as able as a man."

And there was never anything in her word or her demeanor, he continued, that made you feel sorry for her, that made you remember she was—save for the child which followed at her heels—an old woman very much alone in the world.

"She had some kinfolks around," Chet explained. "Old Jonathan Clemons, over our way, was her brother; and his Nan, that married Will Jennison; and Wat Clemons was kin too. And there was Portlaws. But none near, and nothing to bring them way up here. So she'd not see anybody, only the neighbors, one year's end to another. But it never looked like she minded. She was always neighborly and liked to see folks; but long as Mary was a little girl, grandma was satisfied just to take care of her."

We were sitting in the pleasant shade, the valley spread below us. There was something about the house, I thought, like a gentle, wise old woman; it had a fine serenity and poise. And there might have been a child's laughter in the air. There were so many sounds like distant, murmuring, laughing voices. But they were, when you attended to them, no more than the staccato of a grasshopper in flight, the droning of a bee.

They dwelt here then, these two, the old woman and the child, happily together; and Grandma Portlaw had a long delight in this service. But to love a baby may be as empty in the end as to love a dog; for dogs die and babies grow to maturity. So Mary grew.

She was, Chet explained, a child with a touch of mischief in her; a hint sometimes of malice in that mischief; a gayety not always appealing; a boldness even in her babyhood.

"Maybe it was because Grandma Portlaw was so gentle and nice and kind," Chet suggested. "A young one kind of wants to break out sometimes, likely, to blow off steam · get mad and fuss and bawl. But Grandma Portlaw was one you couldn't get mad at easy, and likely Mary had to hold in all the time. Maybe it wan't good for her."

He spoke of this and that misdemeanor of which she was guilty, and he said the neighbors were sometimes resentful and angry. But they never complained to Grandma Portlaw, for the old woman's tenderness was too well known. She was, by the time Mary entered her teens, beginning to show more clearly her accumulating years; to require more and more the kindness and the help of those who dwelt near by. Her income, fruit of her husband's long frugality, was not large; and there came a time when she left her hay uncut, and the neighbors guessed she could not afford to hire it harvested. Thereafter she became to some extent a public charge. Some near-by farmer who had a day to spare would undertake to plow and plant her small garden, or two or three of them together would mow her hay; and a man cutting his own winter's supply of wood was apt to haul a sledge load or two to Grandma Portlaw's woodshed and later come on some rainy day to fit it for her uses.

It was in such a rôle as this, Chet explained, that Dave Lagan began to come to the house now and then.

"He bought the place down the road, after his brother Curt married Ruth Brewer," he told me. "You remember hum and Curt, and the time they handled Will Belter. Curt's the talker and Dave's the fighter. He always was a hand to fight when he had to; but only for that he's a mighty quiet, nice kind. Never has much to say, but he'll do anything he can for you, any time. And he was a hand to work, so it got so after a year or two he was carrying the Portlaw place along with his own farm. He'd be over here most every day, to tend t' the chores and all; and he got in the wood and the hay."

He chuckled. "He tried to get out of making the garden," he explained. "'Lowed he could raise all they needed in his own, easier. But grandma was bound she'd have a garden, and when he see that, he made one for her just the same."

This Dave Lagan, Chet continued, became in the end almost like a hired man around the place; and Grandma Portlaw repaid him by drawing him into the circle of her heart, embracing him in the affection which she showered on Mary.

She was an old woman, Chet reminded me. "Not much older than me, if you come down to it; but she looked older. Her hair was gray, long ago as I can remember; and she was little; and her eyes were kind of weak and she'd begun to get so she couldn't see good. And she was kind of simple sometimes. You know the way old folks are. I dunno whether it's because they know less than young folks or because they know more."

She began, he said, to wish that Mary would marry Dave. This wish became manifest in an occasional word she confided to some neighbor who had stopped to see her. Dave wanted Mary. The man, whose silence and strength made him seem larger than he was, found in the girl a strange and compelling attraction. Her very caprices, while they bewildered him, reduced him to subjection, too; and since in a small community such a situation as this cannot well be hidden, everyone knew that Dave loved Mary Portlaw and that Grandma Portlaw wished them to get married. One or two people, more bold or less discreet than their neighbors, spoke of this to Mary.

"But she'd laugh at them," Chet assured me. "She was queer, kind of hard, with a cruel streak in her. She always said she never had a mind to marry Dave, and never would. She was different, more ways than one. She dressed different. I've see her, when I come here fishing, when she looked like she was going to a party, with ribbons and a white dress and all. Grandma Portlaw used to say how pretty Mary was. She was, too; but she begun to have notions. She'd tell folks her name was Marie." And he added: "It got so they laughed at her a good deal when she wan't around. Nobody laughed at her to her face. Mary had a tongue in her head."

He hesitated, as though to make a period. "Well," he said, "that was the way things stood, when she run away from home. Grandma and Dave, they was both after her right along to marry Dave; only grandma did most of the talking and Dave just kind of stayed around. There was a fellow named Parent. He'd worked in East Harbor for a while, and then he went to Portland and got a job as a runner, selling stuff to the stores in the towns up through here. He'd kept company with Lola Paulley in East Harbor, after the Paulleys moved to town. Then Lola went to normal school, and she got a job teaching, and one year she had the school down at the Corner, and this Parent come up to sell the store there, and to see her, likely.

"And Mary'd gone down to get the mail one evening, and he was there."

Parent walked home with her that night, Chet explained; and when he came back to the store someone laughingly warned him to look out for Dave Lagan. But Parent was not easily alarmed. He saw Mary again next day, and the next evening; and two weeks later he made another trip from Portland. When he again departed, so did Mary Portlaw, who had been since babyhood Grandma Portlaw's treasure and her charge.

Mary's going would in itself have been a deadly blow to the little old woman whose life was bound up in the girl's, but it was made even more bitter by the manner of that flight. Mary gave her grandmother no least warning; she slipped out of the house after the other was abed and asleep; and when Dave Lagan came in the morning, as he was apt to do, to see how he might serve them, he found Grandma Portlaw busy in the kitchen, happily preparing breakfast. Dave filled the wood box and asked where Mary was, and Grandma Portlaw hushed him with a smile and a lifted finger.

"The child's still asleep," she told him. "I haven't heard a sound from her. I thought I'd let her sleep a while."

Dave may have felt some faint misgiving. The big man had a certain sympathy and sensibility not easily suspected in one so stolid and so slow of speech; he had not been blind to the fact that Mary was discontented here, and he had heard somewhat of Parent.

Yet he made no protest, nor did he express any doubt. He brought an armload of wood from the shed, freshened the fire, pumped two pails of water. And so at last, when he came to set the second pail in the sink, he saw the note Mary had left propped upon the shelf behind the clock there. Grandma Portlaw's old eyes had failed to light upon it, but Dave's did—a sheet of paper, folded thrice,

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"And for Quite a Spell That Was All There Was, Grandma and Lola and the Little Boy Talking There, and Grandma Smiling So Happy and Calm, and Mary Not Twenty Feet From Them, Watching and Listening"

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

DURING much of his ambassadorship, Harvey maintained a personal as well as official correspondence with President Harding, and also with Mrs. Harding. Some of the letters were of purely personal and transitory, rather than of public and permanent, interest. But others give some important information concerning public affairs, as well as delightfully intimate and informal views of presidential and ambassadorial life and doings.

Thus, as early as May 24, 1921, shortly after Harvey's arrival in England and only five days after that famous speech at The Pilgrims' dinner, the ambassador wrote:

"*Dear Mr. President:* You may think it a bit strange that you have not heard from me before this. The fact, however, is that I am just beginning to see daylight, as you will perceive from the following record of a sample day's engagements:

9:00 A.M. Breakfast with the Prime Minister. [This lasted 1¾ hours.]
11:00 A.M. Mrs. Marshall.
11:30 A.M. Mr. Marcosson.
11:45 A.M. Italian Ambassador.
12:00 M. Spanish Ambassador.
12:30 P.M. General Churchill.
12:45 P.M. Short drive in the park.
1:30 P.M. T. P. O'Connor at luncheon.
3:00 P.M. Brazilian Ambassador at Brazilian Embassy.
3:30 P.M. Mr. Lamont.
4:30 P.M. Polish Minister.
5:15 P.M. French Ambassador.
5:30 P.M. Counselor of Embassy, correspondents, and so on.
8:15 P.M. Dinner with Butler Wrights.
11:00 P.M. Home and to bed.

"Barring the breakfast with the Prime Minister, this is a fair sample. They rushed me from the start. Two days before reaching Southampton I received a wireless message from the Foreign Office; so that, instead of having a full week after arrival before presenting credentials, the government wished to hasten the formality, in view of the possibility of an immediate session of the Supreme Council. On the day following arrival, as per arrangement made, I waited upon Lord Curzon, and spent a very satisfactory hour or more with him. On the following morning the Ancient and Royal Barouches came for me and my staff, and conveyed us to Buckingham Palace, where I was received with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, and was escorted by the marshal of the Diplomatic Corps into the presence of the King and Lord Curzon. I remained about half an hour, conveying in my most finished palaver your greeting, wishes for the continuance of His Majesty's good health, and so on. He responded in kind and desired me to communicate to you his warmest regard and hope that you would live long and prosper, or words to that effect. I beg you to consider that I have conveyed the substance, if not the form of the message. It was an extraordinary interview. . . . By previous arrangement I had quite a chat with Mr. Asquith in the afternoon. . . . On Tuesday, Lord Curzon sent for me again, and explained the Silesian situation, having come in from his country place expressly for that purpose. . . . The next day the Duke of Connaught requested my presence at Clarence House, and I had a very pleasant hour with him, in the course of which he expressed some vigorous views on the Irish situation. . . .

"The Pilgrims' dinner was quite an affair. It was the largest and most distinguished ever given, and my observations were well received. The press also has expressed universal approbation. . . . I judge that it received some attention at home. . . .

"With love to you both,
"Faithfully yours,
"GEORGE HARVEY."

Promptly upon receipt of this, on June third, Harding replied, with a brief reference to the Pilgrims' speech, in terms quite stultifying to the Smart Alecks who had been howling about the President's embarrassment and displeasure, and the probable recall of the indiscreet ambassador:

"*My Dear Colonel Harvey:* I was very glad to have your letter, and can well understand, from the hurried recital you make, how extremely busy you have been. . . . Quite a little hubbub has been kicked up here over your speech at The Pilgrims' dinner. I do not know how long the petty folks mean to keep it up, but I think the embittered criticism will pass in a little while. There is no suggestion that you have in any way distressed the world in general, but the frankness of your expression has been very shocking to some of those who dwell in the clouds with the sponsors for the League of Nations. I may say to you that there is little if any criticism among those whose support you have a right to expect. . . .

"Very sincerely yours,
"WARREN G. HARDING."

The Wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, in Westminster Abbey

Harvey was always inclined toward few and brief letters—when he had to write them—but he made some noteworthy exceptions to the rule in favor of Harding; as on June twenty-fourth, when he wrote voluminously about his Pilgrims' speech, the League of Nations, and other matters:

"*Dear Mr. President:* So far as I can judge at this distance, the yapping over the few truths which I uttered at The Pilgrims' dinner has come almost entirely from the Pro-Leaguers . . . who seem to be laboring under the impression that Mr. Cox was elected President and Mr. Wilson's platform was adopted at the last election. . . . One cannot blame the Leaguers for getting mad. I found, upon arrival, that they had engaged in a subtle propaganda so successfully that people here, within and without the government, were actually convinced that your scrapping the League in your address to Congress was purely perfunctory, and that, working through various influences, they would get you over into supporting the very thing you had explicitly discarded.

"Naturally, my somewhat explicit pronouncement tended to dispel that impression, and left the New York conspirators in a somewhat uncomfortable position in the eyes of their fellow conspirators here. I must say of the latter that they took their medicine most gracefully. Naturally, Lord Robert Cecil stood by his guns, though rather pitiably, in a brief statement; but even he took not the slightest offense, such as has been manifested by the New York gang. He came almost immediately to a luncheon given in my honor by the French Ambassador, and later to a dinner given to my wife and myself by Lady Astor . . . and seemed to be quite as happy as he certainly was agreeable. Lord Bryce also gave me a luncheon, at which I sat between him and Lord Hugh Cecil, and we had a capital discussion of international affairs, all frankly assuming that, of course, it was the privilege of the United States to determine its own course. Instead of feeling aggrieved, each of these League leaders seemed, like the entire press, to be relieved at being informed precisely where America stood. . . .

"Lord Curzon grinned in his most sardonic fashion when I blandly inquired why the League had not settled the Silesian problem. 'Personally,' he replied, 'I consider it most fortunate from the standpoint of those who uphold the League that it did not have the opportunity to undertake the job. If it had done so, its backbone would have been broken long before this.'

"Last night, replying to a question, Curzon deftly expressed the same view that you uttered over and over again during the campaign—that the attempt to entwine the League proposal with a straight out-and-out treaty at Versailles was disastrous.

"Lloyd George simply roared when I breakfasted with him on the morning after the dinner. He said that of course I would realize the inadvisability of the government's irritating any faction in the present critical domestic

situation, but that no doubt was left in his mind that the League as constituted on its present basis had received its deathblow, and that the ultimate outcome would be something quite different—along the lines you had suggested—of an association. . . . This would meet with his approbation, and support from him could be counted upon when the time should come for action. . . .

"As ever,

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

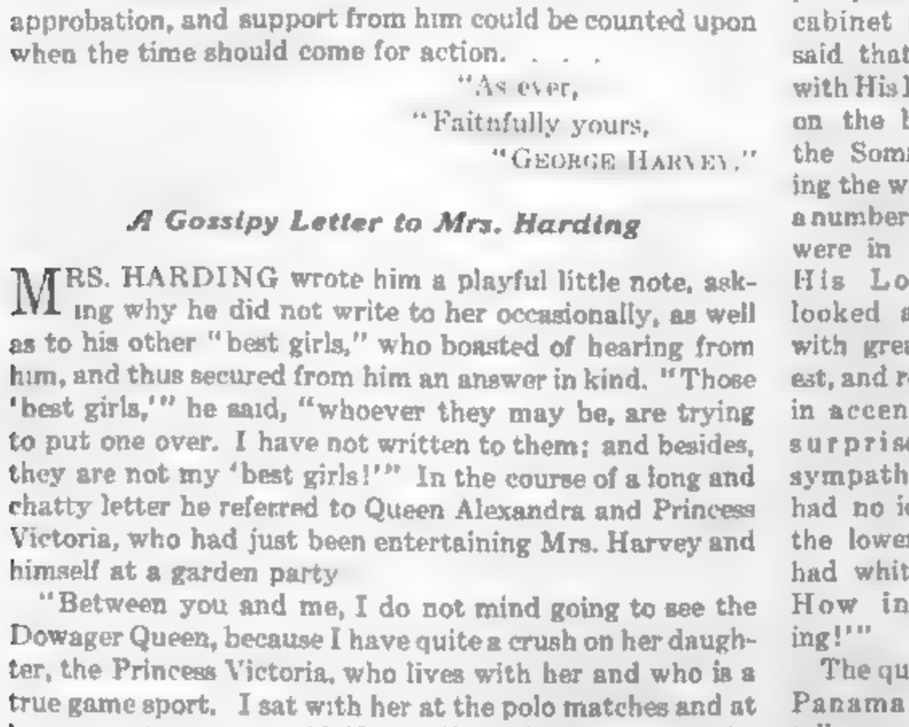
A Gossipy Letter to Mrs. Harding

MRS. HARDING wrote him a playful little note, asking why he did not write to her occasionally, as well as to his other "best girls," who boasted of hearing from him, and thus secured from him an answer in kind. "Those 'best girls,'" he said, "whoever they may be, are trying to put one over. I have not written to them; and besides, they are not my 'best girls!'" In the course of a long and chatty letter he referred to Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, who had just been entertaining Mrs. Harvey and himself at a garden party

"Between you and me, I do not mind going to see the Dowager Queen, because I have quite a crush on her daughter, the Princess Victoria, who lives with her and who is a true game sport. I sat with her at the polo matches and at her earnest request said 'Damn!' for her whenever she nudged me to do so. . . .

"The President's call for a conference made the greatest hit that I have any recollection of. The whole crowd here, from the highest to the lowest, suddenly awoke to a realization that there was a man in the White House who knew what he was doing. I did not have much time to spare myself in carrying out this end of the job, and the ice I skated over for a few days between Lloyd George and Curzon was altogether too thin for comfort. . . .

"At this point I was interrupted until I had to go and see Queen Alexandra. She is certainly a wonderful person, although deaf as a post. She was as quick and alert as you can imagine, and showed us all of her mementoes with



The Bride and Groom After the Ceremony

almost girlish satisfaction. . . . The whole performance was quite characteristic. Whenever Queen Mary has a function on hand, she—Queen Alexandra—invariably arranges something on her own account, to get in ahead. Undoubtedly she shrewdly arranged this reception at the last moment, to precede her successor's garden party, which she did not herself attend. . . .

"The catty women here have a new name for our mutual friend, Mrs. —— They used to call her the Queen of America, but as soon as they discovered that she really liked it, they changed it to the Kingfisher.

"A member of the cabinet told me a new one last night on Lord Curzon, who nearly wept on my shoulder the other day when The Times said he should never attend the Washington Conference because of his pomposity. The cabinet member said that he was with His Lordship on the banks of the Somme during the war, when a number of *poilus* were in bathing. His Lordship looked at them with great interest, and remarked in accents both surprised and sympathetic: 'I had no idea that the lower classes had white skins. How interesting!'"

The question of Panama Canal tolls caused Harvey much concern. There was pending in Congress a bill, to which the Republican Party was pledged in its platform and which seemed sure to pass, exempting American coastwise commerce from tolls, and this the British Government regarded as violating the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—which it obviously did, since that treaty provided tolls should be uniform on the vessels of commerce "of all nations," and it was explicitly understood by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote in making the treaty, and by the Senate in ratifying it, that "all nations" included the United States.

Harvey regretted that he had not been granted an opportunity to seek a diplomatic solution of the problem in advance of legislation by Congress, but since he had not, he manfully undertook to do so under the serious disadvantage of having a bill on the subject at the point of enactment. He wrote to the President a long letter on the subject, in which he told of his ineffectual suggestion to Lord Curzon that Congress might be prevailed upon to include Canada's coast-to-coast commerce in the same exemption, that being the only coastal commerce besides ours which was likely to use the canal. He continued:

Princess Mary's Bridal Party

"Unfortunately Lord Curzon was in a peremptory mood, and flatly refused to discuss the matter further, saying that so far as the British Government was concerned, it was settled by the unanimous opinion of their law lords that their original interpretation of the treaty was correct. Moreover, it was not Canada alone for which they had originally demanded absolute equality in toll charges; it was also for all the nations of the world, whose interests Great Britain was bound to conserve. The unexpected abruptness of this declaration nettled me somewhat, and I made this rejoinder:

"'I fear, Lord Curzon, that I should have difficulty in convincing my Government of the right of Great Britain to speak for the nations of the world in their relations with the United States, unless she could produce specific authority so to do.'"

A Setback to the Good Samaritan

"LORD CURZON was obviously surprised and shocked by this observation, and demanded to know precisely what I meant. I replied simply that so far as I was aware the other nations had not constituted the British Government their agent in dealing with the United States, and that I had reason to surmise that if they had occasion to make a trusteeship, some of them, at any rate, would prefer to intrust their interests to the keeping of America.

"I have to confess that this statement did not make a favorable impression. Lord Curzon seemed, in fact, to be slightly dumfounded but, after a moment of hesitation, said, with an air of finality:

"'In any case, we stand definitely and finally upon our original position, and the United States must assume entire and undivided responsibility for whatever its Government may do.'

"To this I replied:

"'There is no difficulty about that. The United States always has assumed full responsibility for its own acts, and I imagine always will.'

"'Very well,' he replied; and that ended the conversation.

"From the day of that interview to the present, not a word approaching acrimony has passed between Lord Curzon and myself. We have had many talks, and he has

(Continued on Page 206

The Royal Wedding Procession Passing Along the Mall

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

A Press Conference at Spring Lake, New Jersey, During the Presidential Campaign

WHEN all is said and done, it seems impossible to divorce the personal equation from politics. It makes no difference whether you are running for office in a small civil division of one county in a certain state or whether you are running for the presidency of the United States. If you have been active in politics you will find it exactly the same thing.

When I began holding elective office demands upon my time and requests for my services in different lines came from one assembly district. When I was elected sheriff of New York County they came from the whole county. When I was elected president of the Board of Aldermen, they came from the city. When I became governor, it broadened out to the state of New York and, finally, to the United States. The man in the Far West writes to me about his son in New York just exactly as the woman on Cherry Street used to come to see me at the clubhouse about her son. Advice and suggestion in the form of letters that at first came only from the city of New York now come from the state of Washington or California. This is easy to understand when you take into consideration the fact that people remember most easily a man for whom they voted.

These letters and communications are from men who seek employment, business connections, care of the sick, requests for donations to various charitable endeavors, or the use of one's name in connection with enterprises that, in the opinion of the writers, require advertising they might not get in any other way. Added to these, of course, is the great army of people who desire to see a prominent man, if only to talk to him. My experience teaches me to make the definite assertion that politics is politics, whether you are an alderman or whether you are President of the United States, unless a man happens to be of the type who allows secretaries to dispose of all of his business—and that is something I never could do. I have probably read more personal letters and answered more personal letters than any other man in the governorship in the history of the state.

Brooklyn Bridge Sold Again

ALL of this, of course, exposes a man, without his own knowledge, to certain dangers in political office. There is a well-known expression: "Save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies."

Under the guise of friendship a favor may at times be sought from a man in public life, which, in turn, may be used or sold to benefit the so-called friend. It is necessary to keep a sharp lookout, particularly on pardons or commutations of sentence, where the action must be taken by the governor himself, to say nothing of the operation of departments under him where special favors may be bought and sold by an individual who plays upon the friendship of the governor.

After I left the office of governor in 1920, two men were indicted in New York County for having secured money from a woman for the pardon of her husband, on the plea that part of it had to go to a brother-in-law of mine. Neither of these men knew his name. They simply knew that I had a brother-in-law. The fact of the matter is that neither of them had anything at all to do with the release of the prisoner. The commutation had been granted upon the express recommendation of the judge who sentenced him, after a review of all the facts; but having had access to the executive chamber for the purpose of shaking hands with me, these men convinced the woman that it was through their friendship for me and their desire to help my brother-in-law that her husband had secured his freedom. I was a witness against these men at their trial.

Years ago it was a common practice among foreigners to exploit their countrymen by stating that the favor they sought had to be paid for. One man of whom I know served two years in Sing Sing prison for extorting $200 from an alien on the promise that he was to secure for him some shares in the Brooklyn Bridge. To convince him of his ability to do so, he walked down to the bridge one day with the alien and left him standing on the curb. He walked up to a policeman and asked him a question, to which the policeman nodded his head "Yes." He went back to the foreigner and said, "Did you see that? It's all right. He is working for us." Thereafter he and his confederates gave the alien some stock certificates decorated with seals and blue ribbons to give them the appearance of genuineness.

Another man sold to one of his newly arrived countrymen the right to erect a fruit stand at the Staten Island ferry station, forging the permit from the Department of Public Works. He was able to make this impression because the foreigner knew that he was acquainted with the superintendent of the Bureau of Encumbrances. The foreigner discovered the fraud only when a policeman arrested him the day that he drove a wagonload of lumber to South Ferry in order to erect his fruit stand

Women Workers Welcomed

ALL during my public life I recognized the value of the services of women. When I was sheriff and before women were entitled to vote, I appointed a woman as my secretary, and when I was elected president of the Board of Aldermen I reappointed her to the same position. While I was governor I appointed women where, in my opinion, they were as well, if not, as in some cases, better qualified than men. I appointed a woman to membership in the State Civil Service Commission and afterward elevated her to the chairmanship. I appointed a woman to the Industrial Commission and another to the State Hospital Commission.

Were I to be asked today whether or not, in my opinion, equal suffrage for men and women was a step forward or a step backward, I would feel compelled to say that I believe it to be a step forward. Women are just as much interested in government as men are, and are just as intelligent. I uniformly favored all measures that gave women an equal voice in party affairs with that of men. Nevertheless, I do not believe that the principle of equality is carried out by doubling the party representation simply to permit women to participate in party affairs. I believe that, where there is an election for a party position and the contending parties are a man and a woman, if the woman is best qualified she should be elected.

Governor Smith and His Three Boys Making Friends With the Raccoon at Their Albany Zoo

Governor Smith on Entering His Fourth Term of Office at Albany. Beside Him are Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Moskowitz

Women interested in politics were among the strongest supporters of all the reforms in government which I advocated, particularly those that were touched by the human appeal. As a new force in our public life, they had added strength because they were devoid of any element of selfishness. It was easy to discriminate between the unselfish woman and the practical lobbyist.

Comparatively few people show any lively or active interest in any variety of subjects. That is to say, the average farmer as an individual takes very little interest in anything that is going on in relation to government and relies for his information about public affairs entirely upon the officers of the agricultural societies. I cannot escape the conclusion that these are many times actuated by political motives. This is true of all other groups, and especially true of women. A small committee of women goes to Albany year after year with the slogan: "Equal opportunity for women." The average woman does not know what that means. I have been an advocate all along of equal opportunity before the law, but I am unable to subscribe to the theory of absolute equality between men and women. There are some positions in the service of the state which women are better equipped to handle than men, and some other positions that men are better equipped to handle than women.

I remember that after a public hearing along about 1923, I suggested certain amendments to the civil-service rules and regulations establishing the right of women to participate in civil-service examinations for every position that a woman could hold. The enthusiastic women advocates of equal opportunity, lacking understanding of the different kinds of work and service to be rendered for the state, sought to have women made eligible for all positions. I finally ironed the matter out and satisfied all concerned when I explained to them, as an instance, the impossibility of allowing a woman to take an examination for prison guard, and, on the other hand, the impossibility of allowing a man to take an examination for matron in a training school for girls. Aside from where the work was of a special nature or of a character absolutely requiring sex discrimination, I applied the principle of equal opportunity in all examinations for positions in civil service.

Disqualified

THERE is no question in my mind that women should be on an absolute equality with men as to the custody of children by law or the right of domicile by law. I have even gone so far as to say that women should be permitted to serve on juries if they desire to do so, but I did oppose and I am still opposed to compulsory jury service for women. They are excluded in New York State today by a law that requires the juror to be a male citizen. They are, therefore, disqualified. This puts them in the same class with idiots, insane people, aliens, illiterates and citizens not worth two hundred and fifty dollars in real or personal property. I have always expressed myself as being entirely willing to lift them from that class, but I have insisted that they be given the privilege of immunity extended to other groups of citizens—for instance, doctors, clergymen, lawyers, even undertakers—who, because of their callings in life, are entitled to exemption if they desire to claim it.

Women have always been particularly interested in legislation affecting social welfare, and frequently conducted intelligent and able campaigns to influence public opinion that were of great use to me in securing legislative action while I was governor. They certainly were of great assistance in obtaining the reorganization amendments, the child-welfare laws, the extension of maternity and infancy care, and many other public health and educational measures.

I spoke of the three main features of my interest while governor as being the reorganization of the government, the preservation of political rights, individual, state and local, and legislation for social welfare. Though I believe that the bond issues which I recommended for the improvement of the state hospitals and state institutions and the completion of public works have important social aspects, undoubtedly the labor legislation for which I was responsible and the amendments to the workmen's compensation laws would come even more directly under that classification.

After the close of the 1925 legislative session a new battle over the mayoralty in New York City arose. John F. Hylan had been mayor for eight years, and while he always seemed to think that I had some personal feeling against him, there was no basis for that in fact. I opposed his renomination, in the first instance, because I became convinced that the rank and file of the party were anxious for a change at the City Hall.

Countless thousands of people, during the winter and in the spring of 1925, came to me seeking this change. That I was right in my summation of the party attitude is borne out by the result of the primary. Mayor Hylan was defeated in his home borough of Brooklyn even after the leaders in that borough had declared in favor of him.

The primary campaign was marked by great bitterness and the real 1925 mayoralty fight took place before the nomination had been made. Mayor Walker had a long and creditable record at Albany. He sponsored personally many of the reforms suggested by me, being the Democratic leader of the senate from 1923 to 1925

The Road Cleared for Reform

THE rank and file of the party had become definitely convinced that Hylan was under the domination of Hearst and that Hearst was in reality the leader after the death of Mr. Murphy. They feared that a reelection of Hylan for a third term would give Hearst too great an influence in the government of the city of New York. That was my own attitude in the primary campaign, and, with a few exceptions, it was the attitude of the powerful leaders of the organization.

As usual in New York City, the Republican Party defeated itself. It nominated a man not known to the rank and file of the people and having no public record of any kind.

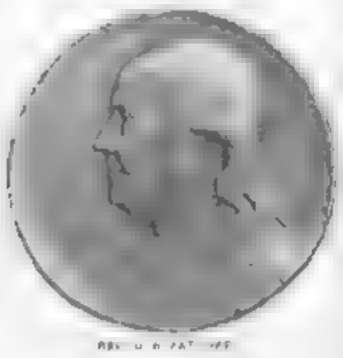
As the primary result had practically settled the election, I was free during the campaign to throw all my energy into the pending constitutional amendments. These covered those for reorganization of the state government and an amendment to the judiciary article of the constitution in addition to the proposal to permit the legislature to bond the state for $10,000,000 a year for ten years. I feared the powerful influence upstate of the Republican machine, so far as the amendments were concerned, because word had been passed out secretly to "beat all amendments," although they were unwilling to take the responsibility for publicly advising their voters to vote against them. All the amendments were adopted and the road was cleared for constructive reform in the structure of the state government.

In enumerating in the course of my story the high spots of those issues which provoked great public discussion and

(Continued on Page 198)

All Ready for the Speech of Acceptance of the Presidential Nomination, Assembly Chamber, Albany

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1929

Growth of Trust Funds

A DEVELOPMENT in the financial habits and customs of the country which is full of meaning is indicated by the increasing volume of trust funds. Not only have recent mergers of banks and trust companies called attention to the fact, but it is further emphasized by the figures published from time to time. In one large city there was an increase in trust funds from February 28, 1928, to March 27, 1929, of more than twenty per cent. A trust company in Boston which had $16,012,079 of such funds in 1915 now has more than $200,000,000. Such figures could be equaled or perhaps improved upon in other places; the tendency is not sectional but nation-wide.

The trust services performed by trust companies and other banking institutions are of two kinds—individual and corporate. That the volume of corporate trusteeships should multiply in a period of great corporate activity is self-evident. We comment at this time upon the other phase of the development—the growing tendency of individuals to establish living trusts, draw up wills and protect their families by means of the fiduciary offices of trust companies and the trust departments of banks. Not long ago such arrangements were favored by only a handful of the rich. They are now in general use by practically all of this class, and in addition many persons whose estates do not exceed $100,000, $50,000, $20,000 or even less are making use of these devices.

Explanations of this resort to trusteeship are obvious enough. Many persons earn large incomes these days, but never acquire much tangible property. They do not leave to their widows and children as many farms, buildings, parcels of real estate and going businesses, relatively, as did their grandfathers. Instead there are stocks, bonds and life-insurance proceeds from which, if properly managed, their heirs will receive an income. Grandfather left a flour mill, which a trust company hesitated to administer, but today father leaves securities and life-insurance funds, which an institution may care for. The increasing number and complexity of the securities in which father invests further accentuate the tendency to turn his estate over to other and more expert agencies.

Under these conditions it is essential that the business of administering trusts should remain in the hands of careful and efficient specialists. It is to be hoped that the merging of banks and trust companies into enormous institutions will not turn this work into a routine or mechanized function. Trust companies describe themselves as fiduciary institutions. The word comes from a Latin term which is akin to "*fides*," or "faith." Such words as "trust," "faith" and "confidence," attached to a business, impose an obligation, a responsibility which is self-evident and which the courts have always recognized.

The International Account for 1928

FOR a number of years it has been our practice in these columns to call attention to the salient features contained in the annual statement of the international account of the country, issued by the Department of Commerce. Few innovations introduced by the then Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, have had wider influence on business men. The principal countries of Western Europe undertake, through one agency or another, to issue statements of their international accounts. But for scope and detail, the statement of the Department of Commerce probably stands highest. With each year the technic is improved, the scope extended, the accuracy enhanced, the interpretation refined. Each year witnesses also a wider appreciation on the part of practical men.

The volume of international trade in merchandise was more than $9,200,000,000; the excess of exports over imports was more than $1,000,000,000, the heaviest since 1921. This is the more noteworthy when the decline in export of capital is taken into consideration. The high volume of exports was heavily influenced by manufactures, against which operated a decline in export of crude foodstuffs. Imports increased also, but the effect was obscured by decline in prices of certain classes. Automobiles bulked very large in the exports, having multiplied sixfold in six years. Taken all in all, the trade of 1928 indicated that our goods were finding increasing favor throughout the world; at the same time, our imports were so heavy and so varied as to lend no support to the notion that foreign countries found it difficult to sell us goods.

Nineteen twenty-eight was a year of free movement of capital across our borders. The net increase in American long-term investments abroad was $1,339,000,000; the net increase in long-term foreign investments in this country was no less than $481,000,000. The new foreign issues publicly offered in this country were less in 1928 than in 1927. The incoming interest on private investments abroad was $882,000,000; the outgoing interest on foreign investments in this country was $359,000,000. The income in terms of war-debt payments was $210,000,000, of which $50,000,000 was principal and $160,000,000 interest. The tourist expenditures set a new record—incoming $168,000,000, outgoing $693,000,000.

Our foreign long-term investments are more than $13,000,000,000, but with some $4,000,000,000 long-term foreign investments in this country, our net position as creditor is around $9,000,000,000, exclusive of war debts, of course. Great Britain still leads, it seems clear.

Short-term international bank balances have become very large and significant in recent years. The items are hard to compile, but evidently we are debtor in this respect. As tabulated, short-term capital due us from foreigners in 1928 was around $1,350,000,000, while short-term capital due foreigners from us was around $2,985,000,000, as of December 31, 1928. These short-term capital items, and the movements to which they are due, are related quite as much to fiscal policies of central banks in foreign countries as to the needs of trade and exchange in the direct sense.

Gold was lost during 1928 to the extent of $391,000,000. During the first half of the year the export of gold was steady; during the last month of the year there was instead a heavy import. Some of the gold lost was merely earmarked; some was sent out for use as metallic reserve abroad. But for the most part, the export of gold was associated with low dollar exchange. The movement of gold was interwoven with interest rates, short-term capital, long-term capital and complex transfer questions, for the elucidation of which time will be required. The physical loss of the metal was the least important part of the transaction.

Of the turnover in our international account—some $22,000,000,000—less than half was in merchandise. Of the $10,648,000,000 on the credit side, only $210,000,000 represented war-debt payments. A sum no larger than this we can evidently still afford to receive without fear of injury to our economy.

To Him Who Hath

ONE of the most amiable traits of the stock market is its unremitting kindness to a certain type of small investor who lives outside the financial atmosphere, who cannot read the tape, who has no facilities for acquiring inside information and who never has a tip that is not shared by every reader of the financial page in the daily paper. Every broker knows that the country fairly teems with men and women of this type who, nevertheless, are able to put their savings into securities with such good judgment that they take substantial toll of the growth and expansion of the country and raise themselves from poverty to modest affluence. Moreover, they accomplish this much-envied feat with small risk to their savings, with a reasonable cash return upon their investments, and without resorting to marginal trading.

In the long run—which is the only run that really counts—they often make and keep more money than many of the astutest tapeworms who give their whole time to a study of the market and keep their eyes so close to it that they cannot discern its pattern. Their system is simplicity itself; and if it is not more popular, it is only because its working out requires time, patience and singleness of purpose.

A correspondent gives us the details of a case in point. To some it may seem incredible, or at least highly exceptional; but we believe that thousands of readers of these pages have had similar experiences and could tell even more striking tales without the smallest departure from the truth. Our correspondent was married in 1915. He and his wife at once began to save a portion of the family income, and presently they were able to buy five shares of a standard industrial stock at what seemed like a rather high price. From month to month the quotations declined, but, undismayed, they kept on for years, buying five shares at a time. The purchase which completed their block of fifty shares was made for fifty-odd dollars a share below the price they first paid. Then the tide began to turn. Presently the corporation segregated certain of its holdings and gave its stockholders share for share in the split-off enterprise. Then it split its own shares. Presently the gift shares were split up. Later there was a stock dividend on the latter, and more recently valuable rights accrued.

To complete the story in the fewest possible words, an investment of less than sixty-five hundred dollars produced equities worth more than one hundred thousand dollars. The significant facts are that these young people were not marketwise. They simply bought into a basic industry, into a company which has a world-wide reputation for the genius of its management. Their faith in it caused them to hang on. Time and patience did the rest.

This story is typical of a very large number of American families who stick to one or two or four or five stocks which are backed by large equities, are endowed with brilliant and far-seeing management and have long, unbroken dividend records. High prices do not frighten them, for they know that very often the more one pays for a stock the more equity one buys for each dollar invested. Their thoughts are not upon prices but upon values, for values are what eventually determine prices.

Every story of this character invites the retort that though it may be true, no such opportunities exist today and no such feat could be equaled. This objection is common enough, but its importance is no greater than its truth, for we know it for a moral certainty that the country will grow, that its population will increase and its standards of living rise. By the same token we know that its best-managed basic industries will share richly in the benefits that will arise from these circumstances. That is all there is to it.

ENTER FARM RELIEF

By W. M. Jardine

THE Agricultural Marketing Act, the official name of the farm-relief bill approved by President Hoover on June fifteenth, marks the end of one chapter and the beginning of another in the history of American agriculture. The theme of the one chapter was the struggle between two schools of opinion.

One school demanded the equalization fee or the export debenture plan to raise the general level of farm prices by removing the exportable surplus from the domestic market and disposing it abroad at a loss. The other insisted that such a remedy would in the end do agriculture more harm than good, and urged legislation to help solve the farm problem by adjusting production to demand and by setting up strong coöperative business institutions, contending all the while that the primary function of the Government is to help farmers help themselves through organization.

After nine years of earnest study and political conflict, the latter point of view prevailed. Has this ended the contest? Is the first chapter closed permanently? The answer depends on how well the second chapter will be written in terms of concrete accomplishments under the new legislation.

President Hoover has selected for the Farm Board an outstanding group of men who will give the new law a thorough test. As I write, the board is holding its opening sessions, and the few pronouncements it has made certainly indicate that sound policies are in the making. Agriculture in general continues to improve. In short, the new legislation is being launched under favorable circumstances and in a manner that holds much promise.

What are the principal provisions of this law, and in what way are they expected to help the farmer?

In the first place, the Farm Board cannot compel any farmer or any coöperative association to do anything that he or it does not want to do. The board's power is not to compel but to lead. Compulsion would be contrary to the fundamental idea of this plan, which is to provide wise leadership and financial aid in the form of loans, in order to help farmers attain that unity of effort which their marketing problems demand.

Four Per Cent Money

THEN, what are the board's powers? It has the power that goes with the prestige of the Government itself, and the power of full control over the purse strings of a $500,000,000 loan fund, which is available to coöperative associations at 4 per cent or less.

The board has broad discretionary powers in granting or withholding loans.

> No loan shall be made to any cooperative association unless, in the judgment of the board, the loan is in furtherance of the policy declared in Section 1 and the coöperative association applying for the loan has an organization and management and business policies of such character as to insure the reasonable safety of the loan and the furtherance of such policy.

The policy of Congress, by which the board will judge the general eligibility of a coöperative association to receive loans, is:

> To promote the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce, so that the industry of agriculture will be placed on a basis of economic equality with other industries . . . by minimizing speculation, . . . preventing inefficient and wasteful methods of distribution, . . . encouraging the organization of producers into effective associations or corporations under their own control for greater unity of effort in marketing, and by promoting the establishment and financing of a farm marketing system of producer-owned and producer-controlled coöperative associations and other agencies . . . and by aiding in preventing and controlling surpluses in any agricultural commodity, through orderly production and distribution.

Two general classes of loans are available: Loans to individual coöperative associations, and loans to stabilization corporations. Let us consider first the loans that may be advanced directly to the coöperative associations and how these loans are expected to help the individual farmer

Loans for building or buying physical facilities—warehouses, processing plants, elevators, and so on—fill a long-recognized gap in agricultural credit. The farm-loan system grants loans for buying and equipping farms, for producing crops and livestock, and for the ordinary processes of marketing farm products, but it does not provide loans for purchase or construction of necessary facilities for handling or processing the commodity. Under the new law, the board is authorized to make loans for these purposes to any cooperative association on the amortization plan over a period of not more than twenty years, provided suitable facilities are not available at reasonable rates.

These loans should stimulate sound development of coöperative associations. As a concrete advantage to the coöperatives and, through them, to the individual farmer, the money is available at a low rate of interest, not exceeding 4 per cent, on these and on all the other loans. In fact, the rate is so advantageous as compared with other possible sources of credit that some borrowers may try to use the other sources as little as possible and the half-billion-dollar revolving fund as much as possible. But the board already has indicated that it will prevent this, for the revolving fund is intended to supplement and not to replace other sources of credit.

The Lower the Price the Safer the Loan

LOANS to coöperative associations are authorized up to 85 per cent of the value of the commodity, inclusive of loans from other sources, for advances to members at the time of delivery of their product to the association. The intermediate credit banks, created by Congress in 1923, are authorized to advance a maximum of 75 per cent. In some years it would be unsafe for the board to advance as much as 85 per cent of the market value. But in years of exceptionally low price at harvest time, when the supplementary advance to the grower is most needed, it should be safe to grant this loan. For example, when the price of cotton is twelve cents a pound, it is not only more necessary from the farmer's point of view but also safer to the revolving fund to advance 85 per cent than when the price is twenty cents.

What is this supplementary loan expected to do for the farmer? Here, as in every other part of this system, the farmer should join a cooperative association in order to get the full benefit. In fact, the organization of farmers along the most logical lines of common interest—commodity lines—is essential to the success of the whole plan of this legislation. Some farmers are unable to join cooperative associations because of being obliged to pay their debts as soon as the crop is harvested, regardless of price, instead of later, when the price may be better. Selling through an association often means waiting, sometimes several months, for a part of the price. When the price is low at harvest time, the farmer who is heavily in debt is less able to market through a cooperative association, even if he should get an advance of 70 per cent, than when the price is higher; the reason being that 70 per cent of a low price means less ready cash than 70 per cent of a higher price.

With an advance of 85 per cent, a number of farmers would be able to pay their more pressing debts and still take advantage of a better price later in the season by

(Continued on Page 188)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Meal-of-the-Month Club Prescribes a Spaghetti Dinner

Dean: "If Your Grades Don't Show Improvement You Will be Dropped From the College." Football Hero: "Aw, Doc, Where's Your School Spirit?"

The Low-Down on the Highbrows' Literary Tastes

I'VE LEARNED that King Tiglath-Pileser
Reluctantly pored over Cæsar,
And said, for his choice,
He thought Mr. James Joyce
A more entertaining old geezer.

And then there was Barbara Frietchie;
It bored her to tears to read Nietzsche.
But she'd sit up all night
To read Harold Bell Wright,
And was simply delighted with Queechy.

Now Mademoiselle Jeanne d'Arc
Read the Gospel According to Mark;
But she wearily said
As she crept into bed,
"I'd rather read Crime in the Dark."

The lovely and languorous Leda
Would glance over stories by Ouida;

(Continued on Page 225)

"Go and Put On Your Dress Uniform. Don't You Know We're Having a Gala Opening of a Super Picture?"

The Large Lady: "Yes, Dearie, I'm Taking Up-Stage Dancing So That if Anything Should Happen to My Husband, I Can Go Out and Earn My Living"

"Have a Heart, Casey. This is the Only Picnic Grounds in the Ward!"

America's "best seller" in Soup!

America breaks all world's records with its "best sellers," whether in books, motor cars, movies or the food products which everybody knows and likes. And this country has selected Campbell's Tomato Soup as its greatest favorite, its most frequent choice, its most popular soup. Eloquent distinction! 12 cents a can.

LADY CAN DO

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

A Croaking Voice Sounded. Elsie Started. Up to Now Not a Word Had Come From the Reporters

XIV

BEFORE Chief Urquhart could sputter out a reply to Elsie's inspired thrust, Mr. Carlock took quick command. Indeed, for the first time all day he showed a very little of what he might be when he chose.

"Miss Penn," he said briskly, "just what was that one further remark of John Dane's?"

"It was after he warned me that I wasn't safe with him. The rest of it was: 'If I weren't in such a ticklish situation here —— The damnedest mess, just tonight.' . . . That was all. There was just a foolish word or two. Really nothing. Then he kissed me. I heard somebody and made him stop. It was Mrs. Cuppy. You've had the rest."

Her heart had known vaguely that this admission must damage John Dane in the eyes of these heavy-handed officials. But she hadn't thought it so important as it now seemed. The effect of the quietly uttered words was electrical. Even Chief Urquhart, who was still apoplectically purple about the neck, sat up with a jerk. Mr. Atkinson, convinced at last, stared. The coroner dropped his cigar and had to pursue it, puffing hoarsely, about the rug.

"You're very sure that that was all, Miss Penn?" This from Mr. Atkinson, hot on the scent.

"Perfectly sure."

"He gave you no inkling as to what lay back of the remark?"

"No."

"You had then no notion as to what he meant?"

"No. Not then."

"Later?"

"Yes. I know now."

"Oh? You know now what he meant?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Cuppy was after him like a crazy woman. He was in a very embarrassing position. He couldn't quite slap her face. Just as he can't try to save himself now by attacking her character. A situation like that must be extremely difficult to a man who happens to be a gentleman. Mr. Stromberg, I presume, was an earlier lover of Mrs. Cuppy's, and that would be a complicating ——"

"And just why do you presume that?" snarled the chief.

"Because she prefers to keep him in Tibet." At this point she met Carlock's eyes full. There was understanding in those keen eyes, but also a hard aloofness. Even he wasn't a man to confide in.

The chief banged the table

"This is enough!" he bellowed. "Young lady, we won't trouble you for any more of your opinions. We're here to deal with facts."

Elsie promptly got up and went over to look at the marvelous carved jades in a wall cabinet.

"Better bring Dane right in here," whispered the coroner. "Put him through the hoops. Sweat it out of him."

"Not here," said the chief, more complacently.

"Why not?"

"Because the sergeant took him over, half an hour back, and put him right where he belongs."

"Locked him up?"

"Sure. I've got him this time, and got him good."

Elsie's eyes widened, but she didn't look around.

"What's more"—still the chief—"I'm going down there right now and give him the worst riding he's ever even heard of. Yes, sir! When I get through with that bird high hats'll be worth about two for a nickel."

Elsie stood rigid, but didn't turn.

"We'll all go," said Carlock in his brisker voice. Promptly then, full of it, they all gathered up hats and coats, stuffed their various collections of notes into their pockets and left. A moment later she heard two cars drive off

She walked quietly over and sank down into her chair, thinking in swift blinding flashes. That man Sin kept popping into her mind. He knew something, if he was alive. Mr. Wong would help. He'd be back in his New York home soon now. And there was the one they called Ting Pao. The pearl cap belonged to him.

The policeman called Mike was edging over toward her. She didn't look up. If something could be done something quick, sharp, decisive. She glanced at her watch; not yet 7:30. Amazing! There were still, surely, at least four hours in which to forestall that terrible blow in the morrow's papers. Down in the town police station Chief Urquhart would soon, any moment now, be hammering at John Dane, breaking him down, breaking him down. Oh, didn't she know! Her right hand felt gropingly for that boyishly outspoken letter of his, deep in her coat pocket. Her left, as if to distract attention from its fellow, played among those pencils.

"You mustn't take it too hard, miss." Mike, who had now you came to think of it—been bursting with speech, was breaking out at last. "He's rough, he's hard as nails, Jim Urquhart is, but believe me, miss, he's got the heart of a child beating in his breast. The heart of a child . . . Couldn't I point up them pencils for you, miss? I see a sharpener in the next room."

"Why, thank you, Mike. It might help."

He gathered them up, moved toward the door, paused Struggled for a moment with a choking, nearly silent laugh. "I was just thinking, miss. You sure did toss him a couple

Continued on Page 42

Western View Farm, at New Milford, in the Litchfield Hills of Connecticut Only two and a half hours from New York.

From all over the world comes this Farm's clientèle

A LITTLE FRENCH DANCER . . . a famous Japanese poet . . . a banker and his family from Havana. Always there's an interesting, cosmopolitan gathering at Western View Farm.

Sixty acres near Great Bear Mountain's top—and from every acre a magnificent view of the West Berkshire foot hills. A hundred year old Connecticut farm house with wide fireplaces, yet modern in comfort and surprisingly commodious.

Only the flutter of a mulberry curtain at the window of the Silo or the Corncrib may betray the fact that a famous Broadway star is domiciled there for a week end; only the glimpse of a Rolls wheel may hint that the Turkey Pen has turned garage.

For the frankly lazy, steamer chairs dot the lawns. Swimming in a forest stream, hikes over the winding hills, or horseback rides up mountain trails tempt the more ambitious.

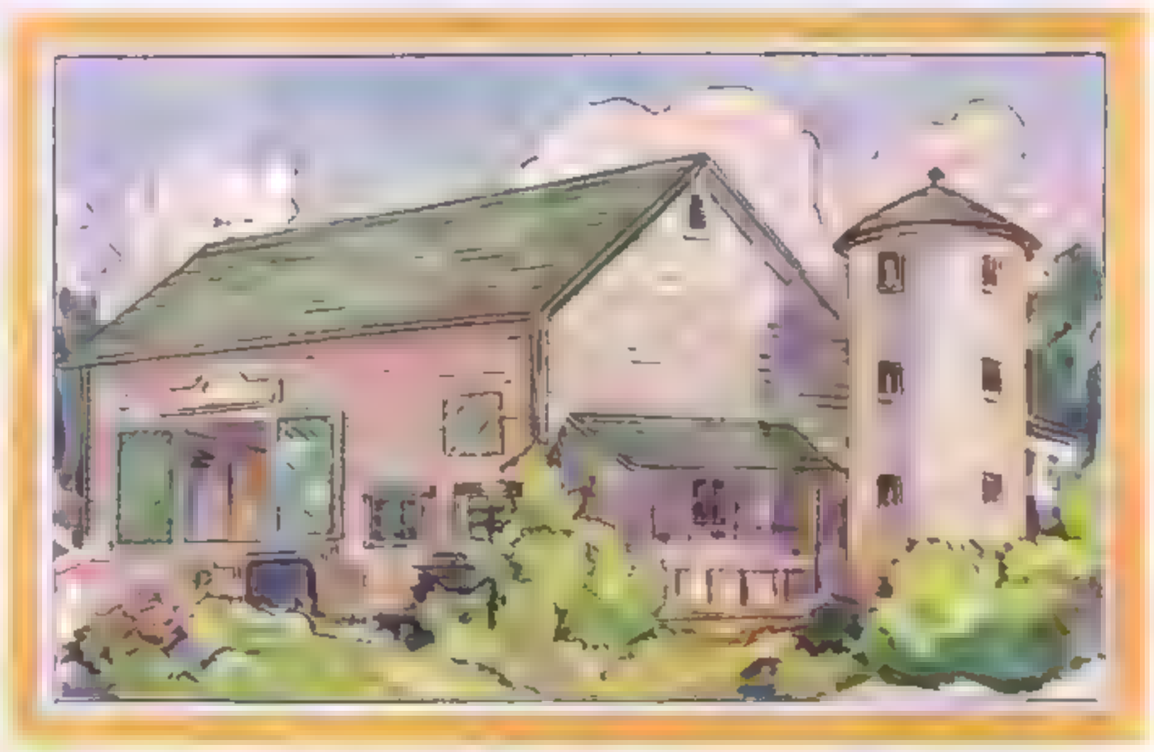
But all the guests—indolent or hardy—show a singular aptness for turning up promptly at meal time. Vegetables that have popped right out of the Farm's garden . . . berries glistening with what even the city bred recognize as dew . . . rich country cream from neighboring cows. And there are no mere nibblers, in this invigorating mountain air!

A custom of the place is nocturnal raids upon the ice box. Not likely to endear itself to the usual cook, this habit! But Anna Carlson is not the usual cook in any sense. And she is philosophical.

She's learned that there's one thing she need never count on seeing again—the little individual Lemon Pies for which Western View is famous.

People who "don't care for pastry" and usually leave the undercrust are the very ones who eye their second while devouring their first—with these pies.

Anna knows that not all the deft handling in the world can make up for lack of care in the choice of shortening. So she's always particular about getting Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. She uses it for all her pastry and all her deep fat frying.



The Hayburn looks as if a herd of Jerseys file drowsily in at dusk. But it's a theatre. Here many a financier and society matron, in holiday mood, discover the urge to act

Women who use "Silverleaf" at home understand how she feels. Rendered from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" is exceptionally sweet and pure—an ideal shortening for new foods and for the good old favorites. In the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

The Lemon Pies of WESTERN VIEW FARM

¾ cup "Silverleaf" — 2 cups flour
1 tsp. salt — Ice water

Cut "Silverleaf" into flour and salt. When crumbly add water. Roll to ⅛ inch thickness. Fit on muffin tins, prick, and bake until brown. Fill with following mixture: Mix juice of 2 lemons and grated rind of one with 1 cup sugar and 2 egg yolks. Add to 1 pint boiling water. Stir till thick. Add 2 tbsps. butter Cool and pour into pastry shells. Cover with meringue

"Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 40)

of hot ones." After which brief tribute he went into the den and the door swung to after him

Up to that moment Elsie, though she knew that she was going to do something, and do it with all her feverish might, had seen no clear way. But now her quick eyes rested on the paper parcel in the corner. The pearl cap Mr. Wong—Ting Pao—Sin! A queer, confused train of thought. She got up; stepped lightly out into the hall. The living room was empty. Of course! They'd be eating She went around to the porte-cochère—walked right out. She wouldn't sneak. They could stop her if they wanted to. She crossed the road and picked her way through the dark garden to the end of the path.

Spoke guardedly: "Mr. Andrews."

He was there, waiting

"I want you to take me to New York," she said. "Don't worry about your story. Before the evening's over I think you'll have all you can handle." A nervous, soft laugh came. "In fact, you're in it."

XV

"WHERE is it you wish to be taken?"

Elsie jumped. Mr. Ben Andrews had thrown an arm over the back of the front seat and was looking around. He spoke respectfully. Rather good-looking, he was, with an air of being a bit of a personage in his own circle. A big, youngish man, with quite a lot of black hair bulging out beneath the brim of his hat. The other—a wizened little person, rather older, with a face like one of those queer caricatury fish in the Aquarium—drove the car. Dimly, casually, she seemed to know that the fish was named Phil Funny! Yes, the pair of them had talked together a little in the front seat. But they hadn't disturbed her. She was curled up alone in the rear, sitting on her foot; and the foot was asleep. Funny, that fish person. He was silent now, but she recalled a husky, croaky voice that went perfectly with the face. Her right hand kept pressing deeper and deeper into her coat pocket, down against John Dane's letter.

"Why? We're not in already? My word, it's the Queensborough Bridge!" Her voice sounded natural enough. Fortunate, that, for her brain was a crazy tangle of racing wild thoughts—the obscene picture of that murdered man on the floor of the den: Mrs. Cuppy sobbing and pounding her pillow; the pitiless energy of Chief Urquhart; the tortured look in John Dane's eyes and the sting of his kisses on her lips; the crushing threat of the morning papers, only a few quick hours away, testy, bored people playing bridge; the throbbing gloom of the gargoyle's violin; goldfish in a shadowy, dimpling stream Exaltation was hers, and terror, and a confused dread, and an unreasoning, fighting instinct to carry on. Time enough to slump when the job was done.

The car sped down through the plaza at the New York end of the bridge, crossed the Avenue, and stopped at the curb in Sixty-first Street.

"Well," asked Ben Andrews, "how about it? What now?"

"I've got to find Mr. Wong at once," said Elsie. Funny, she couldn't conceivably have explained herself, yet there was something in the back of her head, something firm and strong—almost like another personality that she didn't know very well—that appeared to understand precisely what it purposed doing.

"But he's back there at the Cuppy house."

"No. They let him go. A policeman drove him. He must be home by now. Better stop some place and telephone his house. He'll surely be in the book. Tell him Miss Penn must see him at once—must."

She saw the two of them exchange a quick glance when she gave her name. Of course, they'd all figured in the afternoon papers. But it didn't matter.

It was Ben Andrews who went into the glaring white drug store on a corner. She watched him elbowing his way through the crowd at the long soda fountain and entering a mahogany booth. She held her wrist watch around to the light. A minute, two, three, five. Why didn't he hurry? . . . Out he came. If he knew what she was living through he'd run. She felt irritated. That was silly, of course. There was no time for personal emotions. As there was confusing, this no time for anything else Here he was! He stepped into the car, slammed the door and mopped a wide and rather pleasant forehead

"Well," said he, as if thinking aloud, "what do you know about that?"

"About what!" cried Elsie, tapping an impatient foot.

"It wasn't easy to talk with that Chinese servant. But I made out that Wong had telephoned he'd be home almost an hour back. Hadn't appeared. They were worried. I had me a hunch then, called the paper and got the story Our man at police headquarters phoned it in. Some men in another car attacked Wong out near Woodside. Crowded his car off the road and shot it up. As a result, Wong is on the danger list at the Long Island City Hospital. The cop who was driving him was shot through the left wrist. He got his gun out and put up a fight. Drove 'em off. They probably mistook him for a chauffeur They got clean away, of course. And that, Miss Penn, appears to be that."

It was a blow. Elsie sat motionless. Nice little Mr. Wong! But that other personality was stirring restlessly in the back of her head. "Tell me," she broke out, "have you ever heard of a man called Ting Pao?"

"Ting Pao? Sure! He has a curio store on Mott Street, with a big restaurant upstairs. The boys from the paper eat there quite a lot."

"Would he be there now?"

"Almost certain to. These big Chinese fellows never stop working, you know."

"Chairman of the New York committee of the Chinese Nationalist Party," croaked Phil. "His name's been up in this case. The police questioned him this noon, but didn't hold him. He couldn't or wouldn't tell anything. Quite a responsible man, you know."

"Please go there!" said Elsie

A wide, bright stairway. An enormous room, lighted in red and yellow and blue. Chinese chairs and tables in exotic filigree work, inlaid with glistening nacre. A cashier's

Continued on Page 184

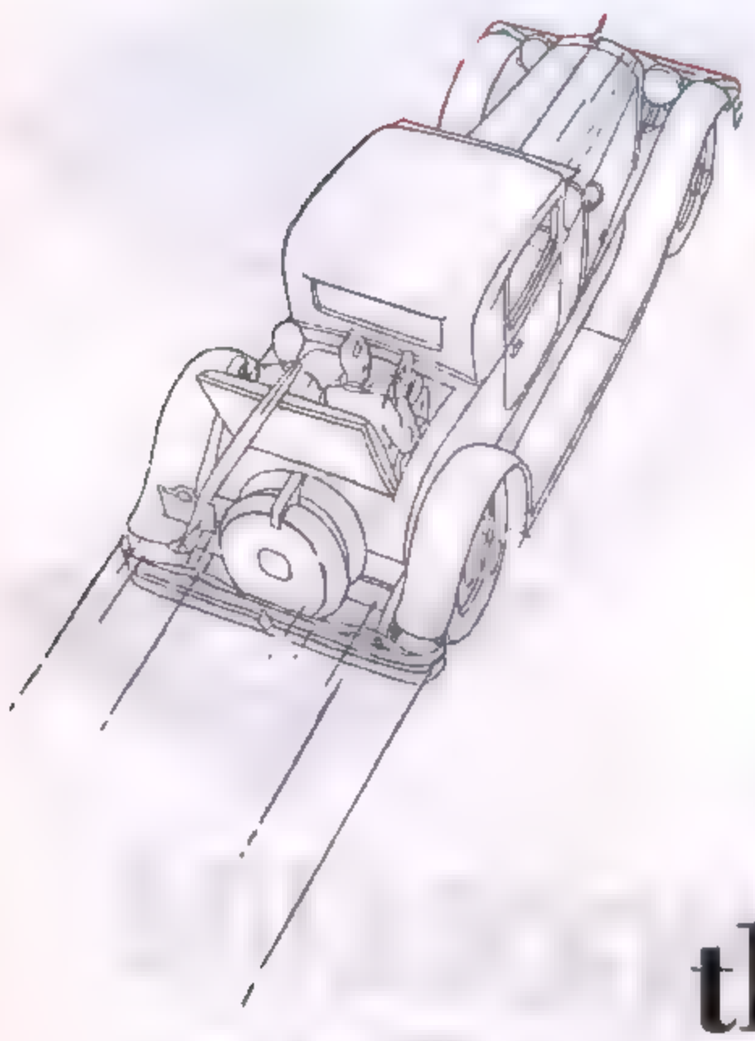
Down in the Town Police Station Chief Urquhart Would Soon, Any Moment Now, be Hammering at John Dane, Breaking Him Down, Breaking Him Down

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
Auburn, 6-60	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" 8-cy	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	A	A	A		
" other mode	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	B	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A		A		A			
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	A				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mode			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	A	A	A
" other mode	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Peerless 72 90 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other mode	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
White	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4-cyl							B	Arc
" 6-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

One minute per year spent on this chart . . . will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles



It will take not more than 30 seconds of your time, twice a year, to check your car on the Mobiloil Chart. By lubricating your engine with the New Mobiloil according to the Chart specifications herewith, you can keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

This is a conservative figure based on results obtained in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway and on dirt roads and paved highways. We say "conservative" because actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

Oil is the most important item in car upkeep. And one oil—the New Mobiloil—has proved by actual test that it can keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. Begin using the New Mobiloil today according to the Chart published at the left of this message.

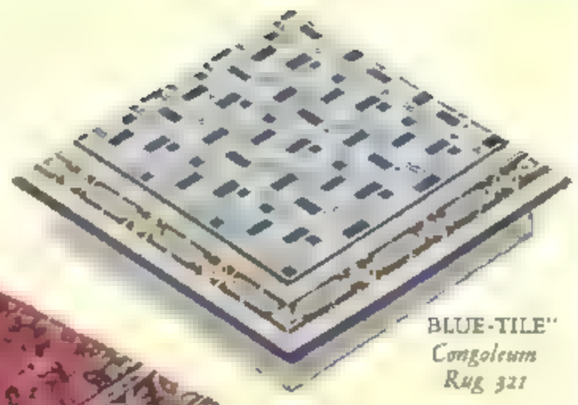
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

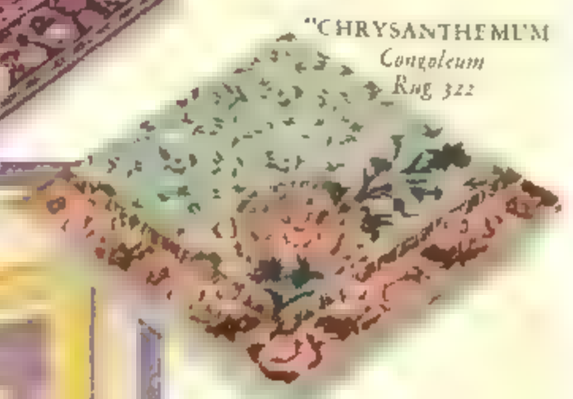
AN EXPERT *on* KITCHEN PLANNING designed this room

The beautiful designs shown on this page are made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. Ask for them by name!

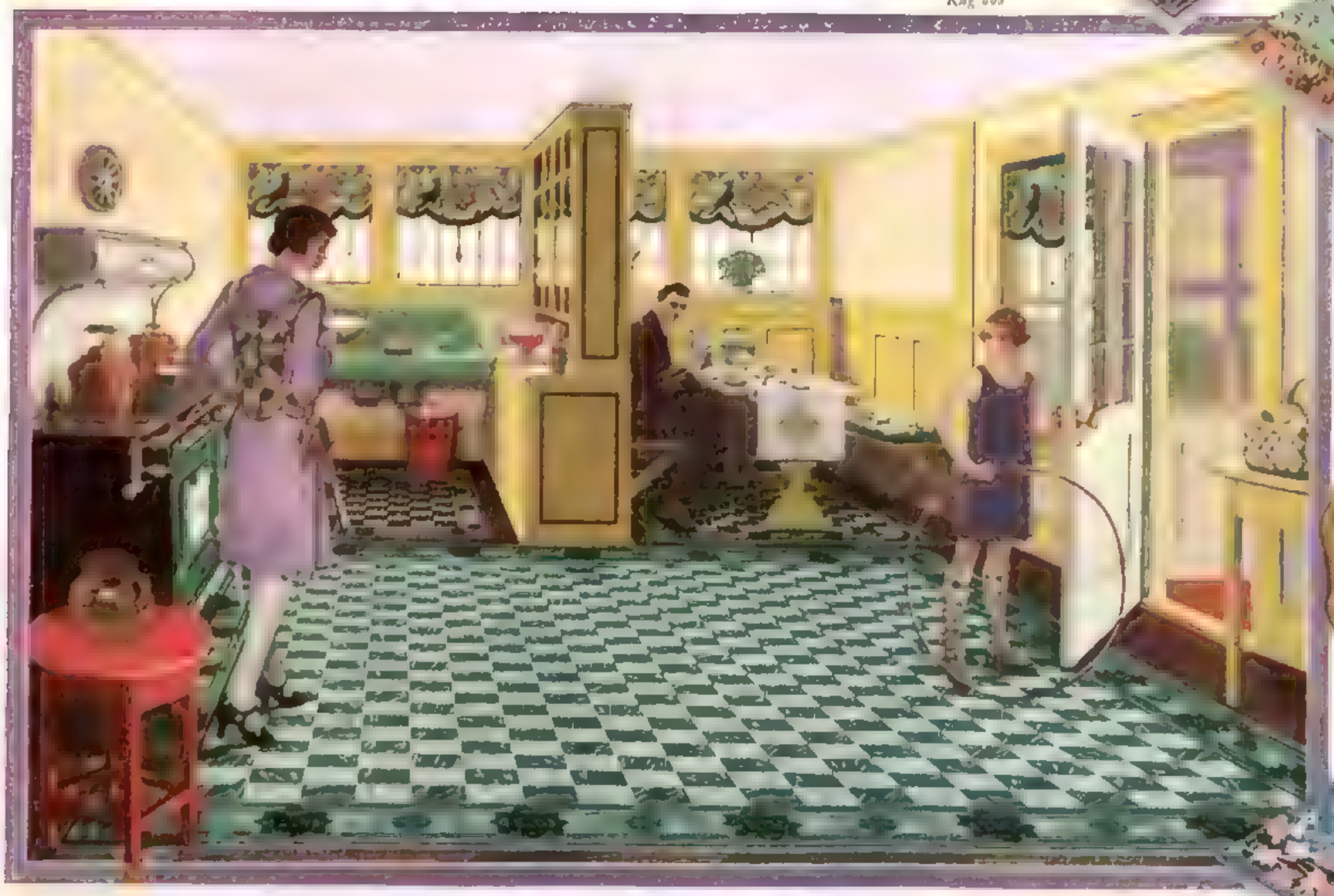


"BLUE-TILE" *Congoleum Rug 321*

"ORIENTALE *Congoleum Rug 603*



"CHRYSANTHEMUM *Congoleum Rug 322*



More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than all similar brands combined!

Above—the large rug is "PALMETTO"—*No. 604 The small rugs are* "SEVILLA"—*No. 600*

'DU BARRY *Congoleum Rug 320*

"ASBURY *Congoleum Rug 603*

'POPPY *Congoleum Rug 60*

ISN'T this a delightfully planned kitchen? With its cozy breakfast nook—its air of bright cheerfulness—its convenient, novel layout and modern equipment.

And notice that the expert who designed this model kitchen has put Congoleum Rugs on the floor. *Why?*

. . . *because* nothing in the wide world is easier to clean than a Congoleum Rug. A few swishes with a damp mop—and it's spotless. The surface is waterproof, sanitary and "spill-proof." These rugs hug the floor without fastening—dirt cannot get under the edges. The few dollars you spend for a Congoleum Rug buys you many, many extra hours of leisure time.

. . . *because* no other low-priced floor-covering offers such up-to-the-minute patterns—colorful designs for every room. For this reason it is wise not to buy a smooth-surfaced rug until you have seen the lovely designs in *genuine* Congoleum.

Look for the big Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the rug! It means that you are getting the most beautiful patterns—in rugs made extra long-wearing by the exclusive *Multicote Process.* The Gold Seal is a sure guide to the biggest value in floor-covering history.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Dallas Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

CONGOLEUM RUGS

none genuine *without the* GOLD SEAL

SCENIC RESERVES

By Horace M. Albright
In Collaboration With Frank J. Taylor

A CALIFORNIAN was enjoying that favorite diversion in the Golden State, showing the sights to Eastern visitors. They were motoring down the Skyline, south of San Francisco, when the camera fan of the party yelled:

"Stop! I want to take a picture!"

When the car came to a halt the party was opposite a small green highway marker, on which were the words, Scenic Reserve.

"That's a new one," exclaimed one of the Easterners. "What's a scenic reserve?"

"It's a place where nobody can put up a signboard or a hot-dog stand and spoil the scenery," explained the Californian. "We're going to have them all over the state."

"Do you mean that no signs can be put up on the private property along the highway?"

"That's what I mean, if it's a scenic reserve."

A Vista in the Hills

"Well, it's about time somebody invented something like that," declared one of the visitors. "I wonder if that wouldn't work in New York State."

"Sure it would," replied the Californian. "It works in all the Pacific States."

The idea of setting aside reserves of scenery has been a long time incubating in this country, though Americans have chanted, even in their national anthem, for more than a century of their love of rocks and rills and woods and templed hills. Everyone felt, no doubt, that since bountiful Nature lavished scenery upon this land, there would be scenery in plenty for all forever. People felt that way about the forests until they began to see the end of them. Then, at length, forest reserves were set aside for the future. We were extravagant with mineral and water resources, until an awakening came, resulting in extensive coal and oil and water-power reserves. Once wild life roamed the plains and forests, but it was only when thundering herds of buffalo had been practically exterminated that wild-game reserves came into being.

Now, at last, we come to the point of setting aside reserves merely for the purpose of keeping the earth good to look upon. Scenic reserves may appear as undue public extravagance to some, but in at least one state they are accepted as a good business proposition. That is California, where a comprehensive program is under way to save as much of the state's scenery as possible from despoliation by selfish private interests.

When the Old-Timers Saw Red

CURIOUSLY enough, it is a group of these so-called stone-hearted capitalists who are the prime movers for the saving and restoring of the scenery of California, and their actions, though no doubt partially prompted by æsthetic motives, are justified by purely business considerations.

"Travel to California is worth $250,000,000 a year to us," explained one of them. "Taking care of travelers is our second greatest industry. If we spoil our scenery, we are going to ruin one of our best industries."

Anyone who has made an airplane trip from one end of California to the other is impressed with the fact that about three-quarters of the state is composed of landscapes or waterscapes or some other variety of pure, unadulterated scenery. Until quite recently, residents clung to the idea that there was so much natural beauty in the Golden State that the private exploiters could never interfere with an appreciable part of it.

This same complacency has marked public opinion generally—until something happened to arouse dormant public opinion. That recalls the storm which broke in little old Jackson Hole, Wyoming, last summer. Jackson Hole is a frontier settlement, just south of the Yellowstone, surrounded by ranges of the Rockies, and almost inaccessible except during the summer. The Grand Tetons tower protectingly above Jackson Hole, and at their base nestle half a dozen crystal-clear lakes.

The old-timers who live in this scenic gem are proud of their isolation. They have resisted all inroads of civilization, and the unspoiled natural beauty of Jackson Hole has made it a favorite haunt of the dude wrangler.

A year or so ago a real-estate man from Southern California visited Jackson Hole and was so impressed with the place that he bought a ranch there and erected an elaborate signboard announcing a rodeo. This big billboard certainly made the old-timers of Jackson Hole see red. The community seethed with anger. Even the visiting dudes were filled with ire, and they even tell of one dude wrangler who declared vehemently:

"For two bits I'd go and burn that sign myself."

Whereupon an old-timer reached into his pocket, fished out a twenty-five-cent piece and passed it to the dude without a comment.

Nothing happened to the billboard, however, and eventually a committee was appointed to come over to Yellowstone and find out how we kept the signboards out of the park.

"They ain't any law in Jackson Hole to keep a man from building a sign on his own property," said the spokesman for the delegation, "but I reckon we could make it pretty hot for him if he keeps on puttin' up billboards."

I offered to write to the real-estate man, if they would hold off on direct action for a time, to see what I could do. They agreed, and after their feelings were explained to the Southern Californian, he had the big billboard torn down.

The national-park areas, of course, have served as scenic reserves since their creation. There are strict regulations against despoliation of the scenery, and on occasion the rangers follow an over-ambitious sign painter to his home and bring him back a few hundred or a few thousand miles to scrub his paint off the rocks.

Within the parks, the scenery painters indulge as a rule in personal advertising. One time one of them painted his name and address on rocks all the way across Tioga Pass in Yosemite National Park. The rangers traced him to Los Angeles, then Oakland, thence to Salt Lake City, and finally caught up with him in Denver, from which city he returned to scrub off his ads with soap and water. Removing paint from rock with soap and water is a tough job. If anyone doubts this, I can refer him to a certain prominent citizen of a Middle Western town who painted his name on the cone of a geyser in Yellowstone. He was caught before he left the park. We gave him the choice of going before the judge, with all the attendant publicity, or of turning scrubwoman for a day or two, until all the paint was removed. He sputtered and protested the indignity, but finally scrubbed the geyser like Judy O'Grady herself.

It is hard to understand why anyone would want to despoil scenery to satisfy his personal vanity. The commercial advertiser, of course, hopes to profit by placing his notice in a beauty spot which people are sure to see. He may justify his actions to himself by business considerations. Nevertheless, from the public viewpoint, the commercial sign is as great a nuisance as the personal notice painted on the rocks. It destroys the scenery, which is public property, everybody's to enjoy, and it must therefore be dealt with accordingly on public domain.

Eradicating signs from the national parks and forests is complicated by the presence within these areas of private holdings secured by the owners before the parks were created. Public officials are frequently criticized for signs on private lands over which the National Park Service or National Forest Service may have no jurisdiction. These private holdings, I might add, are gradually being acquired by the Government through gift or purchase.

When the Yosemite area was made into a public park years ago, one of the conspicuous sights of the Big Oak Flat Road, a main artery to Yosemite Valley, was a huge sign advertising a laundry, painted on a conspicuous rock wall which no one could avoid seeing. That sign invariably stirred the ire of travelers against that particular laundryman. I believe that is the reaction of many people to ill-advised road signs. If the roadside advertiser would analyze the effect of his sign when it obstructs scenery, I believe a great many highway nuisances would be taken down voluntarily.

In Signboard Heaven

FACED by this consideration, the Standard Oil Company of California voluntarily destroyed more than $100,000 worth of its signboards along the highways of the Pacific Coast. The public reaction was so favorable that officials of the company consider the loss of these signs one of the best business moves they have made.

Not all advertisers will face the issue voluntarily, and so it is necessary to face it for them. As a rule, any advertiser is willing to coöperate for the removal of billboards, provided his competitor does the same, but few of them want to make the first move. The scenic-reserve plan enables them to act without fear that a competitor will step in and build a sign where one has just been torn down.

The Cody Road to Yellowstone is an interesting example of this. This scenic route extends sixty miles from Cody, Wyoming, to the Yellowstone boundary, and all but a quarter of a mile of it is entirely free from roadside signs.

Citizens of Cody signed up agreements controlling all the property along the Cody Road when it was being constructed. Then, to be fair to the signboard interests, they set aside a hill, just outside the town of Cody, for advertisers. Fifty or more billboards are crowded on this hill, which is known as Signboard Heaven.

A similar plan is in operation for the Gallatin Gateway—seventy-five miles of scenic highway. In this instance the commissioners of Gallatin County called on the farmers and other landowners to sign them up in agreements not to permit roadside nuisances along the route. Park County, the northern approach to the Yellowstone, is likewise clearing its highways of signs.

Signboards are not the only nuisances which may destroy the beauty of a scenic route. In the Western States, where distances are great between towns, it is almost necessary that there be wayside stands where motorists may purchase supplies en route. Many of these stands are ugly shacks, hastily thrown together for summer use only.

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Performance

The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

A combination of Big Car Features unmatched for less than $1000

1 A 200-cubic-inch L-head engine.
2 The Harmonic Balancer.
3 The G-M-R cylinder head.
4 The cross-flow radiator.
5 Automatic temperature control.
6 Fully counter-weighted crankshaft.
7 Airplane type interchangeable bronze-backed main bearings.
8 A 1¼-inch carburetor including an internal economizer and an accelerating pump.
9 A gasoline pump, first introduced by Oakland.
10 Special patented expansion-type piston pins.
11 Full-pressure lubrication.
12 Crankcase ventilating system.
13 Two completely independent braking systems.
14 Internal-expanding four-wheel service brakes of the most efficient type.
15 Emergency brake acting on the transmission.
16 Special moulded, non-squeak brake bands. Positively no squeaking when stopping.
17 Specially designed bodies by Fisher.
18 Flaring fenders—70 inches between outer edges.
19 Unusually high radiator of distinctive design.
20 A variety of colors in the year's most popular shades.
21 Ternstedt interior fittings.
22 Fisher VV windshield.
23 Driver's seat adjustable while you drive.
24 Coincidental ignition and transmission lock.
25 Individually mounted instruments, including gasoline gauge.
26 Foot-controlled headlights.
27 Small wheels with ten massive spokes.

PONTIAC

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

unmatched *at the price*

AT PONTIAC'S spectacularly low prices, there is no car anywhere which offers such masterly performance as the Pontiac Big Six affords. Today's Pontiac represents an unparalleled achievement in automobile manufacture. For because of the economies effected through great volume production—because of the purchasing advantages provided by General Motors' buying power—because of the savings made by manufacturing in the world's most modern automobile plant . . . the Pontiac Big Six offers a combination of big car features which has never been duplicated at its price. And the greater share of these big car features which are embodied in the Pontiac Big Six contribute to superlative performance—performance unmatched in any equally low-priced six.

Unmatched Economy—Proved by the records of a large public utilities corporation, which operated 996 automobiles of 33 different makes during 1928, with Pontiac Six costing one cent less per mile to operate than any other low-priced six.

Unmatched Speed—The highest top speed and the fastest acceleration to be found in any low-priced six. Proved by the "fifth wheel"—the most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers.

Unmatched Power—60 horsepower at 3,000 r.p.m. Greater horsepower developed with the moderate engine speed so vital to motor car stamina and long life.

Unmatched Safety—Two completely independent braking systems. Noiseless, dirt-and-weather-proof, internal, four-wheel service brakes. Separate emergency brakes mounted in rear of transmission. Sturdy hardwood and steel body construction. Full tread axles, front and rear.

Unmatched Long Life—Assured by such features as moderate engine speed—the Harmonic Balancer which eliminates crankshaft vibration—crankcase ventilation which maintains the quality of engine oil—and dozens more.

Unmatched Resale Value—Check the used car offerings in your daily newspapers. You will find used Pontiac Sixes commanding prices far greater than other cars of comparable first cost.

See your Oakland-Pontiac dealer and learn how easily you can own a Pontiac Big Six. You will find him liberal in his appraisal of your present car. His allowance will probably cover the down payment on the new Pontiac. Only a few dollars to pay each month. And in the meantime, all the advantages of Pontiac ownership will be yours!

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lovejoy shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for handling and for financing when the G.M.A.C. Time Payment Plan is used.

BIG SIX at $745

2-DOOR SEDAN, F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICH.

G.T.M. SPECIFIED GOODYEAR TRANSMISSION BELT

FOR JAW CRUSHER DRIVE IN QUARRY OF THE
H. E. FLETCHER CO. WEST CHELMSFORD, MASS.
59' 1⅜" LONG 18" WIDE 6-PLY
125 H.P. 3140 F.P.M.
THOR CONSTRUCTION

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped jaw-crusher drive at quarry of H. E. Fletcher Company, West Chelmsford, Mass., with inset photograph of drive and belt.

"Chelmsford gray", a jaw-crusher—and the G.T.M.

Down-east in Massachusetts, are five Chelmsfords, East, West, North, South, and Chelmsford Center. At West Chelmsford is the H. E. Fletcher Company, quarriers of granite. From a tradition as hard and as exacting as the rock it cuts, this New England quarry has supplied fine "Chelmsford gray" for half a century to structures of national eminence. Granite for the Holland Tunnel, the Philadelphia-Camden Bridge, and the State Capitols of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, was taken from the Chelmsford hills.

Time-limit contracts are necessary instruments of such great quarrying operations. Builders must have their stone on definitely ordered schedules. And the Fletcher Company, because it had to make certain that there would be no delay in any phase of its operation, 4 years ago consulted the G.T.M. —Goodyear Technical Man—on belting and hose.

A drive belt was needed which would stay on a 36" x 42" jaw-crusher, employed in producing profitable ballast rock from quarry scrap. The crusher bites on five-ton mouthfuls of hardest granite; 125 H. P. compress the jaws; while the belt takes most of the shock from the recurring and mammoth gluts. At the G.T.M.'s first visit no belt had lasted the gruelling job more than a year. They tore out at the fasteners, they stretched and split, and went to the refuse heap.

The first belt specified by the G.T.M. stayed on the drive two years. He had made a careful study, and performance proved his accuracy. Only by an accident was that first Goodyear Endless Thor Belt taken from the work! Now, another Thor has replaced it—59' long, 18" wide, 6-ply, and made endless at the factory. Its tight-woven, indefatigable duck structure, impregnated with rubber and rubber skim-coated between plies, stretchlessly takes all shocks from the crusher and rigorously turns out the scheduled work.

"Savings due to lack of shut-down," says Mr. David Billson, General Superintendent, "have been many times the cost of these belts. We've got to get our stone out, and your G.T.M. service has been of greatest help to us. Your Style M Air Hose on our finishing tools has cut our hose bill in half. All our hose and belting are now G.T.M.-specified."

The G.T.M. is a rubber expert. He knows belting and hose and how to apply his knowledge to your special needs. If you are up against time-limit contracts or interested in reducing costs and increasing production by positive methods, you will find the G.T.M.'s proposition decidedly attractive. To get in touch with him, just write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name In Rubber

BELTS • MOLDED GOODS • HOSE • PACKING

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1929 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

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An overworked scheme for securing sites for signs and hot-dog stands in the Western States, where public domain is plentiful, is the device of filing a mining claim with the Federal Government. Perfunctory work enabled the holders to use surface rights for roadside stands or signs.

Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur has put a stop to this illegal use of the mining-claims provisions. Claims in scenic areas are being investigated, and wherever they have been filed for surface uses in those areas they are being canceled. It is probable that legislation will prohibit the use of the surface of mining claims for any other purpose than that specified in the permit for development of minerals.

In 1926, during a visit to the national parks, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was impressed with the need of beautifying American roadsides, especially those leading to the national parks. Accordingly she organized a contest, with an annual prize of generous proportions, for the most attractive wayside stand. She also established a plan board of architects, which will furnish plans and designs for wayside stands without cost. This is an entirely new approach to the problem; one which appears to be effective in several areas. I note from reports of state highway commissions of several Eastern States that they believe the tendency is in the direction of more attractive and well-kept wayside stands.

One of the finest scenic reserves in the West today is that along the Columbia River Highway. This marvel of engineering, stretching along the cliffs overlooking the Columbia, from Portland to The Dalles, cost the taxpayers of Oregon a handsome sum of money. They did not propose to have its scenic value destroyed to make profits for a few signboard owners. A group of Portlanders took it upon themselves to visit all the landowners along the proposed highway, before it was constructed, and prevail upon them to sign agreements that they would never permit signboards or roadside shacks along the new highway.

Obviously, the ideal time to create a scenic reserve is when plans are being laid for a new highway. Landowners generally are willing to sign away billboard rights for nothing or for the increased value which the new highway will add to their property. This plan worked so successfully along the Columbia River that it has been applied more recently to various new routes in the Pacific Northwest, in both Oregon and Washington. It has likewise been used to preserve the scenery along certain new highways in California.

Saving virgin scenery along a proposed new highway may be accomplished fairly easily, if action is taken in time. Recovering the scenery along an old highway, already pocked with signs and shacks, is an entirely different matter. The California plan is momentous because it enables the public to create reserves on routes where the billboard artists have done their worst already.

Artists at Destroying Scenery

CALIFORNIA is afflicted with an epidemic of signboards, hot-dog stands and other roadside atrocities, the like of which probably has never been achieved elsewhere. This is probably due to the fact that Californians have more autos per capita than any other people, they have more scenery to go and see, and they spend more time on the highways. Also, California has been the battleground for gasoline wars, real-estate crusades and other highly competitive commercial struggles which invariably resulted in the splashing of oceans of paint over the countryside.

Now, the Californians are not a people who sit idly by and let the beauties of their state slip by them. For some time a great many of them have been grumbling that "there ought to be a law about it," but it was not until visitors began chiding them about the ruin of their scenery that public sentiment crystaled into action. Though some of the people clamored for legislative action, a good many citizens, remembering previous failures to cure public evils by laws, insisted that there were more direct and rapid ways of ridding the state of hideous roadside structures.

There is a strong sentiment among Californians for doing public things voluntarily. This harks back, no doubt, to the days of the vigilance committees, when law seemed too slow for the emergency. The Californians are great on getting everybody to sign up voluntarily to do things, whether it be the conservation of water, or the selling of prunes or oranges, or the advertising of the glories of the state. Because of their background of several decades of community thinking, they seem to be able to do much by this method.

The organization which seemed the logical one to take on the job of saving the scenery was the California Development Association, which is the state's super-community thinking and acting body, so to speak. It is a central civic organization, supported voluntarily by all the chambers of commerce jointly, acting to develop the state as a whole.

The men who direct the California Development Association are strong for facts. Although a good many citizens were impatient of the delay, it was deemed advisable to make a survey of the billboard situation both in and out of California, to find out what kind of medicine would work and how much was needed.

A survey of the major highways of the state, aggregating 2582 miles, revealed more than 46,000 signs, large and small, irrespective of those within the corporate limits of cities along these routes. Within the cities, the signboards were much more plentifully planted. Scarcely a highway was free from signs, though some were far more heavily signed than others.

Forty-six thousand is an appalling number of signs to have cluttering the rural landscape of one state, even a long one, and it must be remembered that there are more than 60,000 other miles of roads in California not included in the major-highway survey. Also, the number of signs was augmented by thousands of unsightly hot-dog counters, soft-drink shacks, oil stations, and other temporary vending joints catering to the whims of the passing motorist.

Along the Redwood Highway, for example, between San Francisco and Eureka, 4070 signs were counted in a distance of but 307 miles. Here the signboard artists had remade the landscape of the main attractions of the state, the much-traveled empire of the Big Trees—which had been monarchs of the woodlands for several thousands of years preceding the invention of the billboard.

Along the Valley Boulevard, between Los Angeles and Riverside, in fifty miles of the Citrus Belt, there were 3050 signs. Along the Coast Highway, between Long Beach and San Diego, 108 miles of superbly beautiful roadway winding along the Pacific were cluttered with 1454 signboards. Other scenic routes were similarly signed. Few had escaped the epidemic.

Being a native son of the Golden State, born and reared halfway between the highest spot and the lowest depth in the United States, in Owen's Valley, a haven of rare natural beauty, I have watched with increasing alarm the signboard outbreak through my state. Our little mountain vale, once so charming in its natural beauty, is now a Mecca of the motorist, for every one of whom there seem to be a dozen road signs to catch his dollars.

I have watched with keen interest the efforts of my fellow Californians to find legal means of controlling signboard evils. The prospect has been anything but encouraging. Practically all the states now prohibit signboards on the highway right of ways, but admit their inability to control the direction of nuisance structures on private property adjacent, where all the damage to the scenery is done.

Massachusetts, the only state having an adequate law for the control of billboards, is hopelessly involved in legal controversy which probably will go to the Supreme Court of the United States before a belated final decision may be rendered. South Dakota has enacted a law against signs so conspicuous that they distract the attention of drivers from the roadway ahead. Idaho has been buying otherwise useless property merely for the opportunity of removing signboards from the wilderness. Florida, New Hampshire and Minnesota are combating the signboard nuisance by means of publicity.

Nevada received much publicity recently by tearing down a great many signs erected on the highway right of way. It is an interesting commentary on the changing times that there is on the statute books of Nevada an old law making it a misdemeanor for anyone to remove a sign containing directions or distances, no matter where the sign may be erected. Signs once meant life or death to the traveler in the deserts of the West. The device of painting mileages and directions on signs was used by a billboard erector of that state to save his sign from destruction.

A Mountain View

Sad But True

IT IS true that a considerable number of American cities had zoning laws, but these laws were based on economic or sanitary or public-safety considerations. Zoning for aesthetic motives is something else again. The American thinks more of his nose and his ears than he does of his eyes. If his neighbor creates an annoying din or an unpleasant stench, this may be stopped by law. But if a hideous structure offends the eye nothing can be done about it.

The English have recognized aesthetics as a basis for regulatory laws, and the Advertisements Regulation Act of the British Isles gives local officials authority to protect "the view of rural scenery from a highway or railway, or from any public place or water; the amenities of any historic or public building or monument or of any place frequented solely or chiefly on account of its beauty or historic interest."

However, American legal precedent seemed to be in the opposite direction and an opinion from the state attorney-general of California advised the California Development Association that the "right to exercise control or prevention of business or advertising upon private property bordering upon highways rests with the owner of such property, and the owner's dominion over his property in this regard generally is not controlled by governmental authority, except in such instances as public health, peace, safety or morals are involved."

Having gathered all the data available on the billboard situation generally, the Californians felt that they were ready at last to undertake the task of recovering some of their scenery and saving that not already despoiled. There being little precedent for effective and expeditious control of billboards by laws, they turned to other means than legislation.

At a recent session the state legislature authorized a joint committee of both houses to study the problem. The joint committee has two years to make the survey, and by that time the Californians expect to have a whole system of scenery reserves in effect.

The first step in the California Development Association campaign was to ask the state highway commissioner to divide the seventy-one major state highways into two

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TIDE FLATS

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

KREECH first looked out upon the world from an elevated platform of sticks placed in the triple forks of a lofty cottonwood. Or perhaps it would be more apt to state that he first looked forth upon the sea from that point of vantage, as from his aerie Kreech could see far more of the storm-tossed Pacific than he could of the land.

His body was covered with whitish down and his movements in the nest were awkward and ungainly. He gave no promise of his future estate as emperor of the air, fierce freebooter of the Pacific coastal waters, so proud and mighty a creature as to have become the aerial emblem of the world's greatest nation—an American eagle.

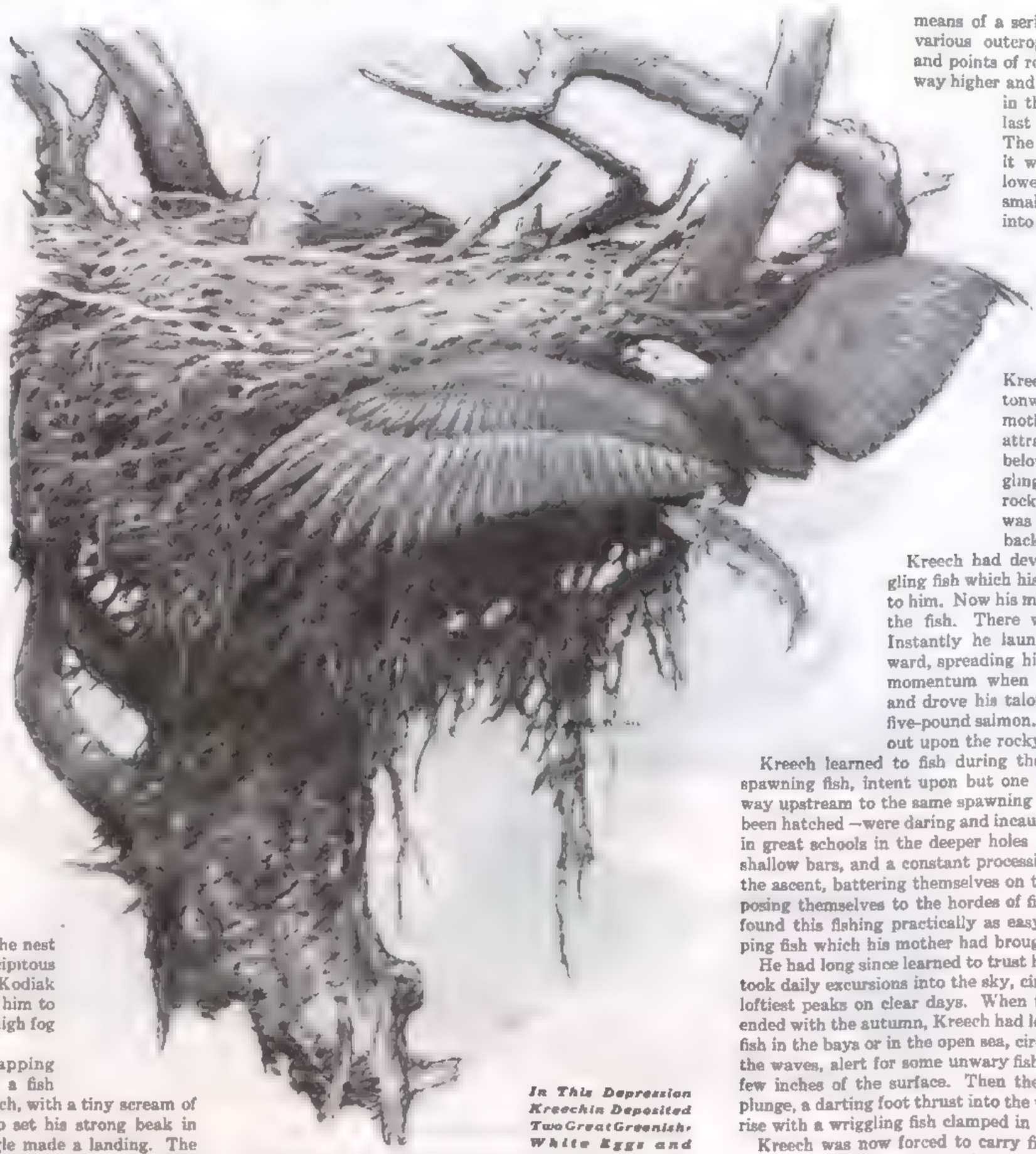
Kreech was an eaglet, hatched in this huge nest of sticks in a cottonwood tree that stood on the storm-bound shores of Kodiak Island. Even now his eyes were focused for long-range vision. From his perch he could peer across the turbulent Shelikof Strait to the giant snow-capped peaks of the Alaska Peninsula. When he turned his eyes toward the landward side of the nest he could peer up the precipitous slopes of the mountains of Kodiak that towered sharply above him to where they were lost in the high fog of the North Pacific.

His mother arrived, flapping above the great nest with a fish gripped in her talons. Kreech, with a tiny scream of eagerness, stretched aloft to set his strong beak in the fish even as the she eagle made a landing. The mother perched placidly on the edge of the nest while her two offspring, brother and sister, hungrily attacked the fish, tearing into it with beaks that already were hooked, sharp and powerful. And as Kreech feasted there was in his yellow eyes the wild fierce light that marks the mightiest of all birds of prey.

Gradually, feathers pushed through and turned to a darkish gray-and-brown mixture. When but a white, downy eaglet he had been more or less appealing, as are all young things. Now, in his half-feathered condition, he was an ungainly and unlovely object. This ungainliness disappeared when he became fully feathered. Still, as Kreech moved about the nest he was far from graceful. Destined to be master of the skies, he was never to attain any considerable degree of skill in footwork. His feet served best when he perched motionless upon some snag or lofty pinnacle of rocks.

He stretched his wings and flapped them, exercising his muscles. On occasion he moved out upon a single limb that was easily accessible from the nest and worked his way along it, gripping with his talons and balancing himself by the aid of wings and tail.

His mother sought to tempt him to flight when his wing feathers had matured. She hovered on flapping wings a few feet from the nest and invited him to join her in the air. Kreech stood upon the very edge of the stick platform and leaned toward her, stretching his wings, but retaining the grip of his talons upon the nest, lacking the confidence to trust himself in the void beyond it. She let him become hungry, declining to feed him longer; then hovered some ten feet from the nest with a fish gripped in her talons.



In This Depression Kreech in Deposited Two Great Greenish-White Eggs and Nestled Herself Upon Them. Kreech Brought Fish to Her When She Was Disinclined to Leave the Nest

Kreech lunged for it, but the mother banked away and the young tercelet found himself falling toward the ground so far below. Instinctively, he spread his wings to balance himself, flapped them wildly and found his downward momentum retarded, his forward progress somewhat accelerated, and made a landing on a narrow strip of gravel beach a hundred feet from the nest tree.

Turning, he proceeded back toward the tree on foot. The eagle has the forward-thrusting feet of all birds of prey, and Kreech's overland efforts consisted of a succession of awkward hops. He began to aid locomotion by vigorous flaps of his wings, and found himself lifted a few feet above the narrow beach, only to land again. Upon arriving abreast of the tree, it was to discover that the base of it stood upon the edge of the bluff fifty feet above him. He continued his progress along the beach for perhaps a hundred yards, then turned back again. In his haste to find his way back to the nest he brought his wings into play with greater vigor. The flapping strokes became more accurately timed and Kreech found himself flying some six feet above the gravel. He began to trust himself in the air, but at no considerable distance above the ground.

The old tercelet, aiding his mate in coaching their young, brought a herring and fed Kreech upon the rocky beach. Eventually, he worked his way to the top of the bluff by means of a series of flying leaps to various outcropping snags, bushes and points of rock; then worked his way higher and higher into the trees in the same fashion. At last he attained the nest. The next morning he left it without fear and followed his mother to a small stream that poured into the sea through a narrow bottom that broke the line of the cliffs.

The first run of spawning salmon was ascending that little stream. Kreech perched on a cottonwood limb near his mother. His eyes were attracted by a movement below. Salmon were struggling upstream across a rocky bar where the water was so shallow that their backs were exposed.

Kreech had devoured many a wriggling fish which his mother had brought to him. Now his mother brought him to the fish. There was little difference. Instantly he launched himself downward, spreading his wings to arrest his momentum when just above the bar, and drove his talons into the back of a five-pound salmon. He dragged his prey out upon the rocky shore and ate it.

Kreech learned to fish during the salmon runs. The spawning fish, intent upon but one thing—to fight their way upstream to the same spawning beds where they had been hatched—were daring and incautious. They crowded in great schools in the deeper holes below waterfalls and shallow bars, and a constant procession of fish attempted the ascent, battering themselves on the rock bars and exposing themselves to the hordes of fishing birds. Kreech found this fishing practically as easy as eating the flapping fish which his mother had brought him.

He had long since learned to trust himself aloft and now took daily excursions into the sky, circling high above the loftiest peaks on clear days. When the salmon runs had ended with the autumn, Kreech had learned to catch other fish in the bays or in the open sea, circling tirelessly above the waves, alert for some unwary fish that swam within a few inches of the surface. Then there was a downward plunge, a darting foot thrust into the water, and a flapping rise with a wriggling fish clamped in deadly talons.

Kreech was now forced to carry fish long distances at times to reach a spot where he could make a meal of his prey. If not gripped at just the right point a heavy fish sometimes struggled endlessly, sometimes was crosswise to the wind, offering resistance to it and retarding Kreech's flight. He soon learned to remedy these annoyances. No matter where a fish was pierced by his talons on the first strike, Kreech arranged it to his liking on the rise, gripping it slightly forward of the middle of the body. This brought the fish head-on to the line of flight, the body slanting slightly down and back from the point of grip. Held thus, the struggles of a fish were least troublesome and it rode with the least possible resistance to the wind.

The whole shore line of Kodiak Island and the length of every fish creek on it literally swarmed with eagles. It was no unusual sight to observe the sky dotted with fifty or more soaring figures. They were about evenly divided between eagles with white heads—which is the bald eagle of emblematic fame—and eagles with brown heads. Men spoke of them as the two varieties of eagles—the white-headed eagle and the brown eagle. It is true that the golden eagle, whose head is never white, sometimes is found on parts of the Alaskan coast, but it is rare there.

Kreech was a brown eagle; strange, since his parents had been bald eagles. Being a long-lived bird, the eagle matures slowly in some respects. The brown eagle of Alaska is merely a young bald eagle whose head does not come into full plumage and turn pure white until his third year—some say his fourth year. Neither does he mate until his pure-white head denotes full maturity.

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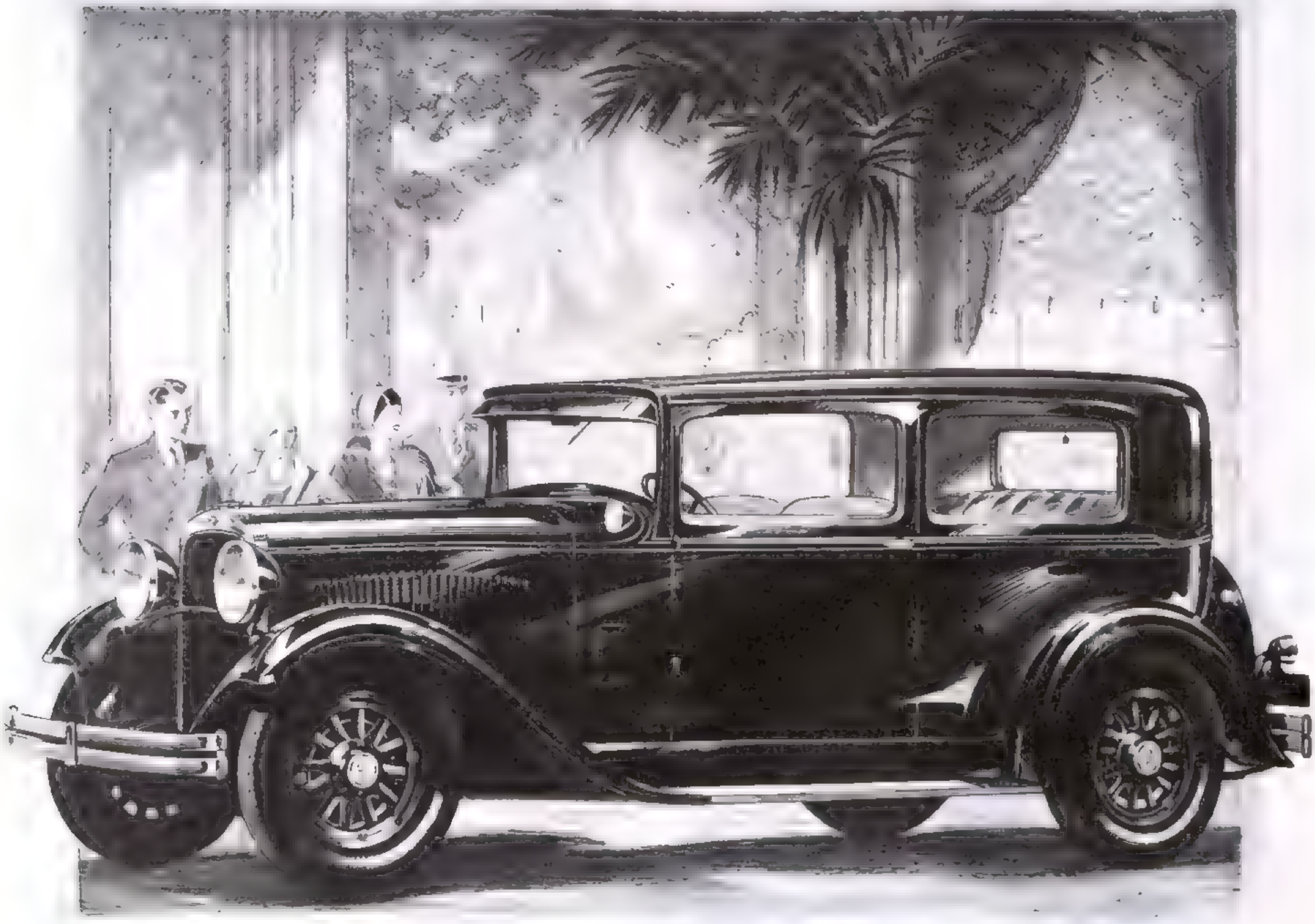
ANNOUNCING

A New Two-Door Sedan, at a New Low Price



DODGE Six dependability, economy, ruggedness, stamina are now offered in an entirely new extra-roomy enclosed model of especial appeal to the American family. It has a new full-size 5-passenger body with extra head-room, leg-room and elbow-room—the same advanced Dodge Six chassis with its many unequalled features of superiority including—8-inch frame, 8-bearing rear axle, positively equalized internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes and 7-bearing crankshaft. It is a typical Dodge Brothers car through and through—and its new low price is made possible only because of the manufacturing economies effected by huge production volume. Convenient Terms.

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 50)

Kreech had his first experience with man in his second year. He had seen them, of course. The chief occupation of Kodiak Island was fishing. Hundreds of men fished the waters all round the island, though the interior of it, a tumbled mass of wild peaks and sheer canyons, was largely unexplored.

As he soared on high at such an elevation as to be almost invisible to the human eye, Kreech could peer down and observe with ease the activities of the fishermen. Man is apt to gauge the physical senses of the animal world by his own. Therefore, man, to whom a nose is no more than an ornament in so far as making use of the faculty of scent is concerned, finds it difficult to comprehend the delicate nose of the hunting dog—the power of scent that enables the hound to follow the trail left by the feet of hare or fox. Similarly, it is difficult for man to conceive of the marvelous vision of all birds of prey.

Kreech—whose smelling apparatus was as useless as that of man—soaring on lazy, planing wings a mile up in the canopy of the sky, could see the scales of a fish on the floor of a fisherman's boat. Those who are skeptical might try the experiment of placing a dead mouse on the bare prairie and retiring to a distance to watch it. Before the day is out a hawk or a crow, winging high overhead, will descend hurriedly to devour it. Reference to the "eagle eye" is no mere figure of speech. One day the tender of a herring saltery sent out its small boats so that the fishermen might spread their nets round a huge school of traveling herring. Already the darting of the fish near the surface had attracted Kreech's attention as he sailed on high. The activities of the fishermen did not alarm him. He swooped down, accompanied by another young eagle. Screaming flocks of gulls and other feathered fishermen already wheeled about the scene. It was such a feathered conclave, in fact, as Kreech was accustomed to find round the spots wherever schools of fish neared the surface—usual, that is, except for the presence of men.

The work of the fisherman is strenuous and it is seldom that a gun is carried in a small fishing boat. Kreech and his companion eagle soared unmolested, circling above the spot while the busy fishermen paid no heed to them. The cannery tender, however, had steamed in close to the scene of operations. Observing the two eagles, the captain reached within his cabin and came forth on deck equipped with a shotgun. A violent explosion startled Kreech. His companion eagle fell to the sea, a fluttering, shapeless bundle of feathers. As Kreech flapped aloft there was a second report and a shower of leaden pellets bit into him. A few feathers floated down as he climbed. The distance had been too great for the shotgun to inflict a mortal hurt. Nevertheless, the shot wounds festered and Kreech was a sick young eagle for some two weeks.

During his third year, Kreech was sitting on a dead cottonwood that overlooked a fish creek when there was a rush of wind and a nasty snap an inch from his head as a hunter tried a long shot for him with a high-powered rifle. The report reached his ears as he pitched from his perch in a swooping flight for safety. Twice during that year he saw other eagles fall in death at those heavy reports.

Having discovered man's ability to deal death at a distance, Kreech gave all men a wide berth. It was perhaps for that reason that he began to frequent the heads of deep inlets that were cut many miles back into the heart of the island. At last he settled upon one spot as his chosen fishing ground. Far up at the head of Zachar Bay, a narrow arm that led some dozen miles inland from the open sea, a stream of fair proportions found its way from far back among the peaks and emptied into salt water. It was a great fish creek during the spawning season of the salmon. A mile below its outlet, emptying into the narrow bay from the south, was another and much smaller creek. The mouth of the latter was marked by a V-shaped flat, or sloping bench, some thirty acres in extent, covered with a heavy stand of giant cottonwoods.

The tides of those northern waters are very high—twenty feet and more at some seasons. Just offshore from the mouth of the smaller creek there was a rock bar. High tide covered it to a considerable depth and innumerable fish crossed the bar and played about where the fresh waters of the little creek mingled with the salt water of the sea. Ebb tide left it bare, and behind it a shallow basin. Always there were thousands of fish trapped in the waters of the shallow depression when the tide went out, and hordes of fishing birds resorted there to prey upon the imprisoned denizens of the deep at low tide.

On his first visit there, Kreech seized a five-pound fish and devoured it; then mounted to a perch on a tall cottonwood and rested, his cold yellow eyes taking in every detail of the scene, his ears assailed by a sustained uproar of bird voices that rose from the conclave of feathered fishermen.

Their numbers and variety were incredible. Thousands of gulls wheeled about, screaming in eagerness or anger as several sought to dine upon the same fish. Each variety of bird had its own individual style of fishing. The mergansers preferred to fish in the fresh waters of the creeks, diving expertly to seize their prey in slender, saw-toothed bills. Marbled murrelets and sea pigeons fed upon the tiny fish that came near the surface in the more placid parts of the bay. Big loons popped to the surface, sometimes to give voice to weird, harsh, cackling laughter, then to dive again; for the loon is so expert in the water that he outswims his prey in the depths and rises to the surface to swallow his catch at leisure. Scattered cormorants fished in similarly expert fashion. The bay was dotted with flocks of scaup ducks.

A mile or so back in the hills, but always within a hundred yards or so of some side-hill bog or trickling seep, mallards nested in the matted tangles of tall grass. The nesting mallards, too, repaired to this spot to fish. Flocks of the beautiful, gaudy-colored harlequin ducks maneuvered about with military precision. As the tide receded, great hordes of big black scoters and surf scoters winged in dark clouds from the open sea, dropping to the water as it ebbed across the tide flats. These big fellows fed exclusively upon the barnacles that had attached themselves to the rocks. Expert divers, their heavy bills were fashioned to wrench the barnacles from their fastening and crush their heavy outer coating. Vast rafts of these scoters covered the surface, backing up as the water receded. And as it receded, it left almost a square mile of tide flats bare. Each flood tide brought in with it from the open bay a great variety of creatures of the sea; then, in ebbing, left them stranded on the flats at low tide. Portions of the tide flats supported a rank growth of salt-water grasses. Other areas were covered with gravel bars, the refuse brought down by the creeks during the boiling freshets of spring as the melting snow turned the streams to frothing torrents. The greater part of the flats, however, were of rock, supporting a growth of various seaweeds.

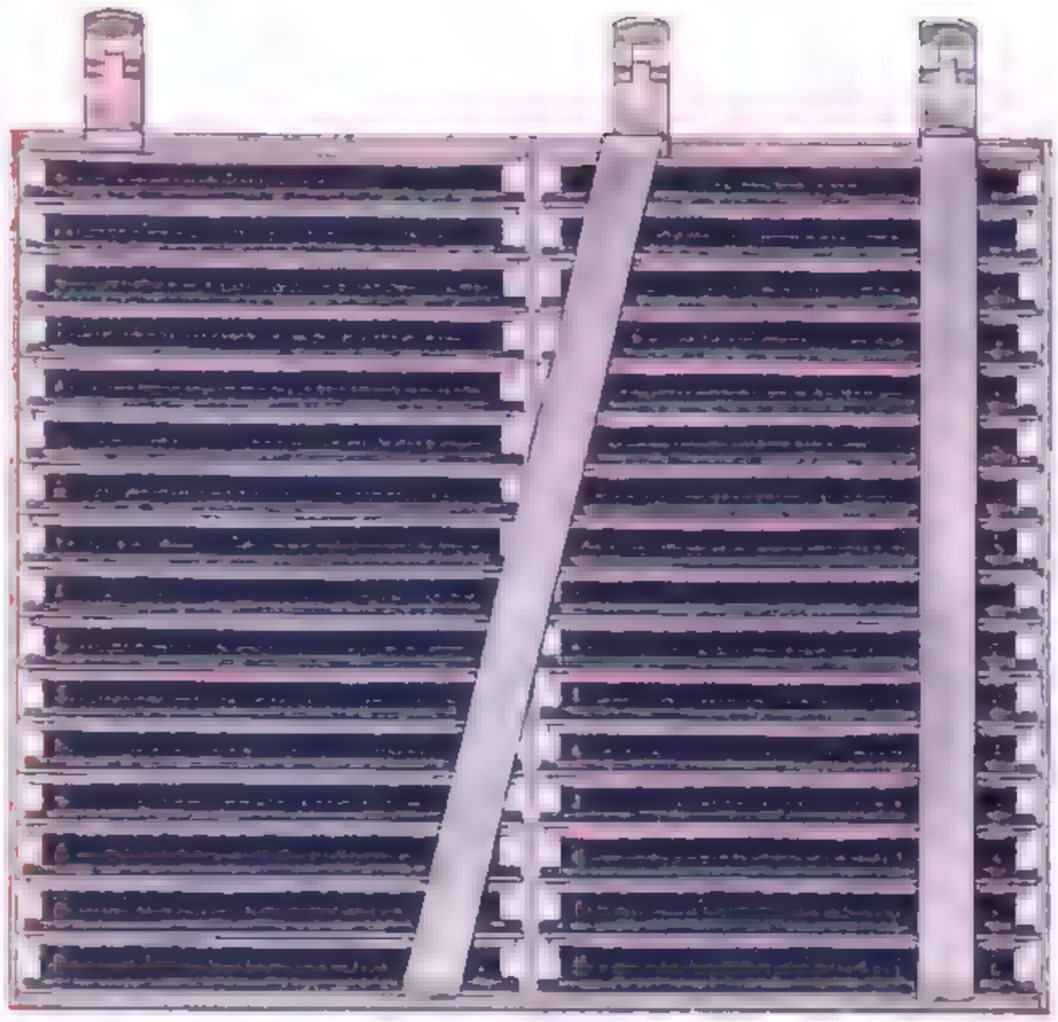
Down across these flats, in the wake of the slowly receding waters, poured hordes of birds in search of such morsels

(Continued on Page 139)

Kreech Learned to Fish During the Salmon Runs. The Spawning Fish, Intent Upon But One Thing—to Fight Their Way Upstream to the Same Spawning Beds Where They Had Been Hatched—Were Daring and Incautious

Cylindrical Cell Construction

Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires — 89 chances for trouble. Note waste spaces between cells.



Eveready Layerbilt Construction

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

TO GUIDE YOU IN PURCHASING, HERE ARE THE

INSIDE FACTS

• ABOUT "B" BATTERIES •

THERE are two types of "B" batteries. One is the old type that is assembled of separate, individual cells. Because of the fact that each of these cells is a self-contained, individual unit, the only way a "B" battery can be made of such cells is to connect them together by soldered wires. This means the use of 29 delicate, fine wires, needing 60 soldering operations—89 places where trouble can come. These facts hold whether the cells are cylindrical, square, hexagonal or any other shape.

But Eveready Layerbilts are radically different from all others. They contain *flat* cells, which are not independent but *inter*dependent. They make connection with each other automatically. Only two broad bands, 3/8 inch wide, are needed for connections. There are only five husky solderings. The flat cells fill more of the space within the battery case, and so you get more active materials and longer life.

Thus the Eveready Layerbilts are more economical, as well as more reliable—the best of all Evereadys. It will pay you in convenience, satisfaction and value for your money, to insist on getting Eveready Layerbilts. Look for the name "Layerbilt" on the label.

This is the LARGE SIZE *Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 for heavy duty service—price, $4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. Eveready Layerbilt Medium Size No. 485—price, $2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" battery No. 772.*

IN VITAL SERVICES

Eveready Batteries are being used in automatic train control; aircraft beacon receivers; talking motion pictures; short wave transmission; picture transmission; television; for the protection of life and property and to secure unfailing, noiseless, perfect electrical power.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT
East of the Rockies—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations.

NEW EVEREADY RADIO RECEIVERS, A.C. AND BATTERY OPERATED, NOW ON SALE

AUTHORIZED CHEVROLET SERVICE

increases the economy and satisfaction of Chevrolet Ownership

One of the greatest advantages of Chevrolet ownership is the highly efficient service made available to every Chevrolet owner by an organization of more than 10,000 Authorized Chevrolet Service Stations. Located in every section of the country—these authorized service stations act as constant guardians of the Chevrolet owner's investment in his automobile.

These stations are equipped to render—at all times—any service a Chevrolet owner may need. Highly skilled work is assured by mechanics who have been specially trained in Chevrolet Service Schools. Exceptional efficiency is made possible by tools and machinery designed under the supervision of Chevrolet engineers especially for Chevrolet service work. Only Chevrolet replacement parts are used, and all charges for parts and labor are based on a low flat-rate schedule worked out by Chevrolet factory experts.

It is impossible to over-estimate the vital part this distinctive service plays in the economy and satisfaction of Chevrolet ownership. For it means that on the very day the Chevrolet owner takes possession of his car, his service requirements become the direct responsibility of an organization that is interested, first of all, in his satisfaction as a Chevrolet owner.

Chevrolet owners everywhere should take advantage of the facilities afforded by Authorized Chevrolet Service Stations—for in no other way can they enjoy the full measure of economy and satisfaction to which they are entitled.

FLAT-RATE CHARGES
—save money for the Chevrolet owner, and enable him to know in advance exactly what any service operation will cost

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

A DOLLAR DOWN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"YOU can pay for the house like rent, friend," I said to the prospect who had answered my advertisement in the Sunday paper. "You're paying fifty dollars per month rent now, you say, and what have you got to show for it? A bunch of rent receipts. See what your bank will lend you on them; ha-ha! You're living up an alley, in four holes in the wall, and I'm offering you a brand-new five-room house out in God's country for the same fifty per month, with trees and grass and sunshine to sweeten. Fifty per month will pay taxes, interest and two hundred per year on the second mortgage. You can't hesitate and do justice to yourself and the kiddies."

"But I can't see how you can do it, Mr. Conway," he objected.

"That's my funeral, friend," I said, shoving the papers my girl had just made out "Go and look the house over. If it's a right house, pin a fifty-dollar note to the papers and ship them back."

"Ah, I thought there was some catch in it," he said, smiling cunningly. "You said there would be no payment down, and now you want fifty dollars. How is that?"

"Good grief, friend," I sighed, "do you expect to buy a five-thousand-dollar house on nothing? That fifty is only your rent."

"That's so, too," he admitted, after thinking deeply. "Well, I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Conway: If the wife likes your house we will pay you twenty dollars down and twenty more in two weeks. That's our best, honest. Even so, I will have to let my dress suit go back to the installment house. You see, we are paying ten dollars a month on our car, and two dollars and a half on the radio, and fifty cents a week on the wife's engagement ring ——"

"Do that," I said, disgusted. "Take her out to see the house. Good-by, landlord, and hello, home; ha-ha!"

Pethick had been standing at the window caressing his neat gray chin whisker and watching the traffic jam in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street with his one forward-looking eye. Pethick was selling brick just then; he liked to kill an odd hour in my real-estate office and I liked to have him, if only to dress the place—he's a big, dressy chap. He could tell me a lot, too, about what the other builders were up to

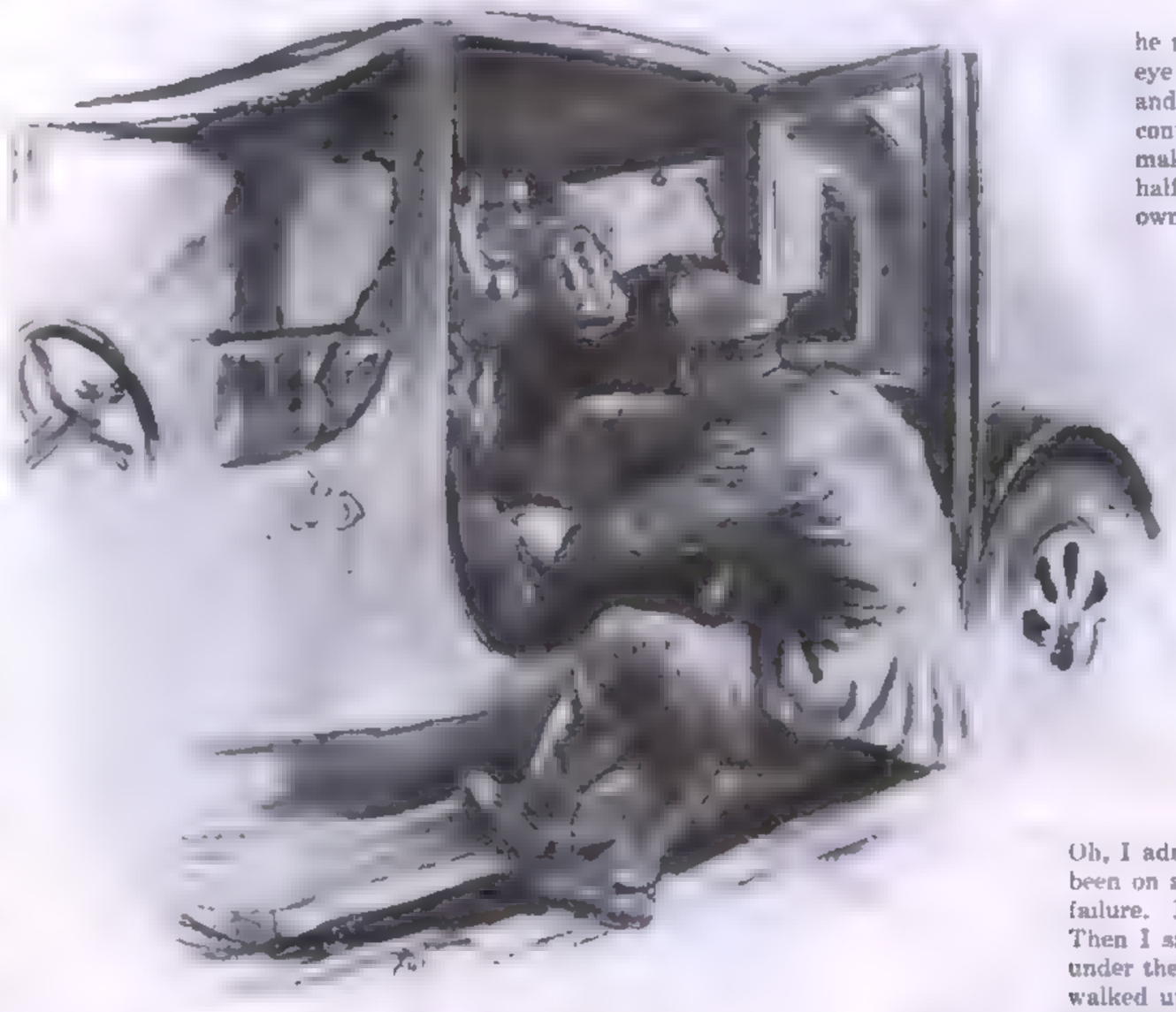
"How do you like the banking business, Conway?" he asked.

"Never tried it," I said "But if it's anything like the building game is getting to be "

"Same thing," he said in his pleasant drawl, sitting down to cut a cigar. "You're banking that deadhead, aren't you? He's going to give you a second mortgage for your house, if he goes through with it, and you can kid yourself you sold for a big price; but if you take that mortgage to any mortgage broker he'll tell you what it's worth in cash—and that's what you sold your house for. The rest is bonus on a bum loan. You've sold everybody who is able and willing to buy a home in that suburban development of yours, and now, instead of cutting production until the market catches up, you're manufacturing buyers. The chances are that a lot of your buyers are going to come unstuck. I was in the real-estate game once myself, Conway."

"And you made a lot of money at it, didn't you?" I said, getting sarcastic. And that was because I knew he wasn't talking through his hat. I was nursing a row of punk mortgages right then.

"The burnt child knows the hot spots, Conway," he said. "A man doesn't forget what's branded into his hide. The installment game is banking, and you don't see any professional note shaver accommodating anybody and everybody who walks into his bank to fill a bag. If I was in your line and was selling houses on time to every Tom, Dick and Harry I'd want a big enough down payment to put me back where I was in case the buyer fell down. But it's no jam on my bread to argue with you, Conway. Are you going ahead with that new batch of twenty houses you spoke about? You ought to mix in a carload of our new Rufface brick. We look for a good house market this spring."



"'Come Out, You Big Lobbygow,' He Said, Closing on My Ankle"

"I don't know," I grumbled. "I'm loaded with second and third mortgages now, and that's all I'd get out of a new operation."

"I think you're right myself, Conway," he said, veering around. "You'd only get second mortgages for your money anyhow. Here's an idea: I have a builder over in Queens with a dozen finished houses that he can't sell without a big chunk of cash; in other words, he has to find somebody to take the seconds right off his hands. Why should you go to all the trouble and worry of building when you can pick up those seconds of his at 30 per cent off? Shall I talk to him?"

"Pethick," I said sharply, "I have houses of my own to sell, and I'm not financing anybody else to sell his."

Pethick is a salesman. He has always a second proposition to shoot at you if he misses you the first time. He's no fool. That is, I mean he is bright. I don't know why a man of such brains isn't sitting pretty and clipping coupons for exercise instead of hiking around with a sample clutch of brick; he's been in forty different businesses, and he can explain in the most enlightening way how each and every one of them was a flop.

"I remember now that you told me once about your experience in the real-estate business," I said. "You had a lot-selling scheme out at Montauk, didn't you? I believe that some of the rosy prophecies of your prospectus didn't come true."

"I went down with the ship that time, Conway," he said, looking at me severely with his straight eye. Unless he makes a great effort, his other eye wanders when he talks to you, and this takes away a lot from the convincingness of his approach, and makes him look as if he spoke only half his mind and had views of his own that he wasn't telling. I wish I could say that this appearance of double thinking does Pethick a cruel injustice.

"You went clean that time, did you, Pethick?" I sympathized.

"You can judge what I looked like from the fact that Gostenhof, the operator, tried to borrow two dollars of me a week after."

"Jerry Gostenhof? Get out, Pethick. You must have looked good."

"I was wearing last week's whiskers, Conway, and I hadn't eaten a square meal in days, and my clothes were ruined from sleeping in Bryant Park. Oh, I admit I was all to blame; I had been on a bat both before and after the failure. I didn't have a Canadian dime. Then I saw Gostenhof on Sixth Avenue under the Elevated, and I blush to say I walked up to him to brace him. Necessity knows no mendicancy law, Conway I'll say for Gostenhof that he did not disown the acquaintance, slight as it was Rather he ran to meet me, after one quick look. He grabbed my hand and pumped it, and said: 'The very man! Pethick is the name, isn't it, and can you lend me two dollars until tomorrow?'"

"You don't say. He beat you to it, eh?"

"He was very sorry to hear of my sad state," said Pethick with a pensive and appreciative smile, "and he said he understood and that he wouldn't hold against me my refusal to oblige him with the trifling loan. And then he ducked out of the hallway into which I had involuntarily drawn him. I have the highest respect for Gostenhof, Conway; I was never so neatly outgeneraled.

"You recall the tumble-down buildings that disfigured Sixth Avenue below Fortieth Street in those days, Conway. Many of them were tenanted by followers of shady avocations, and subsisted in such a condition of neglect and disrepair as was altogether fitting and proper. The one in whose hallway I had just turned down a friend was a two-story frame structure occupied by the Begritch Foundation, Incorporated—a snide charitable enterprise.

"While I stood there admiring Gostenhof and meditating schemes for getting yesterday's breakfast, a door at the head of the stairs opened briskly and I was struck almost immediately by a man who had descended from above. The assault was not malicious; the man had just been thrown downstairs—thrown with an alacrity and dispatch that suggested much practice at the propelling end.

"'Sorry, pal,' he said, picking us both up. 'Looking for a job? Take my tip and don't go up there for it.'

"'Why so?' I asked.

"'He only wants you to peddle for him,' he said. 'And you got to put up fifteen bucks deposit for your layout. Give a look at a man that's worked for him two weeks and been bit by four different dogs, and hit with dishwater, and made twelve dollars and forty cents clean profits, and just got the bum's rush because he tried to t'row up the job and claim back his fifteen bucks.'

"'Much obliged,' I said, returning to the street.

"I had not intended to go to work for the Begritch Foundation, but the discharged employe's description of his treatment attracted me to the work. Honest business men are commonly betrayed into unsound practices by their eagerness to do business—such a practice is the unwise extension of credit, Conway—and people who do business on an inequitable basis are most fallible of any.

"I had seen down the block the salesroom of the Occidental Banknote Company; I went there. I said to the young lady who came to the counter, 'I represent Horace Telfair Pethick, miss. Mr. Pethick would like to see samples of your work.'

"'On What?' He Said, Less Cordially. 'Not on This Twelve-Thousand-Dollar Check'"

"I Was Wearing Last Week's Whiskers and I Hadn't Eaten a Square Meal in Days"

"'Mr. Pethick?' she said, surveying me and seeing no reason why I should not have been intrusted with a petty errand by a responsible firm. 'Shall I send a representative?'

"'Later, certainly,' I agreed. 'But I know exactly what Mr. Pethick wishes. Tell me do you print checks? Let me have a few samples, please.'

"She showed me examples of the firm's work. I selected half a dozen items, including three blank checks, thanked her, and told her that the firm would hear from Mr. Pethick if he was interested."

Pethick paused to relight his cigar. "Pethick," I said, "some day you will publish a rogues' manual, and it will be confiscated by the police."

"Pshaw, Conway," he said modestly, "if I was interested in passing bad checks or in raising good ones, I could obtain just as easily the material to work on, but it would require the temporary use of a few dollars. You, for instance, Conway, are a man with a bank account worth gunning for. Suppose, Conway, that you receive by tonight's mail a letter making a commonplace inquiry, and inclosing a twenty-dollar bill without explanation of the remittance. If the letter has no return address, you'll put the twenty into your pocket and await demand for it Suppose, then, that you receive by the next mail a letter from the same writer, telling you that the money was sent you by clerical mistake and asking you to remit to an address given. You'd deny receiving the money, I suppose"

I had to grin at his impudence. "I'd send my check for it, of course."

"Exactly, Conway. But take a fool's advice and send back currency—I have quoted you a stock device of forgers. However, I shall not pretend to misunderstand your reference to a rogues' manual. The thought behind your wise crack is the same brilliant idea that causes the ostrich to stick his simple head in the sand when pursued; the logic that convinces people they can get better every day in every way ——"

"Well, what did you do with the checks!" I interrupted. Pethick began life as a street faker, graduating to barking, and he can talk a tin ear onto a brass image

"One was an example of an order filled for a Chicago bank, Conway. I made it out for twenty-five dollars at the branch post office, made it payable to bearer, and signed it Napoleon Le Grand. I went back to the establishment of Begritch Foundation, Incorporated, ascended the winding stair, and shook the mushy hand of a big beefer who said he was Mr. Begritch and who called me 'brother.'

"'Are you interested in charity, brother?' he whispered huskily

"'I certainly am interested, Mr Begritch,' I said. 'Please tell me where there is any charity. I am not above anything.'

"'Good, brother,' he said. 'You look to me like a man who would make a handsome success in our field, and clean up while doing a noble work. The laborer is worthy of his hire, brother. Fifty a week should be easy pickings for you the first crack.

"'The work, brother, is to be a traveling executive, selling to the Christian households of this land as sweet a line of kitchen accessories as ever adorned a sink. You got no selling to do; you just exhibit the line and take orders. A large percentage of the profits, after you get your 20 per cent, is to be devoted to accumulating a fund to plan for a handsome home for old age; we provide you with pictures and literature at our expense. It's a worthy work and gives you an approach that can't be beat; the worse the goods are the more charity in buying them. Are you with us?'

"'I am,' I said. 'Whose old age, by the way? But never mind that'

"'Then let me have fifteen dollars deposit, brother,' he said, after clutching my hand in hearty silence 'That's for a deposit on the samples. And go out and grab the orders. I'm putting you down for Bergen County across the river. Virgin territory, and full of women that do their own work, so the lady of the house opens the door. Also, if they call a cop they got no jurisdiction, the crime being committed in New York.'

'Well, Conway, he wasn't quite as crude as that, but that is the idea. His labor turnover was big, and he had to work fast, offering all things to all men

"He talked charity and winked the other eye while he waited for a lead, and I dare say he was sincere both ways; you know the sort of weak sister that works a charitable racket for what there is in it I judge he had started out to devote himself to the good of others, and had been delighted to find he had grabbed hold of a nice thing for Mr. Begritch too.

"'I'm with you with both feet,' I said, 'but I have not got any fifteen dollars cash. However, here is a check for twenty-five, and you can hold the proceeds as a deposit.'

"'Nothing doing on a check,' he said

"'Then the deal is off, Mr. Begritch,' I said. 'Glad to have met you.'

"'Hold on,' he said. 'Is this check good?'

"'I make no representations about that check,' I said, 'and I do not want anything of value for it. In other words, I do not want any legal complications in case it comes back. Try it on your bank, and if it goes through I go to work for you.'

"'I like the way you talk, brother,' he said impulsively 'I will put your check through and meanwhile consider yourself hired.'

"'But I will have to have some clothes, to do you credit,' I said. 'When the clothing fellow calls up, will you say the word"'

"'Leave him to me,' he said cordially.

"I went down Sixth Avenue to the O'Kay Garment Company and was heartily welcomed by one Morris Nussbaum. I said to him, 'Let's understand each other. I want you to outfit me, but you will not see a red cent. I am the traveling executive of the Begritch Foundation, Incorporated, but I have been on a souse and I am as clean as a hound's tooth.'

"'Pass out quietly, please,' he said, unhanding me.

"'Good day, sir,' I said

"'Just a minute,' he said, running after me. 'Who did you say you worked for? Don't get mad, muster.'

"'The Begritch Foundation, Incorporated—right up the line here on Sixth Avenue. Are you turning business away this morning? Call up Mr. Begritch, or go see him, and he'll tell you who I am and what.'

(Continued on Page 131)

"I Hate Night Air, But Last Night I Slept in Bryant Park"

"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"

In Electric Motors

The electric motor equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings is the motor of today. Because of its ball bearings—

It is a clean motor. It is a labor saving motor.

It requires lubrication once a year rather than twice a month.

It reduces liability of burnouts fully 70%.

These advantages assure constant, uninterrupted, dependable service—for in anti-friction bearings *nothing rolls like a ball.*

Because of these reasons electric motors equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings are being sought by operators of factories, farms and mines—and users of vacuum cleaners, oil burning furnaces, floor polishers and other labor-saving devices in the home.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONN.
WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

THE HAND OF SCIENCE

By Floyd W. Parsons

WHAT an age! Photographs by radio. Machines that think. Lights that pierce fog. Gas made from water. Vending machines to replace salesmen. Cameras that record the path of lightning bolts. Five-million-volt guns to smash atoms. Crewless trains and invisible motion-picture apparatus to catch burglars.

Such are the developments of this astounding era. The list of modern marvels is practically endless. Machines to measure the smoothness of roads, record the nature of accidents, put news in type direct from wire, administer anæsthetics, transcribe phone calls, shoot cement, measure the billionth of an inch, freeze fire, repair stockings, hear light and see sound.

It is no wonder that the popular imagination has been fired, and that people of all classes are endeavoring to acquire shares of ownership in the accomplishment of tomorrow. It is not strange that dealings in hope and romance have been increased to the point of frenzy.

The speedy tempo of our times is an outcome of whirling wheels. If it were not for man's mechanical achievements, the Holy Land would still be a goal for the Crusaders instead of a high spot in a foreign tour; the horse would be supreme in the field of power, and mass production would be nothing more than a dream.

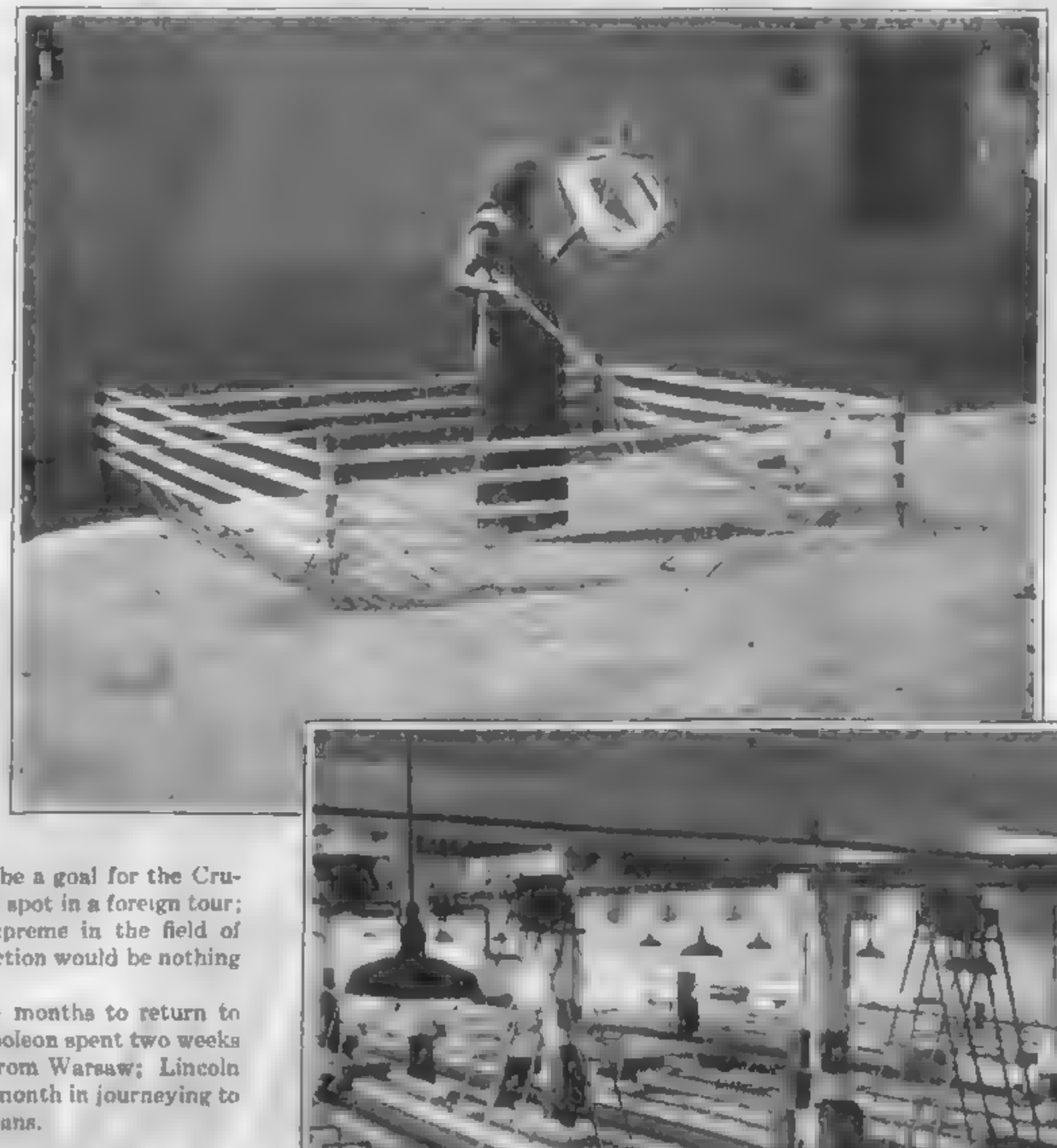
It took Cæsar three months to return to Italy from Egypt; Napoleon spent two weeks getting back to Paris from Warsaw; Lincoln consumed more than a month in journeying to Indiana from New Orleans.

The Road of Revolution

THE new epoch is tearing past the old at a tremendous speed. The story of life is one filled with perpetual surprises and mistaken conclusions. It was only yesterday that a man named Malthus gave thought to the sudden rise in population and deduced the law that, while population increases geometrically, food increases only arithmetically. He, therefore, announced that the world was headed for starvation unless population could be checked.

Innovations did not take hold quickly in those days. Vincent Lunardi, who was first to make an air voyage over England in a balloon equipped with wings and oars, was scoffed at as an impostor and dreamer. Ruskin drove through England in a mail coach as a protest against the nonsensical railway. The old Emperor Francis Joseph refused to use the telephone, the typewriter and the automobile. In 1831 Joseph Henry gave us the first electromagnetic telegraph and, important as was that invention, it remained hidden until Morse performed his experiments some years later. Gas stoves came into use for cooking about 1850, but they remained hardly more than a curiosity for thirty years.

The name of E. H. Harriman was one to conjure with two decades ago, and yet in 1907 he expressed the opinion that railroad locomotives had about reached their capacity in size and drawing power. In 1886 the chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad decided to build over the Susquehanna River a bridge that would be good for 100 years. He wrote to executives of all the leading railroads asking their opinion as to the limit of locomotive weight for the coming century. The consensus was that it would not go above 160,000 pounds, so the bridge was built accordingly. It was a good bridge, but in 1910, at the age of twenty-four years, it had to be replaced because it was too light.



A Spinning Room in Lyman, South Carolina. Modern Equipment is Partly Responsible for the South's Gains and New England's Losses in the Textile Industry. Above—Primitive Spinning in Ahmedabad, India. The Woman Twists the Warp With a Stick in Her Right Hand and Winds it Into Skeins on a Frame With the Other Hand

We are now traveling the road of revolution at a breakneck speed. Scientific research is being made the foundation of our life. The telephone and the radio are rapidly breaking down the barriers of language, prejudice and tradition

The labor leader has become a banker. The worker is being prepared to share in the control of business. War has become a matter of chemistry and physics. We are in possession of scientific tools undreamed of by the great thinkers of antiquity. The speed of accomplishment has become tremendous. Innovations everywhere are shaping business and life

Ingenious machines have doubled and tripled man's productive capacity. In several basic industries labor is from 100 to 200 per cent more productive than in 1914. Economists are hopeful that our never-ending supply of new mechanisms will create enough new jobs to take care of the people who have been displaced.

What we now accomplish with machines is almost beyond the limit of human imagination. Think of a mechanical apparatus that will sort out green oranges from the ripe ones that roll down a trough. Think of Elmer Sperry's Metal Mike, based on the fundamental principle of the gyroscope, and able to steer a steamship with greater precision than could be achieved by the most experienced pilot. Think of devices that first taste vinegar and then bring the liquid to the proper dilution by adding the exact amount of concentrates needed. Think of the automatic telephone exchange that has room for nearly ten billions of separate and distinct signal combinations. Think of a clever contraption that is able to smell the gases going up a chimney and promptly inform the engineer whether or not the coal is being properly burned

A Modern Columbus

EACH passing year now records more new discoveries and inventions of a revolutionary character than were previously made in the course of an entire century. Machines touch practically every phase of life today. Wherever we turn we find things being done in ways that are new. Typical of the times is Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic. How different were the arrangements from those made by the explorers of a past generation. The present scientific method is to anticipate every possible contingency. The forty tons of biscuits for Byrd's 100 sled dogs cost nearly as much as was spent by Columbus in discovering America. On the lonely wastes of the Antarctic, the commander has erected a village with houses laid out on streets, gasoline engines supplying electricity for lights, and with a public library of 2000 volumes.

Chemistry and engineering have colored the entire mental outlook of modern man on the world about him. Consider for a moment the basic fields of forestry and agriculture. What a chance there is for bright young men to show their daddies that the old farm can still be made to produce an income.

The karakul sheep which produces a well-known Persian lamb fur can be grown in the United States. Rabbit raising is becoming a substantial business as a result of the large market for this fur created by the manufacture of garments and felt hats. Out in South Dakota there are thousands of acres of marshy land that have little value for farming purposes, but which are especially adapted to the propagation of muskrats.

A short time ago the mechanical devices used in harvesting forest crops were merely an ax, an adz, and a small mill with one circular saw operated by a water wheel. Today logging and lumbering activities reach into railroading and

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year

And still he apologized!

The Old Year had just an hour to live when a country doctor's motor pushed through a snowdrift at a farmhouse ten miles from Leland, in rural Michigan, in 1928.

Fifteen hours before, he had been summoned to attend a small boy of the family who was sick with influenza.

"Sorry to be so late," he said, stamping the snow from his boots. "I've had a pretty busy day. Got here as soon as I could."

And here is what he called "a pretty busy day":

He had been on the road since six o'clock that morning. He had called on thirty-one patients down with influenza, scattered over the county. He had stopped twice at the home of a nineteen-months-old boy critically ill with pneumonia.

A baby born; a foot thawed out

He had brought one baby into the world in the early morning, on a kitchen table, with grandpa holding the lamp and grandma giving the chloroform and a woman across the road offering large-handed assistance. A few hours later he had performed a Cæsarian operation on a 42-year-old woman with her first baby. He had called on three youngsters with whooping cough. He had thawed out one frosted foot. And he still had two more calls to make after treating the little boy in the farmhouse!

But still he apologized for being late!

The story of this country doctor's day can be paralleled a thousand times a year out in the open spaces beyond our cities where millions of Americans depend on these self-reliant benefactors—the family doctors.

His powerful ally

Every time a physician is summoned, whether in teeming metropolis or in quiet rural village, he has at his side a powerful ally in the form of *dependable* medicinal preparations.

At the laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company a vast organization is constantly engaged in making, in testing, and in safeguarding the purity and potency of the medicines required by physicians in their daily practice.

And doctors throughout the world have faith in Parke, Davis & Company. They have long been familiar with the reputation for tireless research and uncompromising quality which for more than 60 years have made the name of this house a synonym for dependability in medicines.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis quality in Milk of Magnesia

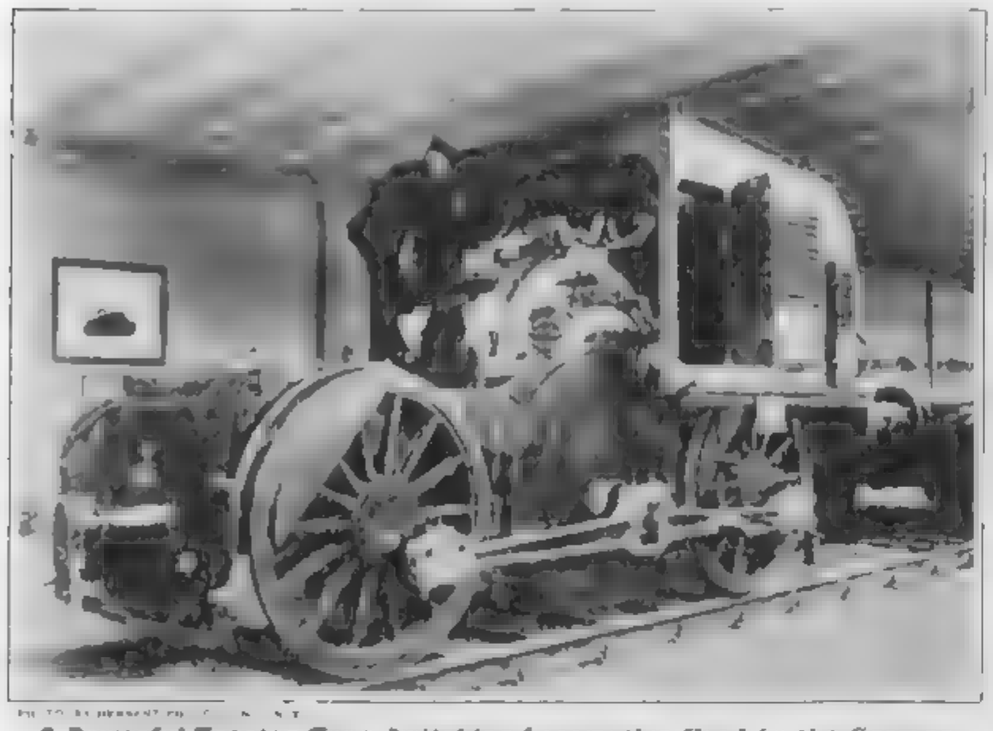
Every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose, conforms to the same high standard of excellence. You will find that Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia, for example, is exceptionally pure and keeps remarkably well. That is why you can always depend upon its uniformity and medicinal activity. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 58)

involve a good working knowledge of the gas engine that does the hauling, the gas pump that extinguishes fires, gang saws, planers, mechanical conveyors and an endless assortment of complex electrical appliances. Even the X ray is now used to peer into the heart of a tree. One type of apparatus recently perfected enables the expert to determine the extent of timber decay, thus safeguarding against damage from falling trees or poles, and also preventing airplane accidents by disclosing defects in the wooden parts of aircraft

Another new instrument is available to lumber manufacturers in determining the moisture content of wood. It is based on the principle that the electrical conductivity of wood varies with its moisture content. This clever device will eliminate a great deal of damage that has resulted from the use of unseasoned wood in buildings.



A Powerful Tractor-Type Switching Locomotive Used by the German National Railways on Low-Percentage Grades

The farmer is coming in for his share of the benefits of new devices and new knowledge in the great field of vibrations. A professor at the University of California has shown that X rays can be employed to produce at will wide variations in the stature and general growth of plants. Foxglove plants that were given a treatment of ultra-violet rays produced 35 per cent more digitalis than untreated plants. Soy beans also increased their calcium and phosphorus content when treated with this so-called black light.

But it is being indicated clearly by current research that the ultra-violet radiations are not the only waves essential. Dr. Charles Sheard, following a series of experiments with chickens at the Mayo Clinic, announced that the red and yellow light waves of long lengths were just as important as the shorter violet and ultra-violet radiations for normal growth and development in both plants and animals.

Potatomatoes

IT WAS recently shown that plants, like humans, can be supplied with too much light. Many plants, fruits and vegetables are injured if exposed to artificial sunlight of longer duration than the natural range of solar radiations. Tests proved that twenty-four-hour days will kill a tomato. Eighteen hours of high-intensity sunlight are about the limit.

One common question in farming has been the amount of cold weather that corn will stand without injury. None of the growers have had any exact knowledge on the subject. The U.S. Department of Agriculture decided to use an electrically equipped refrigerating plant in carrying on tests to determine what strains of corn will best resist frost. The refrigerator was suspended on a framework and lowered over growing stalks. Then the temperature was gradually reduced until it reached freezing or lower. The result was a clear demonstration of the relative degree of frost resistance of the various strains of corn. Who can say what such new knowledge will mean to agriculture in the years ahead?

A Federal investigator has invented a sort of magic carpet which, when spread over the soil, greatly increases the yield of garden crops. The carpet covers all the ground not occupied by the plant stems themselves. It increases the temperature of the soil, smothers weeds and conserves moisture. In one series of experiments with this paper carpet, a crop of lettuce was doubled, green corn trebled, and potatoes almost quadrupled.

A German professor forced a cabbage plant to produce six heads of cabbage by keeping the plant at high temperature over a period of two years. Research workers in Missouri have announced the successful grafting of a tomato vine on a potato stalk. In this test tomatoes were produced above and potatoes below the ground.

What the chemist will eventually do to farming and fruit growing is beyond imagination. People familiar with the citrus industry in America have always insisted that tens of millions of dollars would be saved if only a way could be found to preserve the juice of oranges and grapefruit without impairment of flavor or nutritive value. Now comes an electrical process that has a distinct advantage over the heat-treating method in that it destroys the fermentative bacteria without affecting the flavor. The bacteria come into contact with the electrodes and the vibrations set up in the tanks destroy them. The bottled juice has no cooked taste and will keep indefinitely.

Of almost equal interest is the discovery of a method of producing dried citrus-fruit juice. The juice of oranges and lemons is mixed with a little corn sugar, which aids in drying. Through the use of this product, one may prepare instantly a high-grade lemonade or orangeade that is healthful and in no wise synthetic. All such plans are helping to remedy the losses that the citrus industry has suffered in recent years through not being able to market

A German Car Ferry of Unique Design, Used to Transport Passenger and Freight Cars Between Berlin and Copenhagen. The S. S. Schwerin Ready for Loading

excess fruit or utilize undersized or discolored fruit which, though not attractive, still has a real food value. The time is coming when the entire citrus crop of America will either be marketed in its raw form, converted into juice, or used in the production of such things as pectin, citric acid and oils.

A Bit of China Transplanted

PROBABLY of more benefit to the farmer than all else is the rapid increase in the number of products that may be marketed. New discoveries seemingly unrelated to agriculture are exercising a definite influence on the present development of this age-old industry. For instance, the growing appreciation on the part of the public of the many uses and high values of insulation has resulted in studies that have disclosed the very desirable qualities of licorice root in the production of insulation boards. No other vegetable material seems to be so remarkably endowed by Nature with those inherent properties that are essential in a barrier intended to make a building proof against the in and out flow of heat and cold.

Our present supply of licorice root comes to us from foreign lands. The roots are dug in enormous quantities by armies of native labor in Spain, Turkey and the Far East. Here again is but one of many opportunities for the American farmer to build up a new and profitable business.

Merely to indicate the stored-up romance in agriculture at present, let us turn to the interesting story of the ancient tung tree of China. Who would have believed a few years ago that the transplanting of this tree in the soil of Florida would result in the development of a new industry that may reach large proportions? The first tung seeds were planted in Florida twenty-three years ago. The first crop of nuts was gathered recently, and through the operation of an interesting new process, a large quantity of tung oil was extracted. This oil possesses qualities that

(Continued on Page 238

An Engineering Accomplishment in Northern Africa. The Atlas Pass, Altitude 4000 Feet

Welcome

the MAN *who wears this* RING

THIS ring is the Majestic man's badge of identification—so that you may know him when he calls. He lives in your community. He represents a store in your own neighborhood. He comes to help you discover a new world of entertainment—music, drama, laughter, song.

He does not wait for you to call on him. He calls on you—to urge you to *hear the Majestic* before you are hastened into buying some radio set you do *not* want. He knows the set you *do* want. He can give you in five minutes all the essential facts on modern radio. He will tell you why Majestic is the leader—pouring forth continuous enjoyment in more than a million homes.

He will tell you why Majestic long ago passed the experimental stages with which many manufacturers are still battling today. Why Majestic is the very last word in modern radio. He will tell you why the most talked of *modern* advancement in radio today is Majestic's ability to bring you beauty of tone at any volume.

Welcome the Majestic man when he calls—give him your confidence. He comes to render a genuine service. Better still, do not wait—call his store today.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS

This
Majestic Ring

of ebony inlaid with silver is worn only by Majestic dealers and their salesmen. Every ring and its owner is checked and registered for your protection. The Majestic man who calls on you is your own neighbor, possibly a friend or acquaintance. You may have full confidence in him

THE WORLD Majestic IN YOUR HOME

Majestic RADIO

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

SUBMARINE

By PAUL ANNIXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE long barrier of the outer reef stretched away for miles to east and west—a mighty ledge that sank away seaward in a series of giant steps to unfathomable depths. Its base was the rocky spine of a submarine mountain which towered up from the ocean floor; its honeycombed crest was a living wall formed by the successive life and death of billions of generations of tiny coral animals.

The cliffs and terraces along the sunken mountainside were like some marvelous Nereid's garden out of the realm of fancy. Through the warm surface water, clear as a sheet of plate glass, the multiform growth of coral showed, rose red, sapphire and dull gold; now in the form of elfin forests covering the slopes, now in miniature mountains crowned with castles whose towers and spires caught the stream of sunlight above in rainbow hues. Scattered among these were clumps of strange submarine flowers such as were never known in the sun, beds of yellow anemones, sea gorgonias that flamed like poppies, and weird nameless growths whose stems were living, moving tentacles. In and among these a fantastic pageant of many-colored fish lazed or darted, drifted or lay in wait.

In a weedy, sheltered pass cut deep into the reef a colony of oysters lived. Food was plentiful in those milk-warm surface waters -minute crustacea, fish spat and the floating vegetable matter on which all mollusks dote. Wherefore the oysters gaped wide and waxed fat. As they lay on their shallow ledge their pearly shells reflected the tropic sun in a milky glow. It was high summer and oyster breeding time, and to them in their smug shells the great reef seemed made for oysters alone. They reckoned, however, without the oyster drill, the tiny dog whelk and the still tinier whelk tingle, of the terrible tribe of borers and cutters who are the real unconquerables, the terrors of the sea.

Already these enemies had found the mollusk bed and the two largest oysters were attacked. But so minute and surreptitious were the killers that a long time passed before the oysters were even aware of their presence. Drawing within their armor the oysters simply contracted and lapsed into a digestive dream. They relied on their iron shells, being unfamiliar as yet with the methods of their terrible cousins.

The attackers went on with their work, boring through the stony shell substance with their wonderful tongues, which were like microscopic dentist drills armed with one hundred rows of infinitesimal teeth. All their vampirous forefathers before them had laughed at the problem of the closed shell and protective cartilage. Like living screws they tunneled bone in a ghoulish lust to excavate what lay within.

The biggest oyster awoke with a start of premonition. A saw-tipped tongue was tingling his sensitive inner membranes. The oyster's lips opened and shut with a snap of sheer panic. Quick horror galvanized him to all the movement of which his sluggish life was capable. He rolled and floundered a few inches in a strange, slow-movement violence. Then he gaped wide. He was not dead, but it was the end for him. The borer's terrible tongue was embedded in his vitals.

Faint as the commotion was, it set the near-by weed clumps swaying, attracting the attention of a starfish who came squeezing through a small opening in the reef wall. With his five arms flowing and waving about him, he glided downward to the oysters' ledge, propelling himself by means of tiny sucking feet on the underside of each arm. The starfish could move with equal ease or speed in any direction over any surface. His soft feet contacted the shell of the second largest oyster, and coming to rest he clamped two of his arms tightly around the right valve of the oyster's shell and two arms tightly around the left, his sucking feet gripping with the force of vacuum cups. The remaining arm groped about till it found purchase on a rock; then a motionless and silent struggle began. They were like two athletes who, though moveless and rigid, strain every muscle against the muscles of the opponent. The starfish's game was to flatten himself out by imperceptible degrees, arms still tight to the shell, thus opening the oyster's lips.

The strain grew. It ached through the oyster's valve muscles, an increasing tension. But grimly the starfish waited, pulling. He was built for this sort of thing, being five-ply, so to speak. The oyster was weakening under the long, steady effort.

Round about them the sea life moved on in its usual channels. There were deaths, births and migrations in the citadels of weed and coral. In and out of the rocky caves and pits that honeycombed the ledges the lazy ground swells rose and fell with sullen, cavernous gurglings, moanings and long-drawn sighs, sowing the silt with spat and spawn, relieving it of gases. Approximately seven billion coral animalcules died in the surrounding hundred yards, giving up their empty skeletons as dwellings and fortifications to seven billion others. But of all this the two locked combatants took no heed.

The second oyster gaped. But the starfish did not relax his hold an instant; he knew better. The oyster's lips would snap shut if he did, and all would be to do over again. But he could not reach the tender oyster with his mouth without releasing the grip of his arms; therefore he performed a miracle, which, by the way, oyster warfare had taught him. He turned himself inside out

He ejected his sacklike stomach, which was so flexible that it could take in a creature fully as large as himself. The stomach, as if of its own accord, engulfed the oyster as a polyp engulfs its food. Then the starfish drew it back inside himself again, and glided back to his retreat, leaving the empty shell gleaming on the ledge.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the scientist who for upward of two hours had been crouching on the rocks ten feet above, peering through a *mata*—a glass-bottomed box through which he could survey the ocean bed to a depth of twenty fathoms. He had witnessed the final victory of the dog whelk over the first oyster, as well as the starfish's strategy,

(Continued on Page 64)

Through the Translucent Depths the Eel Had Caught the Gleam of the Killer's Belly—Which Shone With That Deathly Whiteness Only Deep-Sea Creatures Have

THE AIR LIMITED . . . IN 11 SECTIONS

ON TIME! . . . At 5.15, as scheduled, the Chicago air limited appeared high over Detroit, winging at a hundred miles an hour towards the Ford Airport. Following it in close formation were ten additional sections . . . eleven tri-motored, all-metal Ford planes, carrying one hundred and eighteen customers of the Gambill Motor Company, Hupmobile distributors of Chicago. . . .

What would you have thought if you had read this paragraph in a reputable magazine only a few years ago? Pure fiction, of course! Yet this true bit of significant news is no longer startling. For the Stout Air Services have been operating giant Ford planes on passenger flights between Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland on a daily schedule for years. And during 1928 American transport planes flew 10,472,024 miles on established routes, carrying 52,934 passengers!

There was an actual increase in passenger traffic of 420% over the preceding year, and over 100% in distance flown!

Last year was signalized by the great increase in the transport of air mail. This year is already signalized by the general acceptance of the new vehicle by travelers. Several great new air lines have gone into operation this year, and their success indicates that America has definitely accepted this new form of swift transportation.

Perhaps the most important factor in the development and prosperity of America has been the improvement of its transportation facilities. When you view the United States from the air, this fact becomes manifest. For fleets of ships, streaking across the water, converge towards sheltered harbors where cities have become focal points from which railroad lines and trunk highways extend towards other cities. Along these routes of steel and concrete and water, cities have risen, communities flourish, the land is rich with growing crops and grazing herds and the plentiful products of mines and oil wells. *But beyond the traveled roads that bind the nation together there is unproductive stillness, a desert emptiness.*

You well know what the coming of the railroad meant to inland places. You know what the deepening of river channels and ocean harbors has done for commerce and navigation. Doesn't your imagination spark at the significance of this new form of transportation that can carry passengers and cargo faster than the wind, in safety and comfortable relaxation?

Is it not of the utmost importance to the commerce and industry of the nation that it is already perfectly feasible for a business man to leave New York at the same time his partner leaves Los Angeles, and meet for a conference in Kansas City in a matter of hours rather than of days?

Even while you are reading this, great fleets of Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes are winging across the skies, up and down the Atlantic Coast, up and down the Pacific Coast, from ocean to ocean, from nation to nation, from metropolises to fields of production and back again. . . . The American people have this year gone beyond mere speculation as to the future of aviation. They are actually employing the transport plane to speed up the business of the nation!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 62)

and was sketching the latter rapidly on a pad. He had come out to the reef that morning from the mainland, six miles away, to study the coral formation and gather data on the mollusk life of the sea floor.

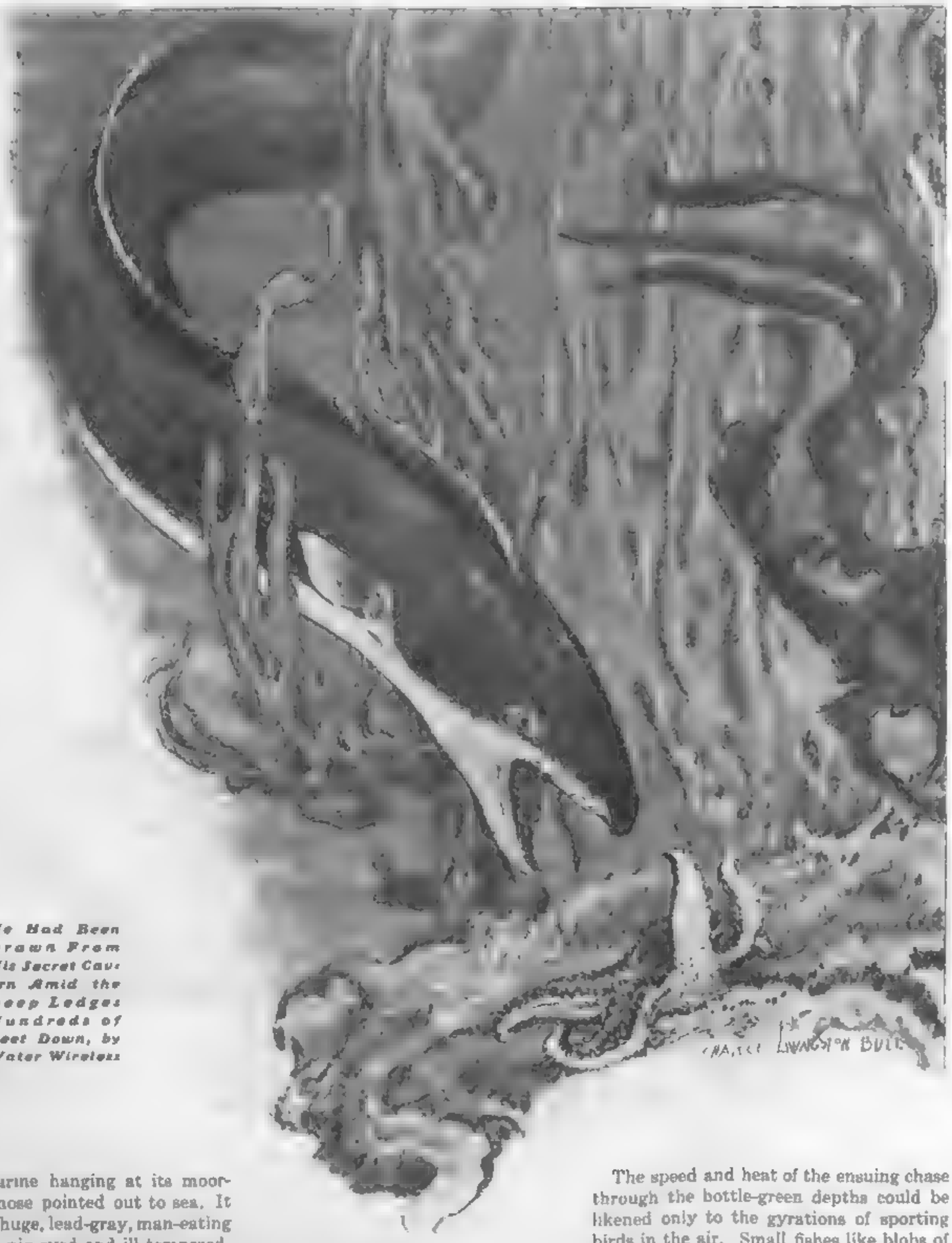
A few minutes later another amazing thing took place. The starfish, like the oyster, had reckoned without his host, or rather his guest, the diminutive tingle. Clamped fast to the oyster's shell, and so small as to be quite negligible, the starfish had sucked the little destroyer into his maw along with his meal. And not for long was he in ignorance of the fact. No sooner had he settled down to rest than the tiny Nemesis began its work. Within a few brief minutes the killer's tongue was buried in the tissues of its new victim, there to remain, boring and feeding upon its living victim until finally the vital organs were drained and death ensued. Some ancient buried instinct told the starfish of his doom, and he began flinging himself here and there in a vain attempt to expel the enemy, but the tingle clung with the tenacity of a leech.

"Most amazing," murmured the scientist, still peering through his *mata*. But it was still of the oysters he was thinking. Oysters had brought him here. And why not? It was he who had discovered the oyster's renal organs; likewise that the pair of labial ganglia near the oyster's mouth represented the cerebral and pleural pair of a gastropod combined, and that the parieto-splanchnic ganglia which connected them with the cerebro-pleural represented the visceral commissure; thus putting his name in all the books.

Other creatures had been drawn by the silt clouds that rose like smoke from the starfish's struggle. Miniature monsters crawled out of holes and unseen crannies; strange pikelike fish shot from the coral thickets, and forms living yet vegetal quivered to movement amid the weed clumps, screening the aroused silt with waving cilia. The grasses rocked and swayed. Then all smaller forms darted to cover as a new disturbance beat through the water; the vegetable creatures contracted into their crannies.

A lean shape, boneless, finless, lithe as rubber, undulated up from the depths like a thick snake. It was an eight-foot conger eel, sloe-black, and with a fierce, blunt, doglike head. He had been drawn from his secret cavern amid the deep ledges hundreds of feet down, by water wireless.

The starfish shot from the rocks on the instant, but long jaws with a rufflike frill on either side of them closed over him in an effortless rush. The great eel dove to the cavernous dark again, gulping starfish as he went. The ends of three arms, sheared off in the eating, drifted downward to the silt. One of them, lodging on a lower ledge, caused horrible internecine war among a colony of corpse-blue crabs who dwelt there—war which ended in cannibalism. Another settled upon a sleeping cuttlefish beside a rock, who awoke and betrayed himself to a foraging barracuda with crocodile jaws, and was quickly devoured in spite of his writhing arms and little snapping beaks. The third came to rest on the gray silt of the lightless depths, where it quickly wriggled from sight amid the ooze. It would grow into a complete new starfish in a matter of months.



He Had Been Drawn From His Secret Cavern Amid the Deep Ledges Hundreds of Feet Down, by Water Wireless

The male conger eel who had eaten the starfish had long imagined himself the master of the reef. For a distance of several hundred yards about, in fact, he was. Bonito, mackerel, tarpon or barracuda, he could outfight the most powerful fish that dwelt in those waters. His bulldog jaws with their inward-curving teeth had almost the tenacity of a rock python's once they achieved a hold; likewise he had a serpent's advantage over mere fish of being able to fasten his lithe posterior portions about a rock and cling motionless until his antagonists threshed away their strength in futile struggle and were easy prey. But that lordship of the old eel's was through sufferance only. Today was his day to be shown. And again it was the tiny whelk, twice eaten and still alive, who was back of it.

The eel dove like a black smudge to his secret grotto in the mountainside. Thereafter there was brief interlude in the life of the lune-green depths. The waters fell still as if petrified, and there was a feeling as if they had been emptied of life forever. But this was a realm where every action had its tocsin or antitocsin. Very shortly murder, fierce of jaw, stalked the depths again, with hunger its hidden spring. Foraging fish devoured smaller fish. And within the conger the tingle began making his presence known.

It is improbable that he could ever have wrought the death of this huge devourer, but in no time at all he had ruined the eel's feeding dreams and sent him forth in more than his usual evil mood, a-courting danger as he snaked his way in inky loops among the spiky sea caves. Soon the tiny war that had started in the Lilliput Land of the oyster ledge had spread to the monsters of the depths.

In a deep indentation of the outer reef, where the rocks fell away to dark blue depths, a great, gray, sinister shape lazed idly in a sheltered cavern. It looked not unlike a submarine hanging at its moorings, nose pointed out to sea. It was a huge, lead-gray, man-eating shark, pig-eyed and ill-tempered, one of that species dubbed through many a shuddery experience, "gray nurse," by the men of those southern waters. The books said that sharks there and thereabouts attained a length of twenty-five feet, but this one would never see thirty feet again. It was no shark at all, but a supershark. Likewise it was a female, which was worse. At all times evil of temper, she was just now as dangerous as frozen dynamite, for around her swam eight small newborn sharklings in which were vested for the time being all the care and cantankerousness of her vicious nature.

As her nearsighted little eyes caught the undulating movement of the eel, she gave the peculiarly sinister, sidelong roll of all sharks and slid forth to investigate, the eight young sharks following close behind her. Through the translucent depths the eel had caught the gleam of the killer's belly—which shone with that deathly whiteness only deep-sea creatures have—and before he rightly saw the fearsome shape of doom, instinct had put him to flight. The shark dove to come up beneath her prey, her one effective method of onslaught. Her body curved upward in an enormous corkscrew flash to bring her ugly undershot jaws into play. The rush of her mighty gun-metal bulk was like that of a launched torpedo, yet swathed in utter silence, as were all things in this ghost-lit world.

The shark struck true. Such as she rarely miss. But the eel was not there. What she struck was but the elongated silvery shaft of bubbles, which should have been the eel by rights, but was only that which trailed after his frenzied rush. The monster righted herself to stare, and without even slackening her tremendous rush, shot onward, hugging the reef face, heading off a possible double on the part of the eel for some secret hole. No pounding about for her in any fang-studded grottoes where the seas were liable to wedge her in alive.

The speed and heat of the ensuing chase through the bottle-green depths could be likened only to the gyrations of sporting birds in the air. Small fishes like blobs of quicksilver flashed from their path and the loosed silt boiled up in smoky wreaths in their wake. Swift as the eel was—and he was used to hunting down young tarpon and bonito among the reefs as a daily habit—his speed was pitifully inadequate beside that of the shark, which in spite of her bulk was following his every turn with the amazing agility of all her boneless clan. Spread out behind her came her eight well-trained offspring, following her twistings like the trailing tail of a comet.

Impossible to describe the breath-taking tension of the wind-up, the doubles, the flashes, plungings and switchbacks of the eel in his dead-heat with death; how he finally dove as a shooting star falls toward the mouth of his sanctuary, only to be overtaken for the fifth time and engulfed in one awful chop of the saw-edged jaws. There was left but the anterior end of the eel to wriggle downward to the sea floor, where starfish and scavenger crabs quickly joined in battle over the soft remains. As this ghoulish feast waxed furious, there emerged from the torn flesh of the eel the tiny form of the whelk tingle. Unseen and unmolested, he burrowed quickly from sight in the soft silt, there to wait till danger passed and chance or the whilom tides brought him in contact with his rapacious kind once more.

The shark mother, having finished her meal, shot swiftly up from the darkness to the transparent green of the surface again. Halfway up she met her young ones darting about in search of her, their speed not having been up to her final lightning lunges. The eel, though a large one, had been but a stimulus, however, to the vast appetite of this monster, and as she rose her fierce little eyes searched the jungles of weeds along the sunken ledges. It was thus that she flushed a school of young bonito out of a thicket of

(Continued on Page 258)

TWO bottles of milk may *look alike* and yet be vastly different in quality. That is why housewives carefully look at the bottle to see, first, that the milk is from the right dairy; second, that it is the grade desired.

It is also true that lamps may *look alike* and yet be vastly different in quality. But all Edison MAZDA Lamps have the mark of MAZDA stamped on the bulb. *It will pay you* to look for the name MAZDA when buying lamps. It assures you high quality, and the high quality of these lamps guarantees you *the full value of the current consumed.*

MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

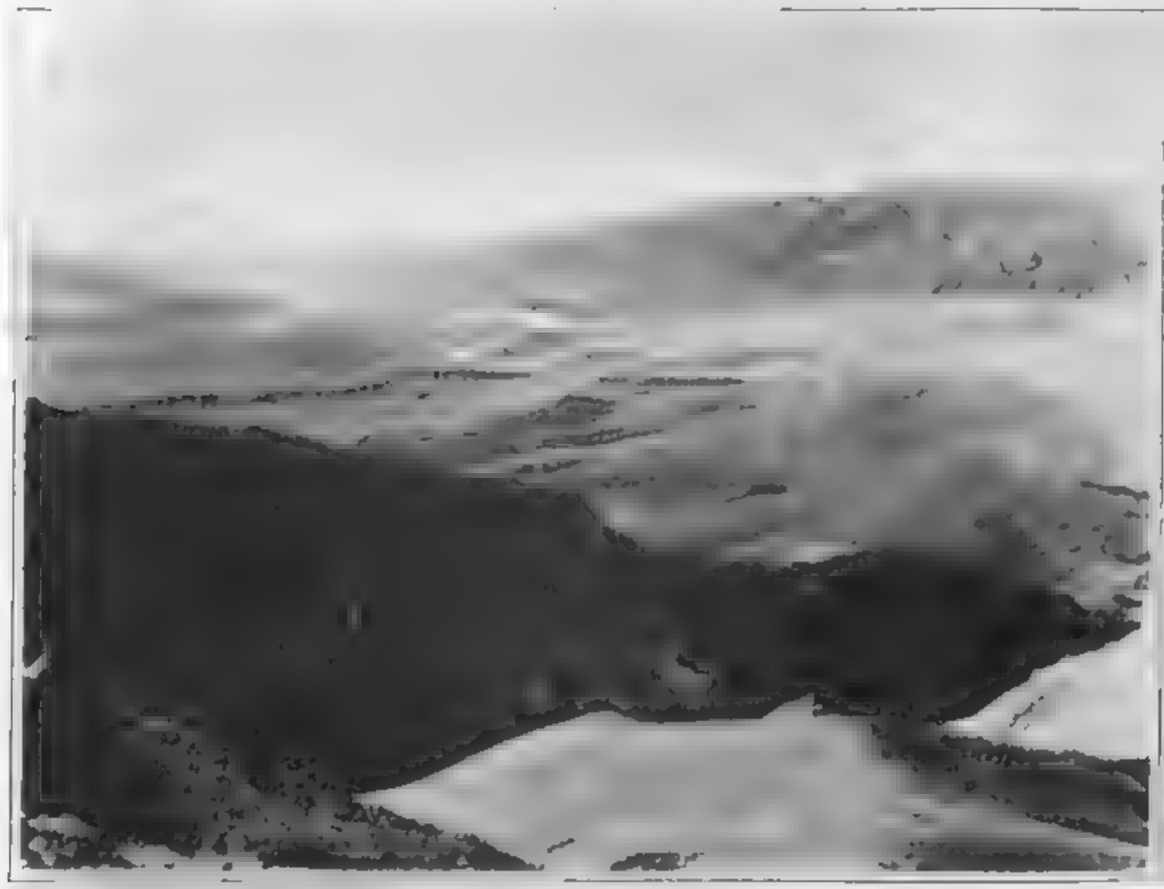
Economical housewives buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in the carton of six... to prevent breakage and to be sure of the convenience of an extra supply of lamps on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Beware of empty sockets, for where sockets are empty, there is likely to be dangerous eyestrain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA

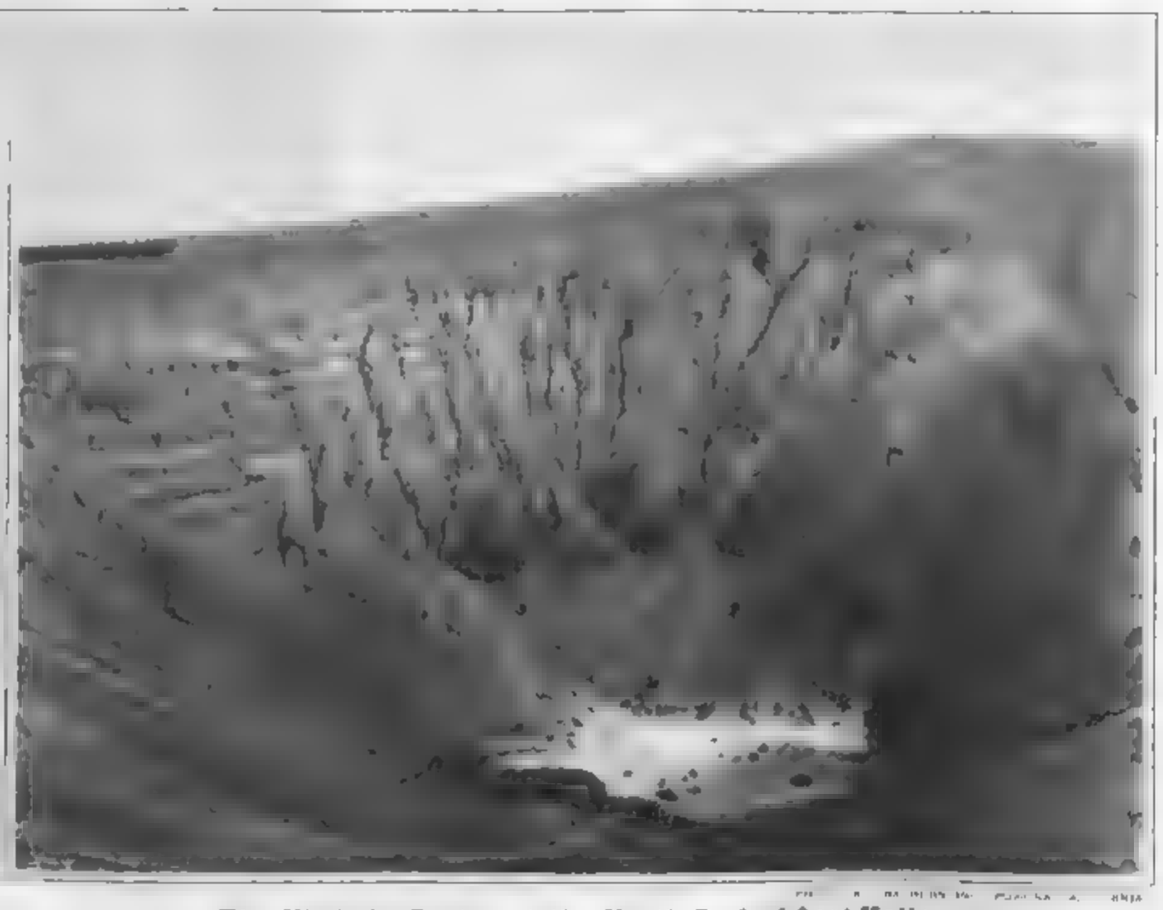
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

DEATH VALLEY PROSPECTORS



Death Valley and the Panamint Range From the Funeral Mountains



The Ubehebe Crater at the North End of Lost Valley

By Bourke Lee

JAKE is one of Death Valley's old prospectors. Years ago he cut a fuse too short and a stick of dynamite took his left arm off at the elbow. But Jake is no cripple. Last year Jake drove his car across the valley near the head of the rush of people bound east for the gold strike over in Wahmonie, Nevada. A week later we were surprised to see Jake come back. There was still a lot of excitement about the strike at Wahmonie. A tent city was springing up and there was a promise of a permanent camp. Jake had looked at Wahmonie, and now he was headed the other way. He stopped his car at the gas station at the end of the toll road.

Someone asked, "How's things at Wahmonie, Jake? Pretty lively?"

"Lively? Yeah, it's lively." Jake had a far-away look in his eye, as though he saw the roaring early days of Tonopah and Goldfield. Jake knew what a boom camp should be.

"Couldn't you get a claim, Jake? Ain't there no claims left?"

"Yeah, they's claims. Lotsa claims."

"Well, why are you back, then? Ain't she a good town?"

"Good town! They ain't no good towns any more. Do you know what they're doin' in Wahmonie? They's fellars sellin' kewpie dolls on the streets! Kewpie dolls! Gimme five gallons a gas."

Gun-Sight Mine

THE Death Valley party of 1849 trekked westward across the desert before the days of the news-service syndicates. None of the survivors of the emigrant party wrote exclusive stories about his own heroism and the unsportsmanlike conduct and actual fear of the rest of the emigrants. But the story got around just the same. The restless men of that generation met one another along the Western trails and talked about good routes and bad routes, and good feed and bad water, and how dumb some of the emigrants were, to be traipsing around the desert country with such broken-down outfits. The grim tale of the Death Valley party spread along the trails and the word went around that the deep, narrow valley between the Panamint and Amargosa ranges was to be avoided. Anyone with good sense would stay away from the thirst and heat and poison in Death Valley. Men listened to others describe the terrors of the valley, and as the reputation of Death Valley became more and more evil, the footloose adventurers warned one another emphatically that Death Valley was to be shunned. Men heard the convincing tales and the dire warnings and were satisfied that Death Valley must be an awful place. So quite a few of them took up the nearest trail to Death Valley.

The emigrants who formed the Death Valley party of 1849 left more than all their possessions in Death Valley, left something more valuable than the lives of their dearest friends. They lost a mine in Death Valley—the Gun-Sight Mine. One of the emigrants was coming down the west side of the Panamint Range when he noticed that the front sight was missing from his gun. He recollected that a few miles back along the trail he had struck his gun against a bowlder. He remembered that bowlder and he hurried back to it. He found his sight on the ground close to the bowlder just where he expected to find it, and as he picked up the gun sight he saw rich silver ore lying on the ground. He examined the ore and was impressed by its high value. Before he saw the ore he had thought of nothing but escape from the desert. He had been saving his strength by following the washes and cuts through the hills, staying on the most natural trail through the low places. But when he found the ore he forgot thirst and weariness and began to climb hills.

His Astonishment Knew No Bounds

THE emigrant knew that the ore he had picked up was just a bit of float washed down from the main ore body somewhere in the hills above him. He traced the float up the wash and searched the rock strata until he finally discovered the main lead. The quantity of rich ore in sight astonished him. He was glad he had thrown away everything he owned in his effort to escape. He was traveling light and was able to fill his pockets with ore specimens. The specimens got heavy before he reached Los Angeles, and he threw them away. But he was still astonished by the richness of the mine he had stumbled upon. He described the mine to everyone and explained that he had named it the Gun-Sight Mine, after the lost front sight that led him to its discovery.

Since 1850 many men have wished that the emigrant had been a little more careful of his front sight, or that he had never gone back to look for it. The Gun-Sight Mine has been the Lost Gun-Sight Mine since 1850, when the emigrant reached the coast with the story of his strike.

(Continued on Page 89

Grapevine Mountains

CREATED *by patient, expert blending . . . how it became America's favorite coffee*

TO a man's talent for flavor—to his patience and his skill—millions of breakfast tables today owe the flavor that makes breakfast important

The Old Colonel today can look back with satisfaction upon the achievement of his youth

Bred in Dixie's tradition of good living, he had the connoisseur's interest in flavor and he was dissatisfied with all the coffees he had ever tasted. Piquant, or mild, rich and syrupy, or acidly "winy"—none of them seemed to him quite perfect. So he had the happy inspiration to create a new flavor to suit himself

For years he tested and re-tested many choice coffees—blending them, rejecting some, re-blending, adding just a shade of this, a larger proportion of that—until he struck at last a balance between the "winy" and the syrupy, the mild and the piquant, which delighted even his sensitive palate

That delicious blend is Maxwell House Coffee, named for the famous old Maxwell House in Nashville, Tennessee, where this coffee won its first renown

The flower of Southern society gathered at the brilliant balls and banquets given at the old Maxwell House. It was the scene of the famous "Jackson Day Balls." Here the South's most distinguished visitors—statesmen, authors, diplomats, even presidents of the United States—were honored and entertained

Marvelous Southern cooking, real Southern hospitality, were its characteristics—and the coffee was its special boast. "Good to the last drop," the guests proclaimed it, and "Good to the last drop" it has come to be widely known

Within his own lifetime the Old Colonel has seen the popularity of the blend he created spread throughout the whole United States—the first coffee ever to become a *national* favorite. Wherever you live—North, South, East or West—your grocer carries Maxwell House Coffee, sealed in tin to protect all its appetizing fragrance and inimitable rich, mellow flavor

Many consider Drip Coffee the very best—Use 1 heaping tablespoon of medium-ground Maxwell House Coffee for each cup (½ pint) of boiling water. Put the coffee into the upper compartment of the biggin and pour the boiling water slowly over it. Cover and let stand in a warm place to drip through

He was an expert in coffee familiar with all the different kinds and grades grown in the tropics of many lands. For years he labored with inexhaustible patience, until at last his persistence was rewarded with a coffee so smooth and rich in flavor, yet so full of life and sparkle, that it delighted even his critical palate

RADIO CONCERT EVERY THURSDAY: A brilliant program of music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast every Thursday evening from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WTR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. You are cordially invited to tune in on this Maxwell House Program

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

FRATERNALLY YOURS

By Charles Wertenbaker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Time to Go," Jane Said

AL COURTNEY walked home from dinner through the spring twilight and climbed the steps to his apartment, feeling at peace with the world. A ring was in his pocket, a plan was in his head, and everything was going to come out all right. In his soul there was a pleasant sense of tranquillity, but it didn't last long.

At the top of the steps, before the door of his apartment, was a dirty cardboard suitcase. On top of the suitcase were two dirty footprints, a left and a right. Above the door was a broken transom. He let himself in.

On the couch in the hall was a dirty guitar case. In the middle of the floor of the living room was a pile of dirty outer garments. In the middle of the floor of his bedroom was a pile of dirty undergarments. In the middle of a bathtub full of dirty water was his kid brother.

Al said, "Oh, my good Lord!" and sank down on the edge of the basin.

Lack Courtney said "Greetings, my brother," and offered a soapy hand. The soap on the hand was dirty too.

Al shook the hand unenthusiastically and then washed his own and wiped it carefully. "When did you escape?"

"Yesterday," Lack said.

"How'd you get here?"

"Freight train."

"Weren't there any freights going to Charleston?"

"The old man has disowned me," Lack said. "Besides, I was hungry."

"How long since you've eaten?"

"That," Lack said, "confirms my suspicion that in spite of your occasional hard-heartedness you are really a swell brother. First concern: Whether the poor prodigal is hungry."

"I don't give a hoot whether you're hungry or not," Al said. "I just wanted to know whether you'd eaten the stuff I got to give some friends later on tonight."

"If I'd known that was what it was for, I'd have left some of it," Lack said. "I thought you kept it around in case somebody dropped in on you—like me, for instance."

"For Pete's sake!" Al said. He went out and slammed the door. He sat down in the living room, lit a cigarette, and began wondering what he was going to do with Lack now. He had been taking care of Lack all his life. He had had to bully him into behaving himself at prep school; then at college he had got him into his fraternity, paid his bills when the store people got nasty, and kept their father from taking him away. Then, as soon as he left college, Lack got himself kicked out and came up here to Washington to live on him. He had finally put him out of his apartment one cold night last fall with enough money for three meals and a ticket back to Charleston. Later he had heard from his father that Lack had persuaded a cousin to give him a job in a dye factory in New Jersey and seemed to be on the point of settling down to work. And now here he was again.

He didn't want to kick him out. Lack was a nice kid and he liked him; the only trouble with him was that he was congenitally lazy—their mother had called him Lack as an abbreviation for Lackadaisical. But he didn't want him around now. He had a habit of going around with his collar open and writing poetry in public places—not because he was a poet but because he seemed to like to be conspicuous. That had annoyed Al a good deal, and now, when he was on the point of becoming engaged to Jane Kimball and helping Jane's father in a social way, it wouldn't do at all. And so he would have to get Lack away.

Lack strolled into the room in the new dressing gown Al had been keeping for special occasions.

"I wonder if I might have a cigarette?" Lack said.

Al indicated the package on the table. "Take off that dressing gown," he said.

"All right," Lack said good-naturedly. "I only put it on because I didn't have any underclothes and I didn't want to desecrate your salon by appearing in it nude."

"I suppose that means you want some underclothes?"

"Well, if you don't mind."

"I do mind, but go ahead."

Lack disappeared and came back a few minutes later wearing a suit of Al's new silk underclothes and a pair of his socks.

"You'd take the best ones, of course."

"I heard you say once that you couldn't stand silk underclothes on a man," Lack said, "and so I concluded that these were a gift and that I'd be doing you a favor to relieve you of the obligation of wearing them."

"Take 'em off and put on a torn pair. I've changed my taste; I'm going to get married."

"Oh, you're going to get married?" Lack said.

"Yes, I'm going to get married."

"You didn't let me know anything about that," Lack said.

"No," said Al.

"How unfraternal."

"I didn't want to do anything to get you back here again, but now that you're here, I suppose you might as well know."

"Thanks," Lack said. "Who is she?'

"Name's Jane Kimball."

"Any kin to Richard P. Kimball?"

"Daughter."

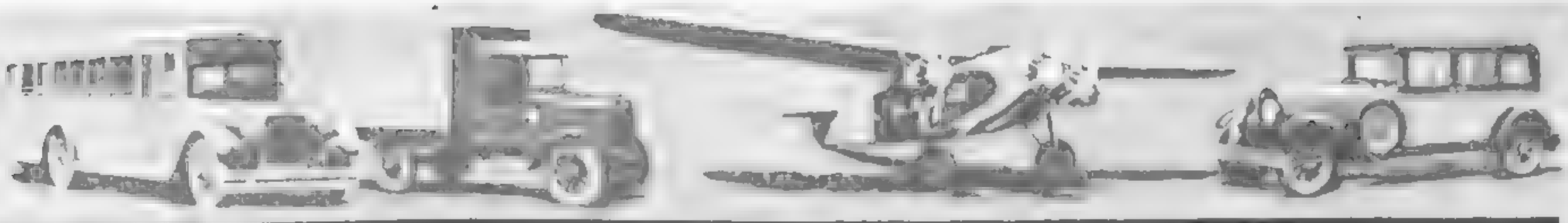
"You're sort of fixing yourself up, aren't you?" Lack said. "Not that I suspect you of any motive other than love."

"Thanks," said Al. "I can't help it if the old man's a millionaire."

"Of course not," Lack said. "I trust they're worthy of our distinguished family."

"They're swell people," Al said. "Her grandfather made all the money." (Continued on Page 70)

Jane Was Coming Toward Him



Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than,

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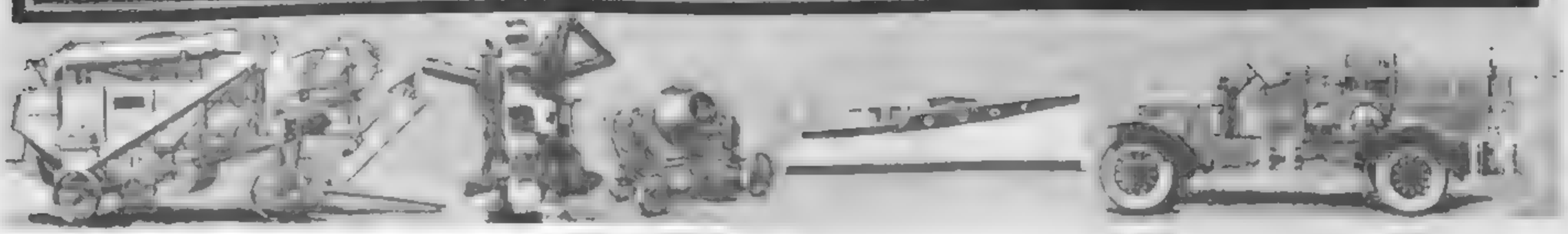

(Continued from Page 68)

"That's all right, then. My instinctive dislike of the trite prevents my quoting the ancient platitude about how many generations it takes to make a gentleman."

"That's decent of you," Al said. "Now go get dressed."

"Gladly," said Lack, "but, unfortunately, I've got no suit but that one on the floor. I wondered about that gray one in your closet; it looked a bit too shabby for a well-dressed young man like you."

"Take it. Make the most of your opportunities. I'm going to throw you out tomorrow."

Lack went out again, and when he came back he was fully dressed. Al noticed that he was getting better looking; in fact, he was a fine-looking kid when he had some decent clothes on. It was a pity he wouldn't amount to anything. Lack sat down on the sofa and took another cigarette. He had a way of doing everything so that he was always at his ease; Al rather envied him that too.

After a minute Lack said, "My Courtney pride compels me to decline any invitation I fail to receive. Tomorrow I shall be on my way again."

"On your way where?"

Lack waved his hand in the general direction of away; then, exhausted by the effort, he sank back on the sofa. His hand holding the cigarette hung limply over the side of the sofa and the cigarette spilled ashes on the rug. Al slipped an ash tray under it. In an instant the cigarette dropped into the tray and Lack emitted a gentle snore. Al threw a pillow at him.

"Sorry," Lack said. "I didn't sleep much last night."

Al was irritated, but it made him feel foolish to get mad at Lack when Lack wouldn't get mad back at him. He wondered if he could make him mad.

He said, "I suppose you got fired from the dye works."

"Well, not exactly," Lack said. "You see, I was losing sleep all the time. By the time I'd been there five months I figured that I had lost a week's sleep. So one morning I just failed to wake up, and when I finally got awake it was two days later. They thought I had quit and somebody else had my job; so, to keep them from feeling bad, I told 'em I would quit. But I'm not sorry. I was wasting my time doing work that was purely physical. I was made to be a planner." He waved his arm in a circle above his head. "To lie on my back and plan great plans for other people to carry out."

"Maybe you've planned what you're going to do when I kick you out tomorrow," Al said.

"I didn't know you were," Lack said. "That'll necessitate new plans. I'll make 'em tonight."

"I wouldn't mind your staying here," Al said, "except that you're in the way, you bum all my money, and you make such an ass of yourself that you embarrass me with my friends. Why don't you go to work?"

"I've just finished working," Lack said. "I doubt if I ever work again. I don't like work. It's degrading."

"What do you expect to do?"

"I haven't decided yet, but I'll find something, never fear. Nobody ever heard of a Courtney working before the Civil War, and the necessity of earning his daily bread has ruined the disposition of our father."

"Worrying about you did it, more likely."

"You watch me. I've got two assets in a fine old family name and a pleasing personality."

"And you're lazy as hell," his brother supplemented.

"That's a mark of good breeding."

Al snorted and got up and began changing his clothes. He was due at Jane's in twenty minutes and he would have to hurry.

He said, "Before you go back to sleep, trot over to the delicatessen store and replace the stuff you ate."

"All right. Shall I charge it?"

Lack Strolled Into the Room in the New Dressing Gown Al Had Been Keeping for Special Occasions

Al threw him a dollar. "Bring back the change."

"If you bought me a pack of cigarettes," Lack said, "you'd save yourself a lot of reaching."

"Oh, Lord, all right."

"And if you'll add just one little five-cent drink to it, I'll go."

"All right, just so you go."

Lack went out and Al began dressing for the evening with little enthusiasm. Lack amused him sometimes, but now, when he had plans to carry through, he was a nuisance. He'd have to send him off tomorrow before he stuck his neck out and spoiled things for him. And he'd have to talk to Mr. Kimball tonight.

Lack came back just as he was about to leave. "There isn't any change," Lack said. "I got more stuff than you had before, because there'll be one more mouth to fill."

"Whose mouth?"

"Mine, of course. Who else's?"

"Who invited you on this party?"

"Why, I thought you expected me. Otherwise you would have suggested the movies and given me the price of a ticket."

"The party won't start till one," Al said. "I'm going to a night club with Jane and some other people, and afterward we're coming back here for a little while. You be in bed by then."

Lack said: "Oh, well, all right," and went into the next room. Al began to hope he had got him a little bit mad, but as he went out, Lack called cheerfully, "So long. Bet you'll be sorry you didn't invite me."

II

WHEN Al stopped his car in front of Mr. Richard Kimball's big stone house he was feeling better again. He looked up at the high pillars of the house and imagined himself living there with Jane. He would be, if everything worked out all right.

Jane was sitting on the porch. He saw her cool, sharp profile as he climbed the steps and he felt in his pocket to make sure the ring was there. Then he saw that there was another girl with Jane, and he recognized her sister Polly. He didn't like Polly much: she was too loud and enthusiastic and boarding-schoolish. Jane was tall and soft-voiced and quiet.

He said, "Hi, Jane. . . . Hello, Polly; when'd you get back?" He didn't kiss Jane before Polly.

"Just blew in," Polly said, "a deserted woman."

"She was supposed to bring a boy with her," Jane said, "but he couldn't get off from college for another week. I called you up to get you to find a date for her, and your brother answered the phone, so we fixed it up right there.

(Continued on Page 101)

"Sorry," He Said, Trying to Sound Unconcerned. "I Just Wanted to Borrow a Light"

From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller
HENRY FLEETWOOD, Esq.
OF PENWORTHAM
LANCASTER
ENGLAND

GOLDEN TRADITIONS * THE INSPIRATION OF FLEETWOOD

No manufacturer is more vividly aware of the debt of gratitude which modern industry owes to the artisans and the craftsmen of the past, than is Fleetwood. ¶ The spirit which moved the carriage builders of those earlier days is *today* the inspiration of the artisans in the custom body shops of Fleetwood, in America—a community of craftsmen which takes its name from that beautiful English town founded by the celebrated Fleetwood family which flourished in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. ¶ The rich traditions of three hundred years of coach building, applied and developed by Fleetwood, have secured for Fleetwood Bodies a special and separate place in the minds of the most discriminating circles in the world. ¶ The quality of every Fleetwood Body is heightened by the superb engineering contributed by Fisher and its actual value vastly increased by reason of the fact that Fleetwood commands the unequaled facilities and resources of the Fisher Body organization. ¶ It is particularly fitting that the names and the physical and designing resources of Fleetwood and Fisher should reinforce each other, and particularly notable that this association brings to Fleetwood advantages which Fleetwood, alone among custom body builders, enjoys. ¶ In the past, Fleetwood Bodies have graced such notable chassis as Hispano-Suiza, Isotta Fraschini, Mercedes, Minerva, Rolls-Royce, Duesenberg, Cadillac and La Salle. Fleetwood will continue to create custom designs for these and other chassis, and to deserve, in ever larger measure, the high repute attaching to the Fleetwood name.

FLEETWOOD

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

{"Send for copy of our pamphlet ... It is free"}

PHOTOPLAY Magazine, owned and edited by the caustic, clever and conscientious James Quirk, pays Universal's "Broadway," the remarkable talking and singing sensation, a compliment that is well worth preserving. He speaks of it as "the original of all the night-club and underworld dramas and the most effective—no hodgepodge talkie trying to get by on the strength of its novelty, but an expert drama with concise dialogue, tense melodrama and action—one of the most entertaining plays presented in several seasons." This means more to you than anything I might say. I am prejudiced in favor of my own productions—when they are good. Quirk is neutral and a publisher.

—C. L.

"Show Boat"

All over America the press comments on Universal's "Show Boat" have been similar in tone to Photoplay's comment on "Broadway." LAURA LA PLANTE, JOSEPHINE SCHILDKRAUT and other stars in the cast have been showered with praises. These notices have been unanimous to the extent that they prove conclusively that you must see the picture. Two versions, silent and with dialogue.

Joseph Schildkraut in "Show Boat"

"College Love"

No less sincere and elaborate have been the praises given to "College Love." Every American loves the sprightly, rapid fire life of the University and this all-talking and singing picture takes us at every phase of it. The cast is composed of the favorites [illegible] "The Collegians" GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, EDDIE PHILLIPS, HAYDEN STEVENSON, CHURCHILL ROSS and others. Two versions, silent and talking. Direction by Nat Ross.

Dorothy Gulliver in College Love

Watch for "The Love Trap"—A Universal production featuring the delightful LAURA LA PLANTE with EDDIE PHILLIPS, NORMAN TREVOR AND JOE [illegible]. Direction by William Wyler.

Also—KEN MAYNARD, the most romantic and dashing of the western stars, in "Lucky Larkin." "The Drake Case," an unusually fine melodrama, featuring GLADYS BROCKWELL, FORREST STANLEY and ROBERT FRAZER. Read that amazing story "All Quiet on the Western Front," and be prepared for Universal's fine picture based on the story.

Sunny Jim in Talking Comedies

That letter to me—have you written it? If not, do it now. I want your opinions of all Universal's you see.

Carl Laemmle, President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

POOR LITTLE BESSIE MAY

Continued from Page 7

"Oh-h-h! Lura-line! Were you actually really and truly going to elope?"

"We-ell, I certainly didn't ever tell him I was; in fact, I never did actually tell him a single solitary thing but maybe. Though, of course, I just kind of kept the ring anyway."

"But were you going to do it? I mean, were you?"

Luraline's fragile flower-hued countenance became queerly hard and, still more queerly, limpid eyed. It made Bessie May feel frightened inside. By what, she did not know.

"I don't know," breathed Luraline in an odd husky voice. "I just don't know what I might have done!" She shivered. "You see," she explained, her throat so painful and her lips so stickily dry she could hardly speak, "I—I reckon I've been just kind of half crazy ever since he struck this town." She pulled herself together. "But now," she said, tensely resolute, "I'll do even that. I'll even do it this very night. And you can tell him I said so, Bessie May, if it's absolutely the only thing that can save him from ruining his life."

The cemetery, the willows, the low-slanting shafts of sunlight, had all become very beautiful.

"You see," whispered Luraline, "it would really be my duty."

"Luraline," Bessie May timidly intruded, "do you know, and with all I've got to tell him and all, you haven't told me a thing about what he looks like."

Luraline expanded with happiness. "Well, then," she said, "let's have another cigarette . He's really awfully blond," she began, eager eyed, and tasting every word. "Awfully blond hair, and awfully kind of cold gray eyes, but so sort of bronzed in the face that it's actually darker than his eyes. And that makes him just awfully sophisticated-looking I think that's just the very cutest thing there can be about a man, don't you? When he's just so awfully sophisticated-looking. And then, he comes from the most wonderful people—with one of those little round French caps when he rides around in his real sure-enough imported roadster. Yes, just like in the books! His people just handed it out to him like mine would a little old vanity or something. That's how wonderful they are. And the minute they got to be so wonderful they moved right on to Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia, and they live there. The Mimbles, you know."

"Mimbles?"

"Oh, Bessie May! Don't tell me you don't know who the people are that make that drink that takes the smell of anything right off your breath! Maybe we'd better get one—my mother can smell a cigarette a mile away."

"'The Breath They Love to Breathe!'" cried Bessie May excitedly. "Why, Luraline, it's on all the billboards and everything! Whatever does such an awfully prominent boy like that do?"

"Oh, he just tours. His people are so wonderful he was really just passing through here on what you might call a tour, until he met me. Well, Bessie May, if we're not the dumbest things! When here we've got my car and could maybe be actually seeing him practically anywhere!"

At their first stop in town, Luraline, backing and pulling in to the curb, suddenly redoubled her concentration on brakes and gears.

"Now, Bessie May," she exclaimed in a ventriloquist's voice, without moving her lips, "for heaven's sake don't act like I was saying a thing, but if you'll just look up for a bird or something, there he is! That jade-green roadster with all the silver ——"

Bessie May looked up for a bird or something. The sheer Greek perfection of feature and well-muscled limbs of the long, beautiful and totally worthless boy, lounging tragically and petulantly morose at the wheel of the parked car, would have sufficed to make him an arresting figure, even without the startling reversal of the usual in the contrast of the deep golden pallor of his skin with his lighter hair and eyes. The open collar of a white silk jersey shirt revealed that same rich pallor still spreading evenly on down beyond the base of his bare young throat; and on his large hand on the wheel, finely set hairs curled in the sun like a mist of lighter gold. Luraline suddenly felt Bessie May's tense little fingers twining like steel wires about her own.

"Oh, Luraline," she gasped out in terror, "I can't! I can't! You mustn't even ask me! I just can't do it—what I said!"

For a moment Luraline could not grasp it. Then, so swift and sharp was the swoop within her that for a horrible second she feared the only daughter of the town's leading citizen, the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee, was going to be sick over the side of her car in the public street.

"But, Bessie May," she hissed fiercely, "you've got to!"

"No! No! I can't!" Bessie May almost sobbed. "I'd die! I couldn't get out a word! Oh, I'd die, Luraline! He's one of the thrilling ones!"

Luraline grimly set her little jaw. They were already late for supper, and before she could even set to work on Bessie May again, that ghastly meal would have to be endured.

And even after supper, when she finally had Bessie May cornered, white faced, dumb eyed, and without possible escape, in an armchair up in Bessie May's room, all she did then was to wring her hands and go on whimpering unchangingly, "But I can't, Luraline—I can't!"

At last Luraline's nerves could endure no more, and exploded hysterically.

"Oh, I just wish I'd never asked you here!" she raved. "I wish I'd never seen you in all my life! I declare I just actually wish you were dead!"

Great slow-dropping tears welled into Bessie May's wide-open eyes. Suddenly she flared out resentfully, "Why, Luraline, I'd cut off my right hand for you, and you know it!" Whereupon she buried her face in her thin arms and rocked in hopeless abandon. "Oh, it's awful!" she sobbed heartbreakingly. "How can anybody help being made the way they're made? And I'll probably have to go on being just that way as long as I live!"

Appalled at herself, Luraline dropped to her knees and flung her arms around poor little Bessie May. "Oh, honey, darling, dearest!" she begged. "You know I didn't really go to say such a thing to you! Honest, I didn't! Listen, Bessie May, even if you actually can't just up and say anything to him yourself, you can certainly answer questions if he asks them, can't you, darling?"

"But none of them ever asks me any questions!" wailed Bessie May. "They never get interested enough to w-want to!"

"But what if I tell you just one little thing that, if you'll just promise me you'll say it, will make him get so interested he'll probably take you right out to his car, and then all you'll have to do is sit there answering questions until you've told him everything I've asked you to. You can certainly say just that one little thing, can't you, Bessie May? I mean, everything in this world you've got to promise me is that when this Virgil Spread dances you up and introduces you, you'll just say right off, 'Oh, Mr. Mimble, somebody's just told me the most thrilling thing about you, but I gave my solemn promise I'd never breathe a word.'"

For a sniffling moment Bessie May considered it. "And you really mean that's absolutely everything?" she whimpered dubiously at last. "And you're just absolutely certain it'll work?"

"Why, certainly!" cried Luraline. "Even for you, Bessie May! Because that's just absolutely everything anybody's got to say to any man to keep him going all night long, if she wants him to."

"Well then," decided Bessie May miserably, "if only you'll stop being mad at me, I'll say it, if it kills me."

In the indiscriminate rapture of her relief, Luraline wildly hugged and kissed the window hangings, Bessie May, the long mirror with her own lovely image in it, and the maple posts of the guest-room bed. She laughed. She sobbed. She sang.

But poor little Bessie May simply sat on, repeating over and over again, dully, joylessly, and doomed, "Oh, Mr. Mimble, somebody's just told me the most thrilling thing ——"

But not even the entirely unforeseen constraint upon the evening that faced her as they started downstairs after they had dressed could depress Luraline.

In the hall below, her mother, protecting her beautiful gray finger wave with her hands, was slipping her imposing bare shoulders into her chiffon velvet wrap which the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee, looking very impressive if none too comfortable in his evening clothes, was resignedly holding for her. Of all nights, that had to be one of the few on which she could manage him into going to a country-club dance, and undeniably, especially when matters of moment were in hand, parents' place was in the home.

But, dragging Bessie May like a lamb to sacrifice, Luraline managed even, with a gush of innocent delight, to greet it as a happy surprise, and sparkled on down past them in an undiminished effervescence of flashing slippers and swishing tulle, for the bedazzlement of the repellent Mr. Spread, who was waiting in the library.

The night the source of all the heady excitement inside her had spent in jail, although it had by no means increased his ability to "stand the sight of him," had somehow effectively quieted all her father's anxiety; she knew only too poignantly that since then there had been nothing whatever that could have aroused suspicion; and no indication of the scene downstairs had broken through the tension up in Bessie May's room, although the roar of the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee had been fully as loud as Mrs. Barpee had feared when she closed the library door before she began.

"But, Henry," she implored, hushing desperately at him with both well-groomed hands, "I told you, if only we're right there at that country club when it happens, all in the world you'll have to do will be to go straight on down to the city hall and ask them to phone the police on all the roads around! They can't miss that fancy car, and people always just jump around like servants for you."

"But—but that country-club lizard!" he stormed, striding blindly through the sheets of the newspaper he had dashed broadcast to the floor. "That—that jailbird! Why, if I could believe one word of it I'd just get my gun ——" Suddenly he wheeled. "But look here, Virginia!" he expostulated. "Luraline's our own daughter, and simply a girl of too high a character ever to belittle herself by having anything whatever to do with anybody that's been in jail—and what's more, he knows it. He hasn't dared show his face around her since. Besides, I'm confident she'd already seen through him even before that. Didn't she go with Finney Spread's boy that very night? You're the child's own mother, and I certainly hate to say such a thing, but it looks to me as if the whole trouble from start to finish is, you simply do not understand Luraline."

"But they've been corresponding, I told you! And she still has his ring!"

"Yet you've never seen so much as an envelope that's passed between them, and I'll bet you've never seen that ring either!"

"But how could I, Henry! Didn't I tell you plainly she carries it hidden inside her dress?"

"Then how can you possibly say you even know it's a ring?"

(Continued on Page 74)

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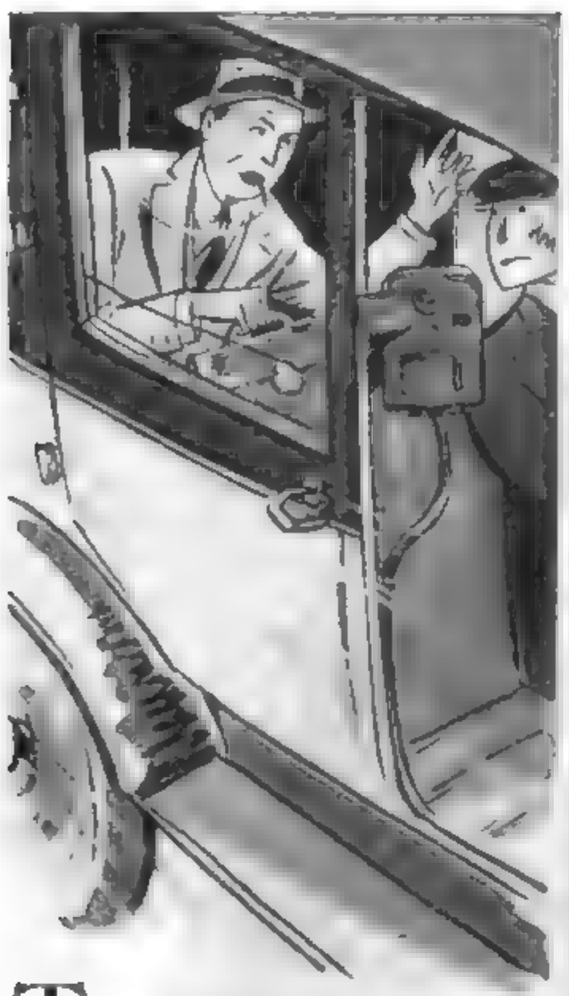

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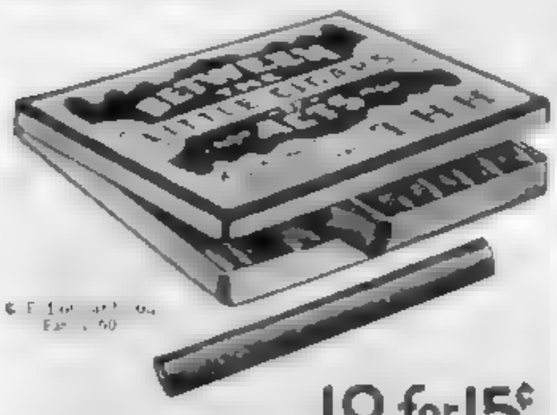

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(Continued from Page 72)

"Why, Henry Barpee! Whatever else in this wide world could it be?"

"Oh, Virginia!" he groaned. "And after all you've just put me through you probably haven't had any better reason for a thing you've said."

"Now, Henry, don't tell me you didn't see for yourself how they were at supper, and the way she dragged Bessie May right off upstairs—why, if I hadn't just been so relieved to know he had to leave town tonight, all that frantic anxiety to have her get here for this dance ought to have been enough, just by itself."

"But she's always like that, whenever there's any chance to do anything for poor little Bessie May! It's one of the very finest things in all her nature, and a mighty good thing for her, too, for if she has any fault, I'd say it was a slight tendency to be a little wild."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Barpee. "All that awe and admiration simply makes Bessie May always the best audience she can get whenever she's just about to do her very worst. And now there they've been, closed up tight up in Bessie May's room for over two solid hours. That's just what's convinced me at last. To dress, she said. Well, I certainly hope you don't think it takes two solid hours in this day and time for a couple of girls to change those few clothes. They're just up there talking it all out over and over again, the way anybody might expect. Oh, Henry, can't you see? It just proves it!"

"As if," he said, "they couldn't be spending the same time talking about practically anything else in the world."

"Now, Henry Barpee," she cried desperately, "with a thing like that to talk about, how could they even think about anything else?"

Whereupon he groaned again, sank weakly into his chair and gave up. Even after years of marriage, such logic had not ceased to appall him.

"Well," he grumbled in weary martyrdom, "what good safe place have you got my stuff shirts hidden away in this time?"

And when, at midnight, she appeared in the card room at the club, cheerfully grand, with her wrap pulled over one shoulder, and ready to go home, he had the satisfaction of considering it had all turned out exactly as he had expected. But the moment they emerged from the publicity of the clubhouse on their way to their car, she dropped her disguise and it became a different matter. In the moonlight her face was ghastly.

About half an hour before, Mrs. Barpee had noticed young Mimble, in an earnest conversation with Bessie May, suddenly grab her arm and steer her excitedly out the door. But, since Luraline and he had apparently not even so much as been aware of each other's existence, that would have meant little, had it not been that about five minutes later Luraline slipped through her mob of stags and disappeared into the ladies' dressing room, and none of the trio had returned. At the end of half an hour Mrs. Barpee, knowing there was a concealed back stairway, leading from the dressing room to a hedge-inclosed terrace outside, took that way herself to see if the foreign car was still parked on the drive. It was gone.

Even so, hope remained that, after they had driven home, sooner or later they would hear the sound of Luraline's latchkey as usual, and after the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee had emerged from the city hall, it was for both of them a certainty that if they did not, they would hear instead the ring of a telephone call from the chief of police.

But, with the library windows haggard in a ghastly dawn, six o'clock that morning found them still in their evening clothes, gray-faced and hollow-eyed with the strain of sleepless waiting, with nothing else left them to do, and both hope and certainty dwindled to a mere pretense. At last Mr. Barpee frankly bowed his head into his hands and moaned.

"Henry, dear!" Mrs. Barpee begged him earnestly, her face harrowed by her own distress. "If it's done, it can't be undone now, and we've just got to face it. Besides, bad as it is, it may be after all as good a thing as could have happened. A girl like Luraline is usually left in the end with nothing but left-overs to choose from or else take up a career. And you certainly never wanted to see her running a tea room, now, did you?"

"Oh, Luraline was no stick, Virginia!" he groaned hopelessly. "She was the most fascinating girl in this town!"

"But if only you've noticed, that just means she'd probably have gone on dashing around thinking she was the heroine of a grand, dazzling, super thriller, until she got too old to fit the part or had the good luck to have something else wake her up to what she really is—just a girl like anybody else. And then she'd find that the sticks that never had anything to fool them into thinking they were anything else had grabbed off all the really desirable men. There's Molly Bishop, for example; you surely haven't forgotten the way she used to be engaged to as many as six at a time, always keeping herself in the middle of some exciting tragedy by forgetting which ring to wear. And what did she have left? She had to open up that Style Shoppe to support him! Oh, I tell you there's lots worse things than his millions!"

"But Luraline's no Molly Bishop!" he protested in outrage. "Why, she's got a heart! She's got a soul! And when I think of all that lovely nature wasted like that on that—that ——" He leaped to his feet. "Oh, I can't stand it!" he shouted. "I'll go crazy, I tell you! I'll go crazy!" And then he stood startled and intent. "Listen!" he whispered harshly, with a shocking glint in his eyes.

There was the whine of the brakes of a car at the gate, followed by masculine guffaws and a clear cascade of giggling soprano laughter.

Mrs. Barpee's hands went to her stomach. White lipped, she stepped quickly between him and the door. "Henry!" she pleaded.

"No! No!" he yelled, striding violently on past. "If he dares set foot inside this house ——"

She caught at his coat. "Henry! Henry!" she begged desperately. "I tell you we've just got to face it! She's the only child we've got in this world!"

He put his hand on the door trim and for a moment lowered his eyes. Then he raised them again. "All right," he said huskily.

Luraline's excited, high, bright voice floated in from the porch. "And now," she was shouting gayly back to the car, "I've just got to take all this pep in and just put it to bed!"

Her latchkey was in the lock, the door swung open, and Luraline stepped inside, her cheeks hectic and her eyes glittering in anticipation, but, before her haggard parents confronting her in the hall, she halted, momentarily dismayed. Her tulle dress was in shreds, her bare arms scratched, and her silver slippers caked with red clay mud.

"Merciful heavens, Luraline!" cried Mrs. Barpee.

"Oh, mother," gushed Luraline, regaining control, "I've just had the most marvelous experience; just the most absolutely thrilling thing you ever heard of in all your life! And so educational! I've been right out into the mountains and actually seen a genuine moonshine still—in operation! And I know all about mash, and singlings, and proofing, and how, when the officers are after you, the first thing you do is grab the cap off the still. You see, it's the only part you can't actually make yourself."

"Luraline!" detonated Mr. Barpee abruptly, uncontrollably, and against his own intentions. "Where's that—that ——"

"That what, daddy dear?"

"Well, that Mimble boy," he finished lamely.

Luraline burst into a ringing peal of whole-hearted laughter. "Oh, daddy, darling!" she cried in relief. "Are you actually still talking about poor Richard Mimble? Why, I haven't so much as spoken to Mr. Mimble in over a week! I've hardly even seen him!"

Both of them stared. Suddenly the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee began striding up and down exactly as if he were dancing. "There now, Virginia!" he yelled, red-faced with joy, flinging his arms about and beaming in triumph. "What did I tell you! What did I tell you!"

Luraline watched in uncomprehending irresponsibility.

"Luraline!" demanded Mrs. Barpee severely. "Haven't you any realization whatever that it's after six o'clock in the morning?"

"Now, mother!" accused Luraline. "How can anybody ever really enjoy herself if every time she happens to stay out a little bit late she's got to keep thinking of you sitting up worrying? And this really was the most marvelous opportunity! I went in the bootleggers' car—the sweetest boys, and just awfully religious! Their father owns the still."

"You mean you went alone? With those mountaineers! Oh, Luraline, how could you? It'll be all over town!"

"But, mother! They were lots more respectful than our boys ever are. They certainly were," she added, with something not unlike regret in her voice, and moved strategically toward the stairs. "Besides, if people didn't have that to talk about they'd find something else about me. I just declare it's a good thing they've got me in this town, or they wouldn't have a thing to talk about at all. And now," she stifled a histrionic little yawn and started to trip lightly up the stairs, "I think it's about time we were all in bed, don't you?"

But Mrs. Barpee had suddenly bethought herself of something which, in the general emotion, had entirely escaped notice.

"Luraline," she demanded, "where is Bessie May?"

Luraline wheeled on the step. She was white as a ghost. She clutched at the handrail and clung to it, shaking. "Bessie May!" she gasped out hoarsely, the cords of her neck working like wires. "Do you mean to say Bessie May hasn't got in yet?"

"Why, Luraline! Don't you know where she is? Why, poor little Bessie May is our guest. We are responsible ——"

Luraline pulled herself together. "Why, no," she said, heroically managing a vague, carefree smile, "really I haven't the faintest idea." Wondering if she would die there on the stairs before she could reach the privacy demanded by the emotions blasting her inside, she even stifled another yawn. "And what's more," she said, "from all I know now about Miss Bessie May Dove, it doesn't make a particle of difference where she is—for her kind of thing!" Whereupon, unable to endure it a moment longer, she fled incontinently up to her room.

"Now what," said Mr. Barpee, "do you reckon she meant by that?"

Mrs. Barpee shrugged. What it meant to her was that, after all that exhausting vigil, she still had to wait up for poor little Bessie May, but after such unbounded relief, what did it matter?

Behind her closed door, Luraline viciously kicked her muddy slippers to the walls, and prowling the floor in her stocking feet, literally tore her ruined dress from her body, piece by piece. She was cheated for the moment of the scene she had anticipated, but now, after six in the morning, only wait until at last Bessie May comes in! For the foreign car had been parked so close to the terrace that Luraline, concealed behind the tall hedge, could hear every word.

When she had first reached the hedge, however, in a dizzy flood of moonlight and magnolia perfume, she had been able, even as she had expected after what she had seen inside, to yield herself up to the giddiness of consummation.

"You know, Miss Dove," he was saying, with emotion, "I just think the thing you've done this evening is just about the

(Continued on Page 77)

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
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Cadillac	All					x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40, 60 66	x	x	x		
	70	x	x	x		x
	75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	614	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Rao Flying Cloud	The Master Flying Cloud	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	B 90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

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Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 74)

finest thing I ever heard of anybody doing in all my life."

"Oh, but, Mr. Mimble," protested Bessie May, "you mustn't say that! Because, after all, that's really about all there is in life for a girl like me—just maybe now and then do a little something to bring happiness to others. And you just don't know what a marvelous opportunity it is, when a girl's just a stick like me, to have a girl like Luraline let me be as intimate with her as I am."

"Aw, but I do, Miss Dove! Really I do! Because Luraline's just what I mean when I say—aw, she's just my ideal! And—well, maybe I'm funny that way, and you'll probably think all this is pretty deep stuff, but I just can't see any use caring what becomes of you when you haven't got an ideal. Of course, I've got to admit maybe she had petted around a little, because Luraline certainly has got technic, but—aw, technic like Luraline's can be a mighty wonderful thing sometimes if a girl's not just downright promiscuous. You see, the thing that's just my idea in a woman is character, and when a girl's not just downright promiscuous I certainly do think it shows quite a lot of character, don't you, Miss Dove?"

"Oh, I certainly do!" cried Bessie May enthusiastically. "And I always say when a girl's as marvelous as Luraline, she's got such a wonderful opportunity to use it for good in the world. Why, everything she's got to do is see a man to get him simply wild about her, and then she can do just practically anything to him, and still get him back again. I mean, it's really a privilege for a girl like me just to be around where she is! . . . Why—why, Mr. Mimble! You aren't sick or anything, are you?"

"Huh!" he burst out bitterly. "So that's it! Just making a monkey out of me all the time after all—just like I thought in the first place! And—aw, say, listen, Miss Dove! I'll bet my bottom dollar she even put you up to telling me all this just to get me back where she could go on making a monkey out of me some more! That's just what she did, now, didn't she?"

"But—but, Mr. Mimble! Honest, I never thought of looking at it in just that way!"

"Aw, tell me the truth, Miss Dove! She did, now, didn't she?"

"Oh, please, please, don't look like that, Mr. Mimble! I just can't bear to see you looking like that! Oh, I told her I'd just be sure to get it all wrong, and now I just know I have!"

"There now! Didn't I tell you? Aw, I just don't see any use caring any longer what becomes of me now! Because the way girls are nowadays in places like Atlanta and New York, it certainly does make a fellow lose his ideals, and all the ideal I had left was that maybe some day I'd meet up with a simple country girl like Luraline ——"

Upon this characterization of Luraline Barpee, Luraline all but fell through the hedge. Even in a reeling world it retained its power to astound.

"Still, you probably just can't believe it really matters very much, Miss Dove," he went on, "and with all the talk you've heard about me, I reckon nobody could blame you if you think I'm pretty low-down. Aw, I reckon I certainly have stirred up an awful lot of talk about me around this little old town."

"Well, honest, Mr. Mimble—though with you so awfully prominent and everything, a girl like me probably hasn't any right to say so—I really do wish you'd just give up all that drinking and getting in jail and carrying on like that."

"Yes," he said gloomily, "I reckon you're right. I reckon I have sunk pretty low. I reckon I've really sunk just about as low as a man can get."

"And, oh, Mr. Mimble," she cried, "just look at that finger! Oh, won't you please, please, just promise me that at least you'll give up smoking all those cigarettes? Because I just can't help realizing that deep down underneath everything there's really an awful lot of good in you, Mr. Mimble I mean, I've noticed your face when it was completely at rest, and I always say it's when their face is completely at rest you can tell what a person really is."

"Well, now, do you know, Miss Dove, there really may be something in what you say! Because—aw, well, I know you must already think I talk pretty deep stuff, and I certainly don't want to pose as a highbrow, but there actually are times in the midst of it all when I wish I were off somewhere by myself with a good book, or out looking at a sunset or some scenery or something. Maybe I'm funny that way. But do you know what I bet? Aw, I bet you're really just quite a lot like that yourself. I mean, thinking quite a lot about life, and ideals, and everything like that. And maybe that could really be a lot of inspiration to a fellow who's so much that way himself."

"Why, Mr. Mimble! As if I've got anything that could be an inspiration to anybody!"

"Aw, Miss Dove, you really don't do yourself justice! Honest, you don't. Because, after all, you've certainly got beautiful legs. Why, the very minute I saw that boy was just going to dance you right up to me, I said to myself, 'Well, anyhow, she certainly has got beautiful legs.' And then some ways your eyes look at a fellow—in this moonlight, for instance. . . . Aw! What do you know about that! They're gray! Don't you really believe there must be something in that?"

"Why—why," stammered Bessie May, "I—I don't know what you mean."

"Aw, you don't mean to say you haven't noticed! Why, everybody's always talking about the color of my eyes! Don't you see, they're gray!"

"Well, I—I do see they really are awfully gray. I—er—mine are really kind of greenish."

"There certainly is a lot of moonlight tonight!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," faltered Bessie May, more nervously than ever. "It—it comes from the moon, I reckon."

He breathed in rapturously. "Why," he said, "there must be some magnolias around here!"

"Maybe there are," said Bessie May. "I reckon maybe there are. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if there are some somewhere."

But in spite of her, silence descended, overwhelming her.

He sighed heavily, and Luraline could hear Bessie May's quickening breathing. Then there was the rustle of a brief struggle.

"Aw, but it's sweet," Luraline heard him almost sobbing in a queer alto voice. "Mighty sweet—mighty sweet."

And all her universe became an insanely whirling scarlet fog. Her ears were caves in which her blood roared like the sea. She could not even cry out to stop the terrible thing she knew was taking place beyond the hedge, because she had so often heard those same words, in that same voice, under the same circumstances herself.

"And she let me think she was dumb," she thought. Somehow that was the perfidy most authentic and most profound.

Presently Bessie May was sobbing miserably.

"Aw, please, Miss Dove!" he begged anxiously. "Let me see your face! Aw, won't you please just let me see your face? Aw, you don't mean I'm repellent to you or anything, do you?"

"Oh!" cried Bessie May despondently. "Now you'll just think I'm just downright promiscuous!"

"Well, will you look!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "The end of my finger is actually wet, where I touched your cheek! Those are real tears! Aw, it's just too wonderful to be true!"

There was another rustle. Then Bessie May's sobs died in a silence that was like a spell.

On his way back from the bootleggers' car, parked at the end of the drive, a facetious youth was flashing his electric torch about into the parked cars. To his loud delight it chanced at last upon the seat of the foreign car. "Hey, there!" he bawled with a ribald whoop. "A gentleman never bites a lady where it shows!"

The car shook, and young Mimble let loose an oath of unbounded disgust.

"Aw, let's get right out of here!" he said. "With it my last night and all, we just owe it to ourselves to get acquainted; and the way some people are, this certainly isn't any place to get acquainted. What you say we drive out to Bald Mountain or somewhere?"

The whirring of the starter galvanized Luraline out of her paralysis. She flung herself bodily upon the hedge.

"Oh, no, you don't!" she snarled under her breath, crashing savagely through the close privet that tore at her bare arms and shredded her gauze dress.

But, even as she burst from the hedge, the foreign car with a soft roar leaped into the drive, shot down it, and was gone, leaving her staggering under her own momentum into the open moonlight. With a ghastly jolt, her surroundings, which had been spinning so crazily, abruptly stood stock-still, confronting her in every direction with blackest shame. Standing there in all her scratches and tatters, she dared not go back into the clubhouse, she dared not remain where she was; and whatever else she did—whether she went home or even simply lost herself in the night until they had all left—by tomorrow the whole town would have guessed why.

It was the starter of the bootleggers' car, a metallic grinding in her stupor of utter panic, that had wakened her at last to the possibility of salvation.

"Hey, there, big boy!" she screamed, and dashed down the drive. "Wait a minute! Just wait a minute!" She leaped to the running board. "I'm Luraline Barpee," she cried, shaking her curls at the four louts in the excitingly alien farm-boy atmosphere of gasoline cleaning, bay rum, fertilizer and brilliantine, "and craving a ride!"

"Thank heaven, I had sense enough left to think of that!" she thought alone in her room, and stopped short in her prowling to enjoy it. The whole town would talk, it was true, but with the gratifying awe of her contemporaries, and the enviable horror of their elders, about the wildest thing Luraline Barpee had ever done.

But she was wasting time, for at that moment the doorbell rang below, and she was not yet ready for Bessie May. She sprang to the closet for her gilt mules and the apricot negligee with all the marabou, and then dashed to the mirror for excitedly manipulated touches of powder, lipstick and rouge. But apparently Bessie May had been detained downstairs.

Luraline ran to her door to listen. Then, noiselessly, she opened it and crept out to the head of the stairs. Below, her mother, limp with uncontrollable seizures of merriment on the sofa in the hall, was weakly waving her hands at her father, who stood before her with the yellow sheet of a telegram in his hand.

"But, Virginia," he was expostulating, horrified, "how on earth can you find anything to laugh at in such a thing as this?"

Mrs. Barpee regained her breath. "Oh, Henry!" she cried. "Poor little Bessie May! Oh! Oh! Oh! Poor little Bessie May!"—and with what was almost a whoop, off she went, entirely helpless again.

Luraline ran down the stairs. "Was that a telegram I heard?" she asked in agitation. "Has anything happened?"

"Happened!" said her father grimly, and handed it to her. "Suppose you just judge for yourself. And I must say, Luraline, I am certainly shocked—shocked and grieved—to know that you could let such a thing happen to a guest in our house, with you away on any such a wild-goose chase."

Luraline seized the telegram and, in spite of her shaking hands, managed to read it the three times necessary before the words

(Continued on Page 79

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
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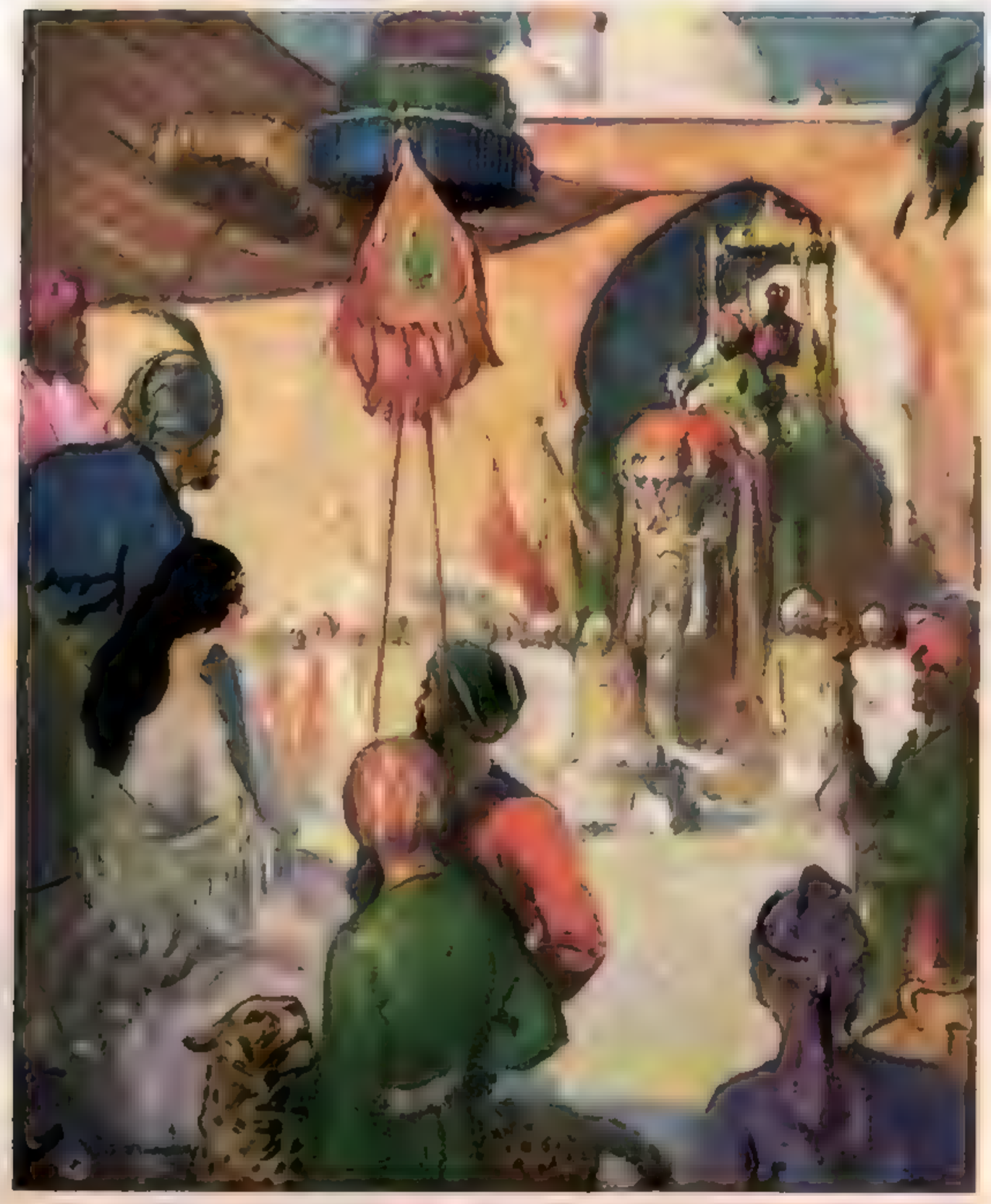

Stalwart and majestic elephants, their howdahs and trappings resplendent with rare fabrics and precious jewels, brought the Princes of India to the Durbar ceremonies

PACKARD luxury is mental no less than physical. It is as definitely a thing of the mind as of the body. The Packard owner gains as much satisfaction from Packard reputation as from the quality and appointments of the car itself.

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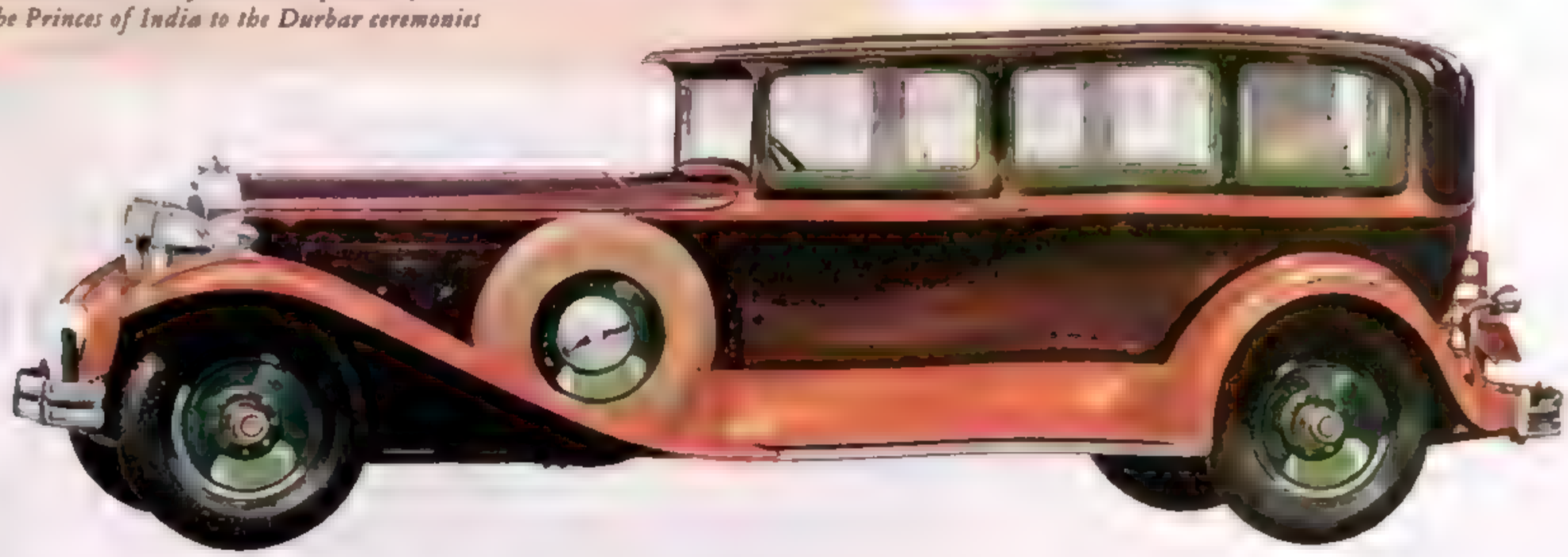


ASK · · THE · · MAN · · WHO · · OWNS · · ONE

(Continued from Page 77)

really penetrated her understanding. It read:

WIRE RELEASE AT ONCE OR WILL SUE FOR FALSE ARREST STOP MISS DOVE AND MYSELF MARRIED SIX O'CLOCK IN COUNTY JAIL STOP BESSIE MAY SAYS TELL LURALINE SHE FORGIVES HER EVERYTHING

RICHARD ORME MIMBLE

The sheet drifted from Luraline's fingers while she still stared at the place where it had been.

"Why—why, daughter!" gasped Mr. Barpee, frightened. "You—you mustn't take it like that! I had no idea you'd take it like that!"

"Don't you dare speak to me!" shrieked Luraline. "Don't you dare say another word!"

She whirled frantically to the stairs and, leaving consternation behind her, flung herself up them out of their sight. She lay full-length on her bed, struggling to stifle in the pillows the moans wrung from her by the wrenchings inside her; the only comfort she had was that if she had not the strength to live through it, death was the very best thing that could happen to her.

She had not had either the energy or the thought to close the door. Downstairs her father was roaring in the hall, demanding his gun. Her mother was arguing with him.

In all her pain Luraline sat up, rigid with tension. What were they saying? What were they saying about her? She slipped quickly from the bed and under an irresistible and terrible compulsion that left no thought for the mules that lay where they had fallen beside the bed, she stole out again, barefoot, to the head of the stairs.

"And I'm just to let a young scoundrel like that come here and worm his way into her innocent affections and then jilt her, am I?" Mr. Barpee was arguing. "I'm just to stand by and see her poor little heart just broken—just broken!"

"Oh, Henry!" said her mother. "The conceit of you men! Always determined to have it that it's the man who does things—even to going out to shoot one to prove it. The facts are that Bessie May simply snatched him right out from under Luraline's nose—that's what's the matter with Luraline. And what we've got to do is to find some way of saving her face, instead of advertising it with gunshots. After all, it's probably the very best thing that ever could have happened to her, and if I didn't think it was good for her I could stop every bit of that suffering in five minutes. Everything in this world I'd have to do would be to go upstairs right this minute and tell her we're going to tell everybody she maneuvered the whole thing. It's really what we're going to have to do anyhow, if only I can think up some way to make it convincing."

It was incredible that God could allow a girl to go on living while such things were being said—such cruelly unjust and untrue things.

"Virginia," said Mr. Barpee severely, "I saw the look in that child's eyes, even if you apparently didn't. And how you can possibly think that suggesting she could even be capable of such an infamous piece of mischief-making, how you can possibly conceive that spreading any such monstrous lie about her could help, is more than I can understand."

"But, father, it isn't a lie," said a sad, tremulous voice, and the eyes of both of them turned, startled, up to the landing.

Before the white-faced figure, standing there in the apricot negligee with all the marabou, the two of them, like children caught red-handed, stood open-mouthed and restively awkward—perhaps because of the dignified effect of a fashion which demanded that the garments of the female cover her by eighteen inches more fully in the privacy of her bedroom than in the public streets, or perhaps because of the sheer nobility of Luraline's pose.

"Mother," she accused, injured and sorrowful, "I've heard every single solitary word you have said—both of you. And," she went on after that had sunk in, "it simply happens to be perfectly true that I am to blame for the whole thing from start to finish. Of course, I didn't have any idea it was all going to happen so quick, and my conscience," she said, "has been hurting me something awful. So I've made up my mind to tell you everything. I even actually fixed it up so that when she was introduced to him, he simply couldn't get out of dancing with her—you can ask this Virgil Spread if I didn't. And I certainly hope you don't think that even after that she could have worked that fast all by herself! Why, before we went to that dance, I told her myself every single solitary word to say!"

"But, Luraline," gasped the Honorable Henry Clay Barpee, stupefied and aghast, "how on earth could a girl like you ever even have wanted to start such a thing?"

"Why, father," exclaimed Luraline, more noble, injured and sorrowful than ever, "wasn't it perfectly plain to see that some day or other somebody was going to have to do something for poor little Bessie May?"

This Longer-Lasting Shave Spares Embarrassment

Here's a new way to shave closer—to get a shave that lasts longer.

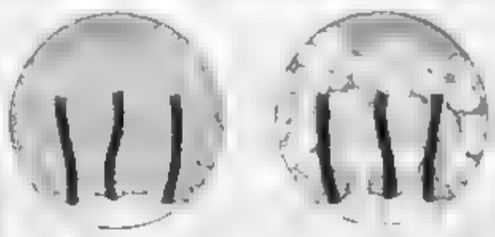
It's a satisfaction . . . to realize in the evening that your morning shave has lasted. How to get a close shave has been solved for you by Colgate chemists with small-bubble lather, the kind that can get down to the roots of the beard . . . and moisten it properly for a close shave. So why run any risk of an unshaven appearance?

Compare with ordinary lather

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big-bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

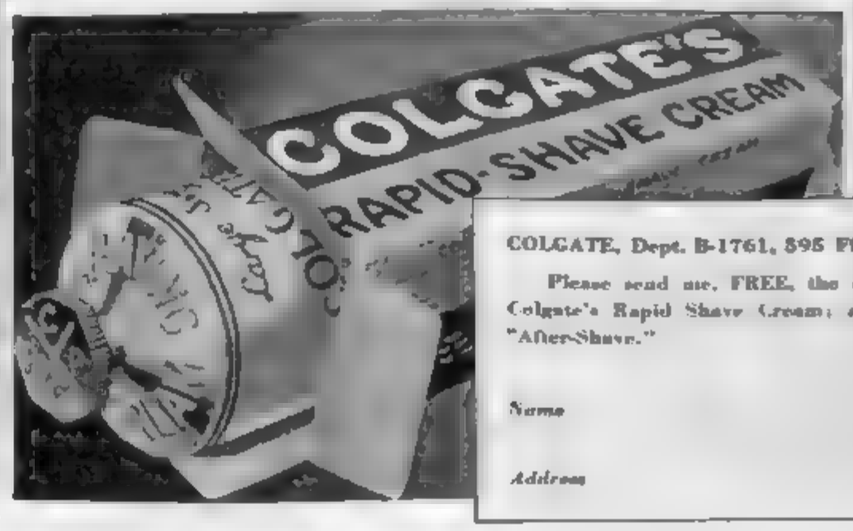


COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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It's the *Unnecessary* Repair Bill

that makes your car a financial worry

Start Today by Avoiding the Cause of 80% of All Repair Bills—*Improper Lubrication*

Eliminate the repair bills that come as a result of lack of proper lubrication, and you automatically eliminate 80% of ALL Repair bills.

The object of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on your car is to provide the means to PROPER LUBRICATION. Merely running your car into the unknown, irresponsible Greasing Station at regular intervals for "greasing" does NOT guarantee PROPER LUBRICATION.

A special type of high quality lubricant is required in the Alemite Systems. Inferior grease, or the wrong type of grease, is almost as ineffective as no lubrication at all.

The SAFE way to proper lubrication is to go regularly to a Genuine Alemite-ing Station for lubrication service—to have your car Alemited.

Your Protection

Genuine Alemite-ing stations now are everywhere. The yellow sign shown here identifies them. Efficient mechanics serve you in those stations. Genuine Alemite Lubricants, especially for use in the Alemite Systems and developed by the makers of those systems themselves, are used in those stations. Consider what that means.

Go to them for service. Ask to have your car Alemited. You will find, like thousands of motorists everywhere have found, that MOST REPAIR BILLS are avoidable. Find, too, squeakless riding, longer car life, and far greater pleasure from your car.

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1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

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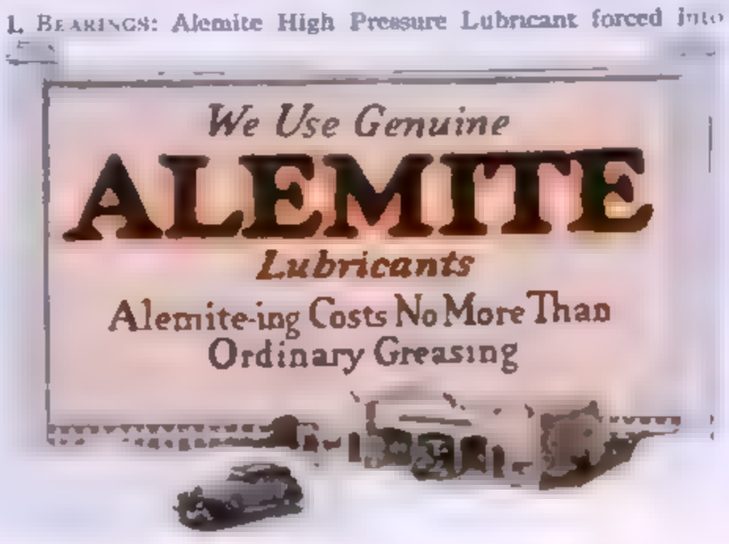

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2644A N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service, R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

MRS. SETON BUYS A NECKLACE

(Continued from Page 11)

Number 19 on A Deck was in a short outboard passage of five de luxe cabins—Numbers 15 to 20 -each with its own bath and dressing room. The baggage-room crew was still thumping and bouncing trunks into cabins and the passage was lined with hand luggage. The door of Number 16 was open. Harry Prout stooped for the two small suitcases that stood outside and set them across the threshold, glancing quickly at the name card as he put them down.

"You will want them opened and the things laid away, Doctor Jonas?"

The coatless man who sat on the bed filing his finger nails shook his head.

"Not necessary."

"You have a trunk to come up, sir?"

"No."

"The morning bath time, sir?"

"About 7:30."

"Very good." Harry Prout lifted the cases to the carriers and unstrapped them, dusted them and bowed himself out.

He crossed to Number 19 and tapped on the door.

"Are your trunks up, madame?"

Mrs. Seton turned from the dressing-table mirror.

"Yes. You might open them, if you will."

The deep blast of the departing liner's whistle drowned her words. At the second blast she frowned and raised her fingers to her temple.

"And I'll want you to make up the couch in the dressing room for my maid."

"Yes, madame. And her bath?"

"She's quite a clean maid," said Mrs. Seton. "However, if there is another available bath ——"

"Quite so. I was about to suggest that No. 20 may be empty. There is no booking ——"

"Do your best, steward."

"Yes, madame." Harry Prout rather liked Mrs. Seton. He unlocked her two trunks, opened them and pushed them well back against the bulkhead. Not like the fat, dumpy, overdressed women who took in lace and perfume, and became highly indignant and threatening when it was brought to their attention; bursting into hysterical tears finally and trying to beg or bribe their way out of the penalty.

Numbers 15 and 17 had six young girls and a chaperon jammed in together. That meant four beds and all the dressing-room transoms. They kept Harry at it for twenty minutes, struggling with bags and trunks and ports, sending him to the office for last-minute mail and wires. When he got away from them, the buzzer was clacking and the indicator light stood at Number 18. He tapped on the door.

"Where have you been? I've been ringing for fifteen minutes."

"Yes, madame. I'm very sorry. I was sent below."

"I want my trunk opened and I want you to find out what has become of my dressing case. It was brought aboard. I saw it, but that idiot of a baggageman must have taken it to some other cabin." A tall woman, Mrs. Janeway; as tall as Mrs. Seton, and as slim, but with none of the niceties of Mrs. Seton. Harry Prout nodded and went in quest of the missing case. Now, then, if the Treasury man had only meant Mrs. Janeway—what a joy! Trouble with her—trouble indeed.

She was talking to Doctor Jonas in the passage when he returned with the missing piece of luggage.

"My dear Doctor Jonas," she was saying, "and Mrs. Jonas not with you?"

He shrugged. "When one makes the lecture tour—one night here, one there, and miles apart—hundreds of miles—it is not pleasant for a lady not used to the—er—abruptness of your America."

"So you found it, steward? Put it in my cabin."

Harry Prout racked the case, snapped back the catches and went below for his tea, which he needed by that time, not 'arf.

It was about 6:30 that evening that Harry Prout began to see interesting things. After Doctor Jonas, dressed for dinner, with the ribbon of Pour le Merite at his lapel, had departed for the smoke room, Harry Prout, making the towel round, swabbed up his bathroom, turned back the bed, and, leaving his fresh towels stacked on the chest of drawers, went out to his slop locker for a dust pan and brush. Carefully he swept the carpet of the cabin, littered by the bed with tiny curled shavings of blue and red paper; littered again in front of the suitcase carriers by the same curled shavings. Both suitcases were closed and on the top side of each, in a cluster of hotel labels, there was a bare oval outlined in crusted glue where a label had been removed.

As he sighed and emptied his dust pan into the basket and picked it up to carry it to the bin in his slop locker, he saw, at the bottom, a wadded pellet of the same blue and red paper.

"Funny, if 'e don't like lybels on 'is bag, 'e don't tyke 'em all off." Harry Prout spread out the wadded label, almost intact as the penknife blade had sliced it off. It was a *Compagnie Aviation Francaise* tag with *Amsterdam-Le Havre, Rapide de Luxe*, below the name. Harry snapped it back into the basket and swept up the remaining fragments.

"Might 've scraped 'em over the basket!"

And again, funnily enough, as he was swabbing and racking fresh towels in Mrs. Seton's bath with the door between slightly ajar—

"Lena, how in the world ——"

"Yes, madame?"

"I never let them do it, even on the covers, and I asked you expressly to watch them. Customs chalk, yes. It can be washed off. And furthermore, I've not been in Holland. . . . Oh, steward!"

Harry Prout came out of the bath.

"Yes, ma'am?"

Mrs. Seton was pointing to her dressing case and her hat boxes.

"I want you to take them off at once. Scrub them off. Don't scratch them. Get every bit of glue off as well these!" She put her finger upon a brilliantly colored label plastered slantwise on the leather of a bag a label of Brack's Doelen Hotel, Amsterdam. "I don't know how they got there, but I won't have them remain."

"Yes, madame."

"I should think so." Mrs. Seton nodded and went out.

"Well, strike me!" said Harry Prout to Harry Prout.

He got a wet towel and soap, and started the job. After Lena left for the second-class dinner, he said it aloud:

"Strike me, if the lybel business ain't pickin' up! I've known one woman feed pearls to a Pomeranian after coatin' 'em with jam, but I never seen so much fuss in five minits over lybels, I didn't. Silly, too; hit's on their pasports. Lybels don't mean nothink."

He went out with his towels and came back presently to knock on the door of Number 18.

"*Entrez* - come!"

Mrs. Janeway was fastening a string of pearls in front of her mirror. Without turning, she said

"There's another case of mine missing, I find. A small one in pigskin, with E. L. J. on it. I don't know what has got into you people. I want you to go down to the baggage room and find it for me at once."

"Yes, ma'am. A small one. I'm sorry." As he went out into the passage, Lena was coming toward him from the deck entrance. She passed him.

"The bath in Number 20 is for you, miss, when you want hit."

"Thank you." She went on to Number 19 and unlocked the door.

Down in the baggage room there was no case that answered Mrs. Janeway's description. Harry Prout and the baggageman went over them all

"Now I'll have a look through second class for you after m' dinner."

"Right you are."

Back again in the A Deck passage, Mrs. Janeway was talking with Lena, the maid.

"Thank you, Lena," she said as Harry Prout came in the deck entrance. And "Never mind, steward. Mrs. Seton's maid says she distinctly saw my case on the platform. Her porters were next to mine, and mine evidently left it behind. Fortunately, it was insured."

Something fell from her hand as he moved to let her pass. She stooped quickly before he could and picked it up herself. It was a little red booklet with gold tracings on the cover. She laughed.

"I'll deposit this with the purser at once, before it goes astray. After all, no insurance will cover a passport." And she went down the passage. Harry Prout opened the door of her cabin to finish his job. The windows were up tightly and caught. He let them down and poked his head and shoulder out to raise the blind.

Mrs. Janeway had paused at the rail outside and flung out her arm. Something that glinted red for a brief second in the deck lights sealed outward from her fingers and disappeared in the overside darkness.

"Strike me!" said Harry Prout. "Lybels—an' now she's bin an' frown 'er passport over! Deliberate too."

Late October passages can be most unpleasant. It was the morning of the third day that they ran full into it. The chaperon and the girls in 15 and 17 came down at once, with Mrs. Seton's maid a close second, and Harry Prout had his hands full. That evening the cabin saloon was half empty. On the fourth day the newspapers' usual sixty feet of rail was carried away and boats were smashed—to wit, eighteen panes of glass in the palm garden and the chocks of Rafts 32 and 34, bringing the rafts into the gunwales of Boats 32 and 34, and carrying away the canvas covers and the weather rigging of the rafts. That evening the newspapers' usual twenty passengers were injured to wit, twelve minor bruises that meant nothing more heroic than iodine, seven sprains that the ship's doctor attended personally between his dispensing of bromides—and Mrs. Janeway's arm. That was rather serious, of course. With the liner pitching and straining into a fifty-mile gale, she had come along the deck where she had no business to be, tugged open the windward door that is a sacred privilege of those who have jammed round the Horn, and been flung with it into the passage in front of Doctor Jonas' cabin. When Harry Prout arrived on the scene in answer to the buzzer, she was prostrate and very white of face, with Doctor Jonas, in shirt sleeves, going deftly over her right forearm.

"Shall I fetch the doctor, sir?"

"Some warm water, if you please, a basin, some towels. And my suitcase there. You will find a japanned first-aid box in one corner. Open it and put it here beside me."

Mrs. Janeway groaned and raised her left hand to her forehead.

"It is nothing, Madame Janeway. Steward, you will get some aromatic spirits from the dispensary, yes?"

Harry Prout set down the basin of warm water and bolted. Fifteen minutes later, after he had chased the doctor all over the ship, they came back together. Mrs. Janeway, with her arm heavily bandaged and strapped with adhesive tape, lay back against her pillows, eyes closed.

Doctor Jonas was turning his cuffs down and studding them.

"It is slight." He shrugged. "A green-stick fracture of the ulna. Painful, but a few weeks only."

(Continued on Page 84)

From

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See the Ætna-izer in your community—he is a man worth knowing.

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The Ætna Life Insurance Company - The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company - The Automobile Insurance Company - The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

NEWS for women

Notice the difference between the two dust cloths in this actual photograph. One shows the "oily dust" that sticks to ordinary furniture polish. The other cloth used on a waxed surface is practically clean.

"Just look at the difference!"
"Mercy, Katie! We had better wax all the furniture from now on."

Science proves that dust on furniture is reduced ½ by Wax Polish

The powerful magnifying lens proves how smooth, hard, and dry is the Johnson's Wax Polish film. You can see how the little dust that lingers stays on top where it is easily whisked away.

Under the microscope, the oily film (shown in black) left by ordinary furniture polishes looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Notice how the dust sinks in, how it is caught and held.

A NEW and marvelous discovery has been made about wax polish. For generations, women have cherished the beauty of its sheen on floors and furniture. Almost everyone knows how it protects against scratches and scars. But who has guessed what Henry W. Banks, III, eminent New York chemist, has now proved?

After months of experiment, he makes this startling announcement: "Dust cannot cling to furniture polished with liquid wax. My tests show that the dust which accumulates on a waxed surface is less than half of that which clings to furniture polished with oily polishes."

Why? The microscope quickly shows the reason. (See illustrations at left.) Ordinary furniture polishes leave an oily film that, powerfully magnified, looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Dust particles sink down into this film, are caught and held like flies on fly paper. Only hard rubbing with a dust cloth removes them.

Proof! that dust doesn't stick to wax

How different the waxed surface! Hard, smooth, dry, and not the least bit sticky, dust cannot cling. The little that lingers stays on top, where it is easily whisked away.

With an interesting test, chemist Banks proved the advantages of the microscope's revelation.

who hate dust and dusting

Photograph showing true results of "blow test". Before a fan, blowing dust, panels A and B, which were polished with ordinary furniture polishes, soon became filthy. Hardly a speck clung to the panel polished with Johnson's Wax.

A white panel of wood was divided into three sections which were polished with furniture polishes A, B, and Johnson's Wax. An electric fan, turned toward these panels, duplicated the breeze that blows through your windows, scattering dust everywhere. Then a lot of dust was raised in the air . . .

Just look at the actual photographs above and see what happened with your own eyes. Hardly a speck of dust clung to the waxed section. The other two were soon filthy.

Would you be further convinced that Johnson's Wax will cut your dusting in half? Then try this simple test, yourself, in your own home:

Make This Amazing "Dust Cloth" Test Yourself

Select any two similar pieces of furniture, two table tops or a buffet and a cabinet, for instance. Polish one with any ordinary furniture polish. Polish the other with Johnson's Wax. Then leave both surfaces untouched for a day or two.

You will need no microscope to see the difference in dustiness. Now use a clean dust cloth on each. Notice how easily the waxed surface is dusted. *Then look at the dust cloths.* The one used on the wax will be almost clean, the other will be black. The dust soaked in the oil of the polish will stick to it as it clung to your furniture. There, in your own hands, you will have proof positive that your tedious dusting is ended.

Either in paste or liquid form

You will be delighted with the soft, satiny glow of the waxed surface. And, as days go by, you will discover that wax not only keeps dust away, but also protects your furniture from scars and blemishes. For this marvelous Johnson's Wax Polish is the very same that has protected beautiful floors from generations of tramping feet.

Why put up with dust another day? Mail the coupon and we will send you a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a beautiful booklet on the many ways that it saves you work, all for our bare mailing costs, 10c. Mail it now.

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Everything that makes coffee delightful . .

Nothing to make it forbidden

COFFEE—steaming and fragrant. Stir its ebony depths or watch the cream turn it to a golden brown. Then lift the cup to your lips and take a sip—rich in flavor—tempting in aroma—utterly satisfying

If you've had to give up coffee, imagine being able again to drink coffee like that! If you cannot drink coffee at night, imagine being able to drink it—night *or* morning—without regret!

That's no futile wish—no wistful day dream. It is a marvelous reality. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one thing in it that ever caused regret—caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

Nothing added—only caffein removed

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Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer sells it in pound cans, always fresh, ground or in the bean with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound today! If, by any chance, your dealer does not yet carry Sanka Coffee, send his name and address and 75c to the Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pound will be sent you postpaid.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

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(Continued from Page 81

"I'm sorry. I was below," said the ship's doctor. "You are very kind, Doctor Jonas."

"Not at all. It was outside my door the poor lady fell. She is a friend of my family."

"Do you feel better, Mrs. Janeway?"

"Much." She smiled. "It was most painful for a time."

They moved her presently to her own cabin, where she remained in bed until the day before they picked up Ambrose Light. That afternoon the declaration forms were distributed

Mrs. Philip Gerome Seton III declared twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of foreign purchases. Her maid declared nothing

The liner came into Quarantine at ten A.M. the next day. At ten minutes after the hour, Jarrold, the second steward, located Harry Prout and took him down to the purser's cabin. There were four men seated around the table—Mr. Fortune, the purser; two men in gray topcoats and soft hats, and a fat little fellow in a derby.

"This the man?" he asked the purser.

"Yes."

"Hello, Prout. My name's Hoskins. Blake in Le Havre flashed me that he'd picked you to spot on the Seton woman. Got anything?"

"Wait a minit," said one of the other men. "She may have paid this baby off. It's worth more than the cut any day. Spill him the whole dope. Listen: A quarter of a million in green rocks was lifted from a Dutchman in Amsterdam the morning this hooker sailed—on a phony check. It went blank all but the certification—as soon as the Dutchman got it, see? Now, you ain't talkin' to the Treasury Department alone." He flipped his lapel. "It's a police case now; so think twice."

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout gulped.

"All right. You seen a parasol in the dame's cabin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go get it while she's in the saloon with the medicos and the inspectors."

"On your head, Strobe," Hoskins said. "After all, she's Mrs. Philip Seton."

"Say, lay off. I don't care who she is. If she swiped this glass, she swiped it. The bigger they are, the harder they fall. You never know when a rich dame is liable to go stony with this market."

Harry Prout, coming back with the maroon parasol, had a sudden thought. When he came in and laid it on the purser's table, he said:

"Beggin' your pardon, Mr. Fortune, but if the lady left her passport and pypers with you, maybe you could open them and see if she had a Dutch viseray; and if she did, maybe the date would tell something, because 'ow would she get from Amsterdam to Lee Harrver in a few hours?"

"She didn't. A guy named Forsythe took delivery and passed the check. And anyway, what about flying, old-timer? They cross the whole pond in thirty-six hours nowadays. Get wise to yaself'" snapped Strobe.

He picked up the parasol and opened it while the purser went out to his office safe. He tapped the handle on the table edge. He twisted the ivory knob. He wrenched at it and it suddenly popped off in his hand. His eyes narrowed as he reached quickly for a pencil, stuck its point into the top of the handle and flipped out a wad of cotton.

"Well, well, well," he said as the necklace of brilliant green stones slid into his hands. "I guess that's all there is to it. The cablegram was the dope. I don't know who got the parasol steer, but they sure were kind to Brother Strobe." He put the necklace in his pocket and stood up.

"What's your name?"

"Harry Prout, sir."

"Well, Harry Prout, you're gettin' a little vacation, I guess, on the state of New York. We'll just let you testify that this was Mrs. Seton's parasol."

"But it ayn't Mrs. Seton's. Someone give it to Mrs. Seton's maid on the docks. Mrs. Seton told me two days ago."

"Clever dame," laughed Strobe. "Didn't offer to turn it over to the purser, did she?"

"No, sir. After she found it didn't belong to no one aboard, she said she rather liked it an' would keep it."

"Don't blame her."

"An' beggin' your pardon, sir, I don't believe Mrs. Seton done nothink wrong, I don't. An' I don't believe she was in 'Olland at all, I don't."

"You leave that to me."

"Yes, sir."

The purser opened the door and came in with a brown Manila envelope in his hand, sealed and signed "Helen Seton."

"In your presence, gentlemen," he said, and slit the end of it with his paper knife. There were two smaller envelopes, sealed, inside, and a United States passport. He opened the red-covered booklet and thumbed through the pages. It was visaed for France, Belgium and Holland - Holland on the second of October.

"I guess that tears it," said Strobe. "Pass it across. I'll throw the pinch on the docks after she gets through customs." He turned to the man beside him: "Tag this bozo Prout, George, so we'll know where he is about five o'clock."

Harry Prout shook his head. "Oh, sir, I wouldn't run away, I wouldn't. Because Mrs. Seton didn't do nothink wrong. A man gets to know those things somehow, hinstinctive."

"All right, Sherlock Holmes. If you can smash this evidence, you're good." He tapped his pocket and the passport.

"I wouldn't like to say, sir, but could I just look at the passport a minit—just the picture page?"

Strobe flicked it across the table. Harry Prout bent over Mrs. Seton's photograph for a moment.

"They're very careful, ayn't they, about them seals they stamp across the picture?"

The four men bent forward

"The rim of this one, where it comes to the picture edges, don't quite meet on either side, where it goes on the pyper. Maybe, Mr. Fortune, sir, if you could slip off this picture of Mrs. Seton ——" Harry Prout pulled out his pocketbook and took a small oblong of cardboard from it, which he laid on the table. "Maybe this picture might fit exact-like with the rims of the seal and with the last letters on both sides of the writing."

Hoskins whistled softly.

"Hello," he said. "Cut another piece of cake. We got company. Here comes the State Department."

The purser slid his paper knife under Mrs. Seton's picture and lifted it from the page. The other photograph fitted the corrugations of the seal exactly.

Strobe looked at Prout.

"Brother, you got something. Where'd you get the picture of this other dame?"

"I found it, sir, in the A Deck passage the night we sailed."

"Whose picture is it?"

"Mrs. Janeway's, sir. Her as broke her arm. Cabin 18. Strike me! Flyin', an' a man took it an' ——"

"Wait a minute," Strobe said. "Somebody's going to get a step or get busted over this one. How long 've we got?"

George looked at his watch. "We'll be pullin' out of Quarantine in about half an hour, if we're on schedule."

There was a knock.

"Come in."

A dapper elderly gentleman in striped worsteds opened the door.

"Howdy, Mr. Dirkus. Well, we got the rocks for you, just like that." Strobe pulled the necklace from his pocket. "We'll make the arrest in another three-quarters of an hour."

Mr. Dirkus bowed.

"You were very quick," he said. "I was just able to get aboard a moment ago." He held out his hand and took the Ladder of Fire. He smiled. "I trust you are more successful with the arrest," he said quietly. "This is Van Wageningen's reproduction evidently."

(Continued on Page 87

THIS LOW COST HEAT... KEEPS HIGH HEELS OFF THE CELLAR STAIRS

Indulgent husbands of this modern age need not fill the cellar with machines to free the women of the home from the drudgery of the hand-fueled heater.

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This Spencer construction adds economy to automatic fuel feed because it permits the use of small size fuels. These fuels are low in cost because flat grate heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. In the Spencer, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, which costs about half as much as other domestic sizes, gives more uniform heat than larger sizes do in ordinary heaters.

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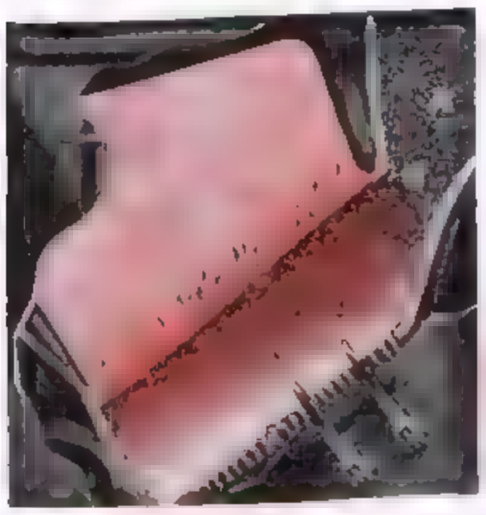

★Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.

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RCA RADIOTRON

RADIOTRON DIVISION

RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 64)

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry. These are not emeralds, Strobe."

"Well, I'll be —— I don't get this at all."

"Ho-hum." Hoskins grinned at the purser. "Ship's still liable, I guess."

Strobe stood up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Beggin' pardon, sir, but could you give me a few minits? A man sees things sort of like, but ——"

"What's on your mind, Prout?"

"Well, I don't want to get into no trouble, sir, but if I could have a minit or two, maybe I could help."

"I don't know," said the purser, "but if I were you I'd let him get it off his chest, whatever it is. You've got two of my passengers involved in this now – both of them ladies and one of them quite prominent. I'd play it easy, if I were you, till you get something definite to work on. You can't make an arrest as it stands. And you don't want the Ships' News men to get on the trail."

Fifteen minutes later, as the liner moved out of Quarantine with free pratique and started up the bay, with the heaped spires of Manhattan flaming ahead of her in the morning sun, the ship's surgeon tapped on the panels of Cabin 18, A Deck.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Janeway"—he smiled—"but I'd like to close my records. My office is just across in the starboard passage. If you could step over a moment and sign the necessary forms for me?"

"But I don't intend to make any claim against the line, doctor. It was my own carelessness."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Janeway, but these things must go through the regular channels. It's a government regulation. I shall pass on Doctor Jonas' report, of course."

"Very well. I shall be over in a moment."

As she came into the dispensary the doctor bowed her to a white table, topped with frosted glass, on which were spread his medical clearance forms. He held the chair for her as she seated herself, and indicated the report of the accident.

"If you will read that and sign it for me here"—he indicated the line "I shall be much obliged. . . . Hunt"—he beckoned to the pharmacist—"if you'll witness this." Mrs. Janeway nodded and signed with her left hand.

Hunt came over slowly and stood before the desk.

"Yes, sir."

His hip brushed the corner of the examining table and he half stumbled. There was a flash and a muffled report.

"Good Lord, man. Don't be so clumsy!"

Mrs. Janeway stifled a scream.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Sorry? I should hope you were; you've short-circuited all my lights with that bit of work. Here, sign this and get out. . . . I'm frightfully sorry, Mrs. Janeway."

She stood up, white-lipped. "I'm afraid I'm not very strong yet. I ——"

The doctor took her arm and helped her back to her cabin.

In the purser's cabin once more, Mrs. Philip Gerome Seton III smiled at the five men who stood awkwardly before her.

"Of course," she said, "a cable to the United States consul in Florence will clear up the passport question. There is no Italian visa on this one, whereas I was in Florence in September. Therefore this cannot be mine."

"There is no question of that, ma'am," said Strobe quickly. "They've simply involved you so much that we had to tell you."

"I see"—she nodded—"but to go on: I bank at the Metropolitan Trust Company in Paris. But I have never had a check certified. It has never been necessary. Yes—wait a moment—I have. My maid asked me to certify her wage check early in October. Six hundred francs, it was. She was sending it to her people and wanted no trouble."

"It's a cinch," grinned Strobe; "she passed the ink onto you and got the certification before the fadeaway; then they jolted it up in the same ink for the Dutchman."

Mrs. Seton sighed and picked up the reproduction of the Ladder.

"The original must be very beautiful," she said.

"It is, madam." Mr. Dirkus bowed.

The door opened and the doctor came in with a large envelope in his hand, grinning. He bowed to Mrs. Seton and nodded to the men. Slowly he drew out his negative and held it to the light of the open port. Traced on it in shadowy outline were the two forearms of a skeleton, with a ring silhouette on the second-finger bone of the left hand.

Between the two arms were a black penholder, a paper clip and two safety pins, and halfway up the right forearm were sixteen squares of ebony, held together with a delicate scrollwork of black chain.

Strobe chuckled.

"Pick her up, George, and her phony doctor with her, and get Mrs. Seton's maid. Call the doctor 'Forsythe' if he gets funny."

As they came in, Strobe looked at Mrs. Janeway. "Will you take the bandage off, sweetheart? Or will papa have to do it for you?" He shook his head. "Clumsy, girlie—clumsy. You should never have used the fadeaway ink on the Dutchman and you should never have planted the phony rocks on Mrs. Seton. Those were the two bad numbers."

Mrs. Janeway held out her bandaged arm and smiled. "You take it off." She looked at Doctor Jonas. "Finished, Oscar," she said. "The German mind is too keen on details for me. Oh, well, it's what a woman gets for working with a man, I suppose. Next time I shall be alone."

"True, sister—true." Strobe slit the bandage. "You will be alone for a long time. Forgery, larceny and counterfeiting a passport." He drew out the Ladder of Fire and handed it to Mr. Dirkus.

Mrs. Seton looked at the necklace.

"It is too beautiful," she said. "How much are they valued at?"

Mr. Dirkus looked at her.

"A quarter of a million dollars, madame."

"I'm sure I can't afford them"—Mrs. Seton sighed—"but will you let me see them again in a day or so; and perhaps, if you will write to Stafford, Clayton and Priest and tell them the arrangements that would have to be made —— They are very beautiful."

Strobe jerked a thumb toward the door.

"George, take the babies for an airing."

Outside in the passage he buttonholed Harry Prout.

"Brother," he said, "I want you to tell me how you learned to be a detective."

"Me, sir?" Harry Prout looked startled. "I ayn't no detective, sir. A man just gets to notice things like."

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Like lybels on bags, sir, an' pickin' things up, and sort of seein' passengers do things like feedin' pearls to dorgs an' combin' their hair wiv an' arm that's been broke, sir."

"Well, I'll be ——"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"You don't even know, I suppose, that there's twenty-five grand in this job now?"

"Grand, sir? Oh, yes, grand. The agent in Lee Harrver said there was the usual cut. I suppose hemeralds is hexpensive."

"Expensive!" Mr. Strobe whistled. "I'll say they are. And to show you what a white guy I am I'm going to split a chunk off the reward for you. How's that strike you?"

"I'm sure, sir, Missis Prout will be most grateful."

"Grateful? Well, I'll be ——"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, and beggin' your pardon now, sir. My passengers'll be goin' off an' I must get along." Harry Prout touched his forehead and went off down the passage toward the A Deck companion.

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DEATH VALLEY PROSPECTORS

(Continued from Page 66)

Expeditions began the search for the Lost Gun-Sight Mine in the 50's. Dr. Darwin French led fifteen men into Death Valley region, looking for the mine, in 1860. They did not find the mine, but they named the town of Darwin, some thirty miles west of the Panamint Range. Fifteen years later a very rich body of lead-silver ore was discovered at Darwin, and Darwin is still a mining town. Other lead-silver strikes have been made in the Panamints, but the Lost Gun-Sight Mine is still lost.

Other tales the Death Valley emigrants told of the valley's wild form and structure sent survey parties into the valley to examine its chemical and mineral resources or to map its boundaries. Less reputable expeditions also entered Death Valley. All through the West, whooping mining towns were writing their vivid histories. Road agents were on the prowl. Bad men picked their night to howl, and howled it through unless someone stopped their song with lead. But there were limits to the patience of the toughest camps. Many of the miners were interested in the mines. Staying up all night every night interfered with getting the ore out. The bad men were invited to go other places and be bad. Sheriffs became numerous and businesslike. The bad men sought refuge in the bad lands. Some of them went to Death Valley.

Honest by Right of Purchase

In 1872 one group of outlaws made the Panamint Range just one jump ahead of the agents of the Wells Fargo Company. They found rich ore and helped establish the town of Panamint high up in the mountain, just west of the crest. The ore looked so promising that the bandits decided to reform and be honest men.

The details of Panamint's history have been preserved by an assiduous student of early California days, Mr. W. A. Chalfant. Mr. Chalfant has reason to be interested in California's early days. His father, Pleasant Arthur Chalfant, was in Salt Lake City with the Death Valley party of 1849 and reached the west coast over a more northerly route along happier trails.

As news of the strike at Panamint trickled across the waste-land barrier between the new town and the west coast, the miners came into Panamint. Panamint was a woolly town of sudden death worthy of its founders. The steep mountain slopes confined the town site to the bottom of a narrow canyon. A branch canyon became the cemetery in which those who finished second on the draw were planted. The graveyard grew with the population. It was the only permanent thing about the camp.

More than one hundred claims were staked out in the first three months of Panamint's existence. The ore was a rich silver chloride and copper-silver glance which assayed values up to four thousand dollars a ton. In an effort to raise funds for development work, half a ton of ore was shipped out by pack train and put on display in a Los Angeles barroom. The publicity which rewarded the dazzling display interested sufficient capital to form the Panamint Mining Company, which issued two million dollars in stock. Senators Jones and Stewart, who were largely responsible for the formation of the company, paid more than three hundred thousand dollars for a group of claims. The sale of claims was interrupted by the Wells Fargo Company. The express company declared that some of the honest miners who were selling their claims had plundered express shipments before they became citizens of Panamint. The express company suggested that the miners either reimburse the company for their earlier pranks or go to jail. The miners made a cash settlement of twelve thousand dollars, obtained receipts from the express company which established them as honest men, and the sale of claims went on.

Within a year after the discovery of ore in Panamint, the number of claims located had increased to five hundred. More than a thousand people were living in Panamint, and quite a few had been buried. The Panamint News began publication in November, 1874, eighteen months after the original strike. Transportation was Panamint's gravest problem. Only a few wagons succeeded in getting down into Panamint Valley and up the steep canyon into Panamint. Mules and burros packed supplies in and ore out. The miners burned a lot of powder blasting out the trail to form a road, but the grades were too severe for heavy freighting and pack trains continued to be the main means of transportation.

As Panamint grew, civic pride overcame the difficulties of getting lumber and building materials over the steep trails, and frame and stone buildings arose to replace the tents which had been such unsatisfactory barrooms. Panamint soon had a reputation as a nice wild town in which a lone wolf could howl and could find plenty of volunteers to help him out in the chorus. Playboys who were finding other towns too small for their activities were attracted by the possibilities of Panamint. The fifteen hundred Panamint citizens spent many joyous nights opening new saloons. The war dance began any time after two in the morning, and the first killing usually only slowed the party up long enough for a verdict of self-defense to be rendered. The funerals were held later in the day.

Panamint lasted not quite four years. Many mining companies were formed. Stocks and claims were traded and sold. The gamblers ran no-limit games and the bars were never closed. Millions were spent in the mines. The ore body was rich. Some of it was so rich that it was shipped to England to be worked and still returned a profit. But most of the ore was in combinations defying economical recovery. Senators Jones and Stewart took a loss estimated at two million dollars before they were convinced that there was no money to be made in Panamint. The last mine shut down in 1877. Panamint, Death Valley's first boom camp, is a dot on the map. It is a hard grind in an automobile up the narrow canyon to the ruins and bottles of the town that was bad.

Darwin followed Panamint as a boom town. Darwin was never the rootin', tootin' town that Panamint was. Darwin was closer to the law. Darwin is west of the Argus Range and is beyond the true Death Valley region, but it is the nearest town on the west of the valley. Prospectors outfit and play poker in Darwin, and tourists driving into Lost Valley at the northern end of Death Valley pass through Darwin.

A Yoke of Oxen to the Good

Silver-lead ores were discovered close to Darwin in the early 70's. In 1875 a pipe line was built to the Coso Mountains and water brought into town. Between 1875 and 1877 three smelters were built, and for a few years there was a heavy production at the mines. In the late 70's the decline of Panamint helped to swell the population of Darwin to several thousand. The richer, more easily mined ores were early exhausted, and the expenses of freighting all supplies across the two hundred and seventy-five miles of desert between Los Angeles and Darwin became too great a charge upon the low-grade ores. Production ended. It was the same problem of difficult transportation and high freight rates that had isolated Panamint as soon as the accessible high-grade ore was gone. Panamint was forty miles farther east over country that is straight up and down, but Panamint had vastly richer ores to pay the freight. When Panamint died, it was permanently dead. Darwin has never died entirely.

Darwin lapsed into stagnation in the early 80's, but has awakened several times to brief periods of mining activity. The Darwin mines have produced about three and a half million dollars, and there is a lot of ore in the Darwin hills. The mines ship when the metal market is up. The railroad has not reached Darwin, but it came in as far as Keeler in 1883. Darwin got a telephone in 1913. The roads are getting better every year. Darwin is waiting for the next boom.

Death Valley itself had permanent residents at Furnace Creek while Panamint was booming loudly up behind the valley's western wall of rock. Several hundred Paiute Indians were living in the hills and minding their own business. There were also other inhabitants—bad Indians, horse thieves, and hard-faced men with nervous trigger fingers. Mr. W. A. Chalfant, the historian of Inyo County, says that a firm-voiced gentleman named Belleren Tech established the Furnace Creek Ranch in 1870 and raised alfalfa, barley and quails. Mr. Tech had raised too much hell in general in other localities and craved solitude. Tech took on a Mormon named Jackson as his partner, trading an interest in the ranch for Jackson's yoke of oxen. Tech tired of Jackson before a week was out and ran Jackson out of the valley with a shotgun. This dissolution of the partnership left Belleren Tech his ranch and his solitude, plus a yoke of oxen.

Borax in the Marshes

From the time of Tech up until very recent years Furnace Creek Ranch was the rendezvous for miners, adventurers, teamsters, scientists and outlaws, whose business or lack of it brought them to Death Valley. The ranch was close to the old Indian trails that traversed the valley. The Indians had camped at Furnace Creek for centuries. They had taken health baths there. The white travelers through Death Valley followed the old Indian trails and frequently stopped over at the ranch at Furnace Creek. Some of them adopted the old Indian custom of taking a bath for their health. Taking the baths at Furnace Creek became quite the popular thing. Prospectors came out of the hills to visit and rest at the ranch. There was someone to talk to at Furnace Creek.

In 1880 borax was discovered in Death Valley. The borax deposits of the United States are limited to California, Nevada and Oregon. Borax was first obtained in the States by evaporating the waters of Clear Lake, eighty miles north of San Francisco. Clear Lake produced borax in commercial quantities in 1864. In the 70's, borax was discovered in great quantities on many of the alkaline marshes of Western Nevada and Eastern California. Chalfant relates that the Death Valley deposits were discovered by Aaron Winters and his wife Rosie. The Winters were living in abject poverty on Ash Meadows to the east of the Funeral Mountains. They entertained a prospector overnight, sharing their hovel and their pine nuts with the visitor, and listened to his stories of the fortunes being made in borax. The prospector's description of the Nevada borax beds stirred Winters' memory. Winters thought he had seen similar deposits. From the prospector, Winters learned how to test for borax in the field, and how to market borax when it was found. Winters doubted that his luck was good enough to lead him to borax, but he went into Death Valley and tested the marsh deposit which fitted the prospector's description of borax. Winters sold his find to W. T. Coleman and F. M. Smith for twenty thousand dollars.

The Eagle Borax Works, in the southern part of Death Valley, and the Old Harmony Borax Works, north of Furnace Creek, were soon in operation. The borax crust of the valley marsh was refined by an evaporative process and hauled more than one hundred and fifty miles of scorching desert to the

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railhead. F. M. Smith became Borax Smith, the borax king, and made the twenty-mule teams famous. There was an excellent market for borax when the valley plants began operation in the 80's. Fortunes were made recovering borax from the marshes, because prices were high enough to pay the freight of long hauls and return a profit over the expensive methods of recovery. Borax plants began to flourish beside all the large marshes on the ancient lake beds throughout Nevada and California. By 1885 the production of native borax had reached a tremendous tonnage. Large quantities of borax imported from Italy were thrown into the same market. The price of borax went down. The Death Valley plants were abandoned in 1887.

Men interested in the borax industry had long believed that the borax deposits of the marshes were secondary deposits that had been washed down from larger deposits of borax in the hills above the marshes. Search was made for these main deposits and, in 1890, bedded deposits of borate of lime were found in the tertiary lake sediments in the structure of the mountains close to the marshes which had been exploited. This discovery of colemanite revolutionized the industry. The bedded deposits were more extensive than the marsh crusts, were much more accessible and would yield a purer product at a reduced cost. Large deposits of colemanite were found at Furnace Creek in the old lake beds at Ryan. The Ryan mine brought a narrow-gauge railroad almost into Death Valley. The Ryan mines have been shut down since 1927. Tourists ride through the Death Valley borax mine in the cars of the narrow-gauge railroad and lug home samples of borax.

In the early 80's, prospectors looking for mines and adventurers looking for some place to hole up began to enter Death Valley in increasing numbers. The borax plants were operating and some scientist who had visited the valley had spoken of it as the drug store of the world. The white wanderers of the desert places had a number of camps and outposts along the trails into Death Valley. Owens Valley, along the base of the Sierra Nevada Range, eighty miles west of Death Valley, was well settled, and Darwin was a town only forty-five miles from the valley on the west. The rise of borax works at Searles Lake—the red lake of the emigrants—at Borate, close to Barstow, and at Resting Springs, on the south spur of the Black Mountains, established a line of camps along the main routes into Death Valley. Travel into the valley was still difficult and dangerous, but the trails and water holes were becoming better known and the desert men were learning to stay on the trails as they went into the waste lands.

When Lightning Struck

The mining records of the valley district show many claims registered from 1880 onward. Prospectors were crawling through the naked country looking for treasure. And they were finding it. They found rich silver and gold ore. Their finds were often in stringers and pockets, and all of them were a long way from nowhere. There were no roads, and capital remembered the millions sunk in Panamint. As it takes money to prove the depth of an ore body, the prospectors sat down on their discoveries to wait. They established rude ranches along the Amargosa River in Oasis Valley to the east of Death Valley. They built cabins in the brief watered areas of Death Valley. They did a little work on their claims, and those who had high grade packed enough out to promote grubstakes and keep themselves in bacon and beans. They cursed the country, but they stayed. They liked it.

The lightning struck close to Death Valley in 1900, when gold was found at Tonopah, Nevada. The magic of Tonopah's gold electrified the whole desert. They had always known it was there. The rush was on. Al Meyers found Goldfield in 1903. Bigger and richer than Tonopah. You never saw such a gold mine. The railroads coming in to Tonopah and Goldfield would open up the whole mining district. The Death Valley mines would be worked now. The miners extended their holdings. Newcomers drifted into Death Valley, combing the country. In 1903, Domingo Atchasin and Jack Keane staked the Keane Wonder Mine at the Death Valley base of the Funeral Mountains, close to Boundary Canyon. In the same year lead silver was found in Chloride Cliff, three thousand feet above the Keane Wonder. The strikes came in fast and the Death Valley region began to pulse with life. Men who had prospected the God-forsaken hills in the 80's and 90's remembered the likely looking ledges they had abandoned because they were too far out of the world. These earlier prospectors came back to keep their properties alive. They had mines for sale. They sold them when Shorty Harris made his strike at Bullfrog in 1904.

An Oasis on the Trail

Bullfrog lies in the Bullfrog Hills a few miles from Beatty, Nevada. Bullfrog and Rhyolite are one. They are twenty-five miles east from Death Valley across the Amargosa Range and the Amargosa Desert. Shorty Harris sold his Bullfrog strike for four hundred dollars. He got a little better price than the Indians did for Manhattan Island.

I was talking to Bill Corcoran about Bullfrog and Rhyolite. Bill said, "The original strike at Bullfrog was made in awful pretty rock. It was green and blue, and had gold in hunks all through it. Awful pretty. It was jewelry rock and it polished up so nice that a lot of it was made into jewelry. They could get more for the ore that way than they could for the gold in it. You still see some of that Bullfrog jewelry around.

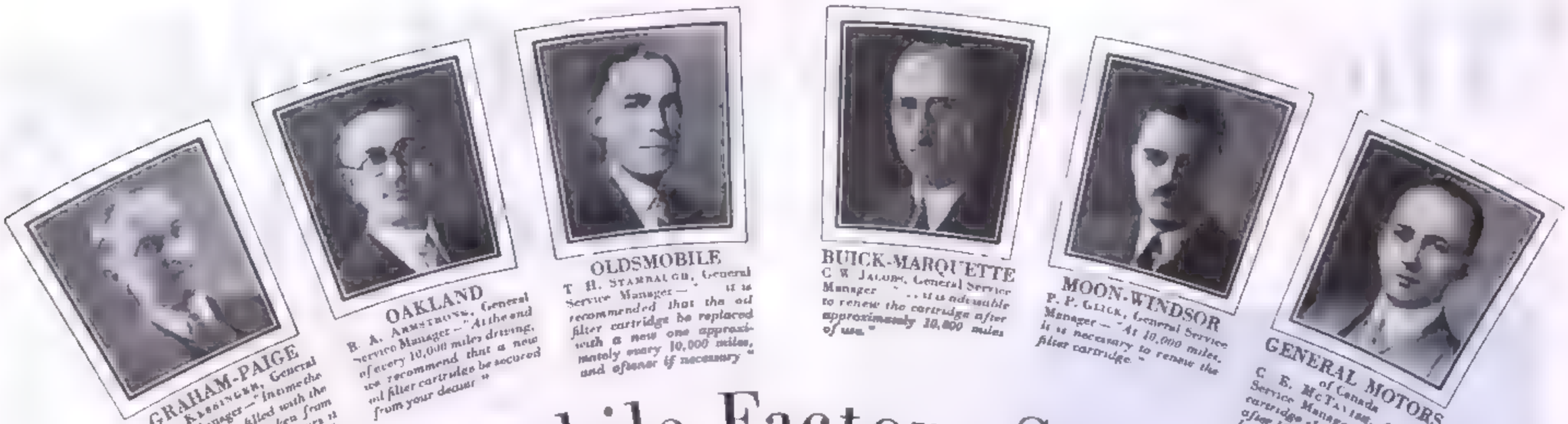
"When they found that jewelry rock they loaded a wagon with it at Bullfrog and started for Goldfield and Tonopah. They showed what they'd found to everybody they met. They didn't meet many because there was nothin' at Bullfrog then, and hardly any travel along the desert where the road runs now. They didn't have to show that ore to many people for the news to get around. You don't have to tell news like that to anyone. It just travels all by itself. It sure does. When they got that load of gold to Goldfield, everybody in Goldfield was in Bullfrog, and along between Goldfield and Tonopah they met everybody that lived in Tonopah comin' down the trail headin' for Bullfrog. I was one of the first to get there.

"Those were great days in Bullfrog, with everyone pilin' in. It didn't take Bullfrog long to grow. Seemed like the whole world was comin' in, and there was seven thousand people there on the raw desert in no time at all. Only a few of us had tents.

"I remember, a fellar drove down from Goldfield with the first wagonload of whisky. He got within a couple of miles of where he was goin', and they made him stop. He got off his wagon and set up a bar on two kegs of whisky with a seat board across them, and right there he sold six thousand dollars' worth of whisky. He never did get to Bullfrog that trip. That was a wild time; a sort of a christenin' for Bullfrog. Drinks was supposed to be four bits, but the bartender kept whatever money you gave him. That bartender didn't have time to make any change. He was busy. He just kept what money he got, and if you didn't have any money, you drank anyway, so I guess it all come out pretty even.

"My, but they did get awful drunk around that wagon! They got so drunk they began to want somethin' more fancy to drink. Straight licker didn't please them. So they come up to my place. They'd heard I had a case of eggs. I did too. I'd got them over in Beatty. I happened to be standin' there when this case of eggs come in, and I said, 'Those are my eggs,' and I bought them. I took them over to Bullfrog, figurin' I'd have me some eggs. But

(Continued on Page 93)



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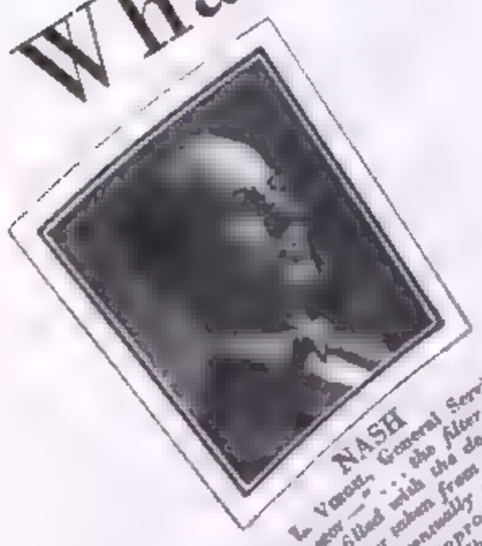

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(Continued from Page 90)

these high-graders had to come up to my place all drunk, and demandin' my eggs so they could have some fancy mixed drinks.

"They took my eggs down to the wagon and we had some mixed drinks. I never saw such mixed drinks. They got a couple of buckets and everybody helped mix the drinks. One fellar would have a bottle of gin, and another a bottle of whisky. Some even had bottles of beer. And they was all pourin' their bottles into the buckets, helpin' in the mixin'. Other fellars was crackin' up my eggs. They was helpin' too. Everything was mixed up and you grabbed a dipper, and when you got a chance you stuck it in one of the buckets and drank whisky and gin and beer and eggs, all mixed up. Even the eggshells. You drank them too. It was awful! . . .

"They never paid me for my eggs. That's why I had to help drink their fancy mixed drinks. Afterward I wished I had my eggs back. You know, food was scarce—awful scarce. There was thousands of people and lots of gold and money, but we didn't have anything to eat. It was serious for a while. Your money just wasn't any good. You couldn't eat it.

"Old Sam Adams got a couple of chickens some place. . . . You know old Sam. He's up on Harrisburg Flats now. Well, Sam was cookin' these two chickens one night when a windstorm come up. Sam come hollerin' down from his tent for some of us to come up and hold up his tent and help him stake it down better, because he was afraid it would blow down on his cookstove and burn up his outfit. About eighteen of us went up to Sam's place to help him. Sam had his chickens in a five-gallon can stewin' on top of the stove inside the tent, and while we was all millin' around helpin' Sam fix his tent up, somebody lifted the lid off the five-gallon can and got off with Sam's two chickens. He put the lid back on real careful.

"Well, old Sam is a methodical sort of a cuss, and after we fixed his tent and went away, Sam sat there in his tent for a couple of hours stuffin' wood into that stove under that five-gallon can of boilin' water, and thinkin' about the nice mess of chicken he was goin' to have. When Sam finally lifted the lid to see how his chickens was comin' and saw all that water boilin' away in the can, he let out a bellar you could hear all the way to Goldfield, and come whoopin' down off the hill with a big knife. I never saw a man so mad. He was all ready to kill somebody. 'Course, by that time his chickens was completely gone and Sam never did find out who got them."

Higher and Healthier

Bullfrog soon became a permanent camp. The settlement of tents was first called Amargosa City and was located close to the original discovery. Later discoveries to eastward at Bonanza and Ladd Mountains caused Amargosa City to be abandoned for the settlements of Bonanza, Bullfrog and Beatty. In 1905 a town-site company with high-pressure salesmen laid out Rhyolite between the Bonanza and Ladd Mountains, offered free business lots and convinced the miners that it was unhealthy to be living down in the hollow at Bullfrog. The residents of Bullfrog moved half a mile away and fifty feet higher up the hill into Rhyolite. Up until the latter part of 1906 the transportation facilities of the Bullfrog mining district were practicable only for the richest ore. The owners of claims did nothing beyond some development work on their mines, and occupied themselves buying and selling claims. Cash was plentiful and credit was good. The wires and telephone lines stretched across the desert into Rhyolite. An exchange was set up. The deluge of stock issues that was to inundate Rhyolite began.

Just east of Rhyolite on the slope of Ladd Mountain were the prospect holes of the Bullfrog Mining Company and, a little higher up the slope, the claims of the National Bank Mine. Shorty Harris, who had discovered the Bullfrog district in his original strike on Bullfrog Mountain, three miles to the west, shared the ownership of the Bullfrog Mining Company with Ed Cross and Billy Fray. Bill Corcoran found the National Bank Mine and had Walter Smith, L. L. Patrick and Sol Camp as his partners. The National Bank was a good prospect. Some of its ore ran two hundred and thirty dollars in gold. The entire group of claims of these two companies were almost right in town. Rhyolite's line, with its honky-tonks, ran along in the hollow at the foot of Ladd Mountain. You could stand on the dumps of the National Bank Mine and toss rocks down on the roofs of the cribs.

These claims of the Bullfrog Mining Company and the National Bank Mine were something more than mere gold claims. They were the solution of one of Death Valley's mysteries. When Bill Corcoran found the National Bank he found a mine men had been looking for since the end of the Civil War. Bill found the Lost Breyfogle Mine.

Bill Was Too Young

During the Civil War many Southerners who had located in Nevada returned to their homes in the South to join the fighting forces of the Confederacy. Jacob Breyfogle was a desert man. He was engaged by one party of Southerners to guide the party from Austin, Nevada, south across the desert to Yuma, Arizona. Breyfogle left Austin with the Southerners, and the next Austin heard of him he was brought into town more dead than alive. He had been found delirious at Stonewall Springs. His body was a mass of deep cuts and great bruised welts, and he had been severely beaten about the head. He had been found with a number of specimens of very rich gold quartz in his possession. The Breyfogle mystery. Who had beaten Breyfogle, and why? What was more important, where did the rich ore come from?

Breyfogle was tenderly cared for. He regained his bodily vigor, but his mind was shaken and his memory gone. The ore he brought in was very rich. Men tried to trace Breyfogle's movements from the time he left Austin until he was found at Stonewall Springs. Somewhere along that trail there was a rich, unstaked gold mine.

Breyfogle took the Southerners from Austin to Yuma and started back for Austin alone. He remembered reaching Daylight Spring in Boundary Canyon, which divides the Grapevine and Funeral mountains of the Amargosa Range. He had found his mine before he reached the spring. He did not know where. He thought that he could see it from the spring. He remembered being terribly beaten by Indians, who left him for dead and stole all his outfit except one horse. He remembered getting on that horse and starting north. That was all. Nothing very definite to guide those who were looking for a mine. But it was enough to send any number of expeditions out into the desert after the Lost Breyfogle Mine. Breyfogle got grubstake after grubstake and headed several searches for the dirty-brown quartz that held so much gold.

Bill Corcoran was not looking for the Lost Breyfogle Mine when he located it. Carl Stoddard convinced Bill long afterward that he had found the Lost Breyfogle. Carl's father had known Jacob Breyfogle, and Breyfogle had always insisted that he could see his mine from Daylight Spring. Bill went up to Daylight Spring and looked northeast through the notch in the pass, and there, across the Amargosa Desert, were the claims of the Bullfrog Mining Company and the National Bank Mine—streaks of dirty-brown quartz across the face of Ladd Mountain.

Not all the desert men agree with Bill Corcoran and Carl Stoddard. The mines men find are never so rich as those they lose.

Bill Corcoran did not hold the National Bank Mine long. He was nineteen years old when he sold his interest for sixty thousand dollars, cash. Bill wishes he had been older.

The Montgomery-Shoshone Mine was the big mine of Rhyolite. It was discovered by Ben Edwards. At one period of its development a one-tenth interest brought one hundred thousand dollars. The mine was finally purchased by Charlie Schwab. The New York company consolidated fourteen claims covering one hundred and seventy-eight acres in the saddle between the Montgomery and Rainbow mountains, and reached out and absorbed the Bullfrog Reduction and Water Company and the Goss and Davis ranches, with their water rights on the Amargosa River, north of Beatty. By the end of 1905 the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine had been developed to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet and a large body of rich silver-gold ore was blocked out. Rhyolite was attaining its full growth as a lusty town. All it needed was better transportation.

In the latter part of 1906 the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad reached Rhyolite. The Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad was completed in the middle of 1907 and before the end of the year the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad was in operation, and the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad had been extended to Goldfield. Rhyolite demanded transportation. Three railroads to a collection of huts on the desert in a little over a year. There was gold in the hills.

Ore shipments began, as soon as the railroads were running. In November, 1907, the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine had ore on the dumps and ore blocked out that was valued at five million dollars, and was producing ore and concentrates at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month. As the ore went out over the rails, other things came in. Rhyolite proposed to be a permanent and modern camp. There were ten thousand people in Rhyolite. They wanted concrete buildings, electric light, and an ice plant. The boys and girls demanded good things to eat and drink. What Rhyolite wanted, Rhyolite bought. Stocks were booming. The New York exchange was clamoring for printed paper from the Bullfrog mining district. You could sell anything. Or you could buy it.

Two miners lived in an adobe shack on the edge of Rhyolite. They had a cooking outfit, the clothes on their backs, two heaps of straw to sleep in, and a hole in the ground. The hole in the ground was a mine.

"Jim," said one of the miners to his partner, "I'm sick of this store milk. We're rich men. You go and buy a cow."

"I don't know nothin' about cows. An' what'll we feed it?"

"Never mind. We'll hire somebody to take care of our cow. You go get a cow some place. What this town needs is a cow."

Gold at the Grass Roots

They got their cow. When Mr. MacLaughlin bought the Rhyolite railroad station in 1927, to remodel it into a home, he removed the mummified remains of a cow from the waiting room. Someone told me that she missed the last train out of Rhyolite in 1908, and died waiting for the next one.

Rhyolite reached its greatest height in 1907. The railroads were in. The electric-light plant was working. The banks were open. The concrete schoolhouse was almost completed. Modern stores and three-story office buildings formed the business district for three blocks along Golden Street. The mines were working and shipping, and every citizen and floater had plenty of money. Stocks were still strong. The buying and selling went on day and night.

A man burst into a group that was having a quiet drink at a corner table in one of the leading saloons.

"Here's a buy," he said. "I've got an option on the Hayseed Mine over on the Amargosa. They've got gold at the grass roots. We can have it for seventy-five thousand dollars. They want cash, and my option is up at eight in the morning. Let's get together and buy it."

They got together. They raised the seventy-five thousand dollars without leaving the saloon, and the man with the option hit the trail back across the Amargosa Desert to the Funeral Mountains to close the sale before his option expired. The new owners of the Hayseed Mine developed their mine. They had gold at the grass roots and in a very short time they had close to two hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. When the mine got down below the grass roots and the gold disappeared, the more conservative partners suggested that it might be wise to suspend operations and divide the profits. That idea was pure nonsense to the rest of the owners. Shut down before the main lead was found? Shut down with two hundred thousand dollars in the treasury and a whole mountain to work on? What kind of mining was that?

The holes they put into the Funeral Mountains looking for the main lead of the Hayseed Mine are very nice holes. But they are hardly worth the two hundred thousand dollars they cost. There are a lot of expensive holes around Rhyolite.

The First and Last Offer

Under the stimulus of Rhyolite's virility and Rhyolite's gold, mines went down at other points in and around Death Valley. Some claims were staked in the Gold Belt district up in the Ubehebe Hills of the northern Panamints. The Ubehebes are copper property—big copper property.

In Rhyolite's day there was a little gold excitement in the Ubehebes. The Ubehebe gold claims were a long way from the railroad at Rhyolite. They were across the Amargosa Desert and the Amargosa Range, thence northwest across Death Valley to the Ubehebe Crater, thence up steep and crooked canyon trails to the high valley of the Ubehebe Race Track, a giant playa of clay as smooth as a pool table. From the Race Track the trails went up and up to the gold claims at Gold Belt. They were not accessible claims. I do not think that even a real-estate man would have considered them close-in property.

A half-dozen men in Rhyolite threw in five hundred dollars apiece and secured a string of claims at Gold Belt. One of the owners of this string of claims was interviewed by the engineer of one of the big mining companies. In the absence of the other owners, this partner talked to the mining engineer and had a funny story to tell his friends and partners when he next saw them. He said, "This engineer had been over to the Ubehebes and all over our property. He told the company it was good, so the company told him to offer us twenty thousand dollars for our claims."

"Did you take him?" It was said in chorus while five men divided twenty thousand by six and subtracted five hundred—twenty thousand for some claims that might just as well be on the moon. Of course, he had taken the offer.

"Take him? I laughed at him. I saw he was interested, so I told him our price was two hundred thousand."

He had been around Rhyolite too long. No one ever made another offer for the Gold Belt claims.

(Continued on Page 97)

Every Endurance *by the*

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT

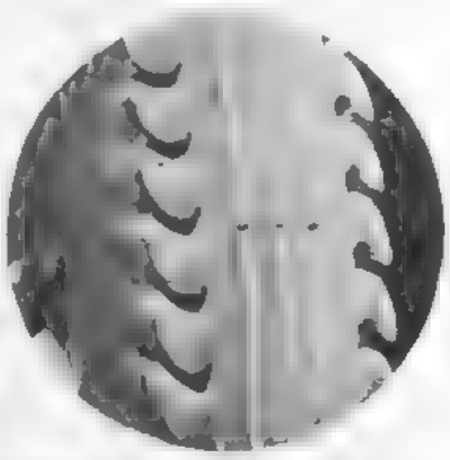
WE are often asked if the tires on the Silver Fleet are regular stock Silvertowns. In answer to this question, Mr. J. D. Tew, President of The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, has released the following statement:

"The tires on the Goodrich Silver Fleet are definitely *stock* tires . . . selected at random from the warehouse for this great demonstration run.

"There is nothing special about them . . . they are *exactly* the same tires that every motorist can buy from any of our 30,000 Goodrich dealers all over the country."

J. D. Tew

PRESIDENT
The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company



STILL SHARP AND CLEAN! This tire had traveled 23,987 miles when this photo was taken.

Superlative Staying Power of Stock Silvertowns Revealed in Facts and Figures of Demonstration Tour

Here are the facts . . . . .

Boiled down for quick reading

Speedometers now show	24,000 miles
Total tire mileage to date	1,440,000
Unpunctured tires to date	30
Tires not off the rim	21
Tire failures	NONE
Average tread wear determined by depth gauge	60%
Road conditions so far encountered	
Smooth pavement	49%
Gravel, rock and sand	39%
Detours, clay, mud, ruts	12%

STUDY these figures well. Analyze them carefully . . . translate them into terms of your own experience. For here, in the record of the Silver Fleet's tires up to the moment this page goes to press, is a record of tire performance that has never before been equaled.

This is not the performance story of a single tire! Not the achievement of one carefully groomed set of four casings!

But the record of sixty stock Silvertowns . . . taken directly from warehouse stores . . . for this great nation-wide demonstration run.

Hold in mind the purpose of the Silver Fleet . . .

In January it started out . . . 15 stock cars equipped with stock Silvertowns . . . to demonstrate Silvertown quality to the tire buyers of the country. To show you what Silvertowns can do on your car . . .

From the figures in the box . . . specific figures, and therefore trustworthy . . . you see what you can honestly expect in the way of mileage.

From the fact that there are 15 cars in the Fleet . . . light cars and heavy, open cars and closed, fours, sixes, eights . . . you can see that Silvertowns mean value regardless of the car you drive

And from the fact that these tires have been tended only by their drivers . . . serviced only in the thousands of Goodrich stations that dot the country . . . given only the care that you can give your own tires . . . you can see that only normal attention is needed to give you this unsurpassed service from the Silvertowns you buy!

Remember . . . you can get tires exactly like the Silvertowns on the Fleet from the Goodrich dealer around the corner who is waiting to show you what good tire service is!

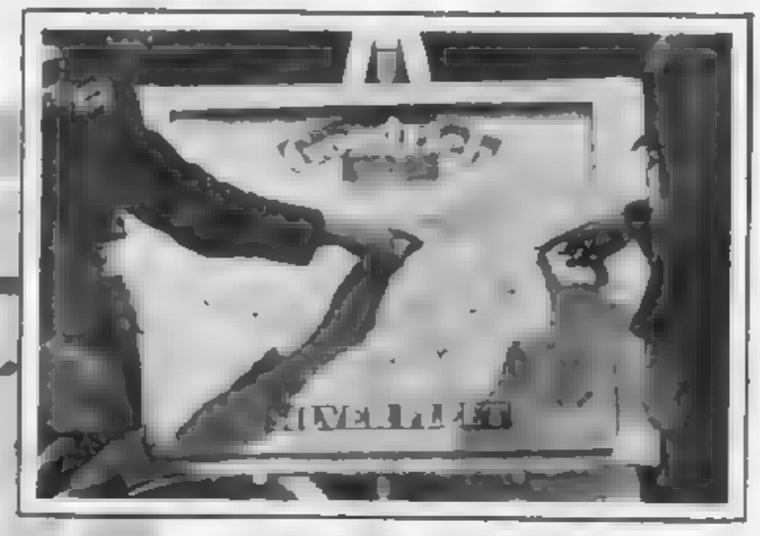
The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario.

THE FLEET COMMANDER telling the story of the Silver Fleet over a radio station along the route.

THROUGH GOLDEN FIELDS. Here's one of the cars of the Silver Fleet pulled up in a Western wheat field to give harvesters a view of its record-breaking tires. More than 35,000,000 people have viewed the Silver Fleet on its tour.

Record Smashed

STOCK TIRES *on the* SILVER FLEET



THE LONG, LONG TRAIL! That heavy line curling all over the map shows where the Silver Fleet has been since it left New York.

BRAKE TESTER TELLS TALE. Pilot reads brake tester to gauge Silvertown traction after 23,000 punishing miles.

ABOVE, Silver Fleet crossing the Mississippi at St. Louis. AT RIGHT, three Goodrich Tires you should know. From left to right, the SILVERTOWN DE LUXE . . . superlative style and service, a tire that outlasts your car; the famous SILVERTOWN, standard of tire values everywhere, made by the water-cure process; the GOODRICH CAVALIER, a new tire, representing high quality at amazingly low prices.

Goodrich Silvertowns

Find *where to buy it* in your Classified Telephone Directory

Articles . . . and the dealers who sell them . . . are listed there for your constant, convenient reference

* * *

Dealers are now listed in your classified telephone directory under the name and trade mark of the product they sell

It is an easy matter nowadays to locate many dealers who sell the exact things you want. Just look in your Bell System classified telephone directory. Dealers are now being listed there *under the name and trade mark* of the product or service they sell. You can find the most convenient one in a jiffy. And then telephone, or go there, without waste of time or effort.

This new feature of "Where to Buy It" was put into your classified telephone directory to make your telephone even more useful to you. Dealers are welcoming it as an excellent way to let you know they sell the things you want. It cuts down the number of steps between your home and their stores, by saving you the bother of searching from place to place whenever you want to find where a particular article may be had.

It is the work of but a moment to find just which dealer sells the article you want

Many articles—and their dealers—are already entered in the directories: articles as varied as paint and motor cars, clocks and automobile tires. And many more are being added as new editions of the directories are issued. The "Where to Buy It" feature is new and necessarily incomplete, but it is growing rapidly. Manufacturers and dealers are co-operating to list their products for your instant, convenient reference.

And your directory still contains those classifications which make it so easy for you to locate express companies, physicians, grocers, photographers, nurses, employment agencies, etc.

Your classified telephone directory is *your* guide to the articles and services available in your community. You will find it a valuable aid in locating the dealers who sell the exact thing you want to buy. With it you can save many steps and much time. Consult it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

(Continued from Page 93)

Rhyolite money went into the copper camp at Greenwater on the east side of the Funeral Mountains, far down the Amargosa Desert from Rhyolite. Originally located in 1884 as a silver-gold property, Greenwater was revived by the rise of Rhyolite with its easy-money market, and was boomed in 1905 as copper property. Rich copper outcrops were located and the magic of the names of Charlie Schwab and Borax Smith boosted the population of Greenwater to more than a thousand people within a month, with new citizens coming in out of the desert dust every day. The claims were spread out along the range for fifteen miles on each side of the town, and more than five million dollars' worth of them were sold. Greenwater had a bank, a post office, two newspapers, a telephone, intermittent and hair-raising automobile stages to Rhyolite, plenty of saloons and dance halls, and no reform league. Greenwater had everything that makes a mining town except water and some mines. The nearest water was twenty-five miles away, and all values disappeared from the ores a short way under the surface. Greenwater dissolved soon after the ores pinched out. There is very little débris on the mountain where Greenwater stood.

Say It With Canteens

When Bob Montgomery sold the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine in Rhyolite, he moved west across Death Valley to Tucki Mountain. There he bought the holdings of Ramsey Mason and the town of Skidoo was born. Skidoo was a gold and silver camp, a live town with good mines. The ore was rich enough to overcome Skidoo's isolated situation up on the Death Valley rim of the Panamint Range. Skidoo was cut off from Rhyolite by Death Valley, the Amargosa Range and the Amargosa Desert; and blocked from the west by Panamint Valley and two mountain ranges. The ore had to be rich to cross these barriers. All the Skidoo claims were amalgamated into a single holding and the work of development begun. Water was piped in over eighteen miles from the snow on Telescope Peak. A bank and newspaper were established. The telephone poles still stand in places across the Amargosa Desert and in Death Valley where the copper was strung up Telephone Canyon to link Skidoo with Rhyolite and the stock exchange. Three million dollars went into the ground at Skidoo and six million came out.

Skidoo is the Death Valley town that had the hanging. A bad man was hanged for murder. The bad man got very drunk and went into the bank, demanding some money. Some say that he had money in the bank and that it was after banking hours, and others say that he never had any money any place. He was not given any money and he killed the man who refused him. There was no law in Skidoo to punish the bad man, so a committee of citizens took care of him.

The committee was a product of popular sentiment. Skidoo was a good town and there was plenty of room for a man to have his fun. Skidoo believed that it was all right for a man to whoop it up and have a good time, but Skidoo drew the line at murder. There were too many wild buckaroos in town who needed only a little encouragement to start them kicking the top right off the mountain. Skidoo did not intend to have any of that, so Skidoo made an example of the first murderer. The committee hanged the bad man and made an announcement. The committee wanted it known that the rope would be kept handy and the committee would be very glad to use it on any of the bad man's hairy-chested friends who thought that the committee was wrong. While the bad man swung on his rope all night, there was a slight decrease in Skidoo's population, as some of the curly wolves who were close friends of the deceased left for other towns. In the morning after the bad man had been cut down, a man came along with a camera. So they hanged the bad man again and took his picture.

The Skidoo hanging was the only verdict Judge Lynch handed down in the valley towns. Men went armed and there was gunplay in Rhyolite and Greenwater and Beatty. Once in a while someone was found shot in the hills. There are a number of murder mysteries in Death Valley that never have been cleared up. At the time, they were explained to everyone's satisfaction as grudges, meanness or too much sun. When a man was found shot to death, he was dead. There was gold to be mined.

Every now and then a drunk took over Golden Street in Rhyolite and owned it as long as he swept it with lead. Everybody cussed him, but it was rare for anyone to swap shots with him. The residents rather enjoyed it and they kept out of sight until the drunk ran out of ammunition or got tired and lay down. Then they put him away to sober up. If he did it too often and became a nuisance, he was presented with a canteen. Giving an undesirable a canteen was a simple and effective method of getting a man out of town. A small delegation waited upon the unpopular individual and asked him if he had a canteen. He knew what that meant. He walked to the edge of town, surrounded by his escort. If he did not own a canteen, the escort gave him one. And at the edge of town the escort said, "Good-by. Don't come back." The man who had been presented with the canteen walked down the trail into the desert. He did not come back.

Rhyolite and Greenwater and Skidoo issued a number of canteens. They might have given out more. Rhyolite had Diamond-Field Jack, who had been sentenced to hang five different times. Diamond-Field Jack was a bad hombre. Jack got drunk and shot up Golden Street. He stood on the corner and invited all the thises and thats in town to stick their heads out so he could shoot them off. Jack was not fooling. MacDonald, the sheriff, walked down the street with Jack looking right at him.

"Don't come any nearer, Mac," said Jack. "I'll kill you. I'll kill you just as sure as hell."

"Gimme your gun," said Mac. "You're drunk." And MacDonald took the killer's gun away from him. MacDonald was that kind of fool. He had no imagination.

Shortly after MacDonald disarmed Diamond-Field Jack, one of the miners on the west end of town went on a wild bust and started to change things around. First, he wanted a new wife. He told his wife he was tired of seeing her around. It was time for her to go. He assisted his wife's departure by moving all her clothes and possessions out into the middle of the street. His wife objected violently and when he poured kerosene on her things and set fire to them, she began to claw his eyes out. The miner got a miner's candlestick and killed her.

Walking Dynamite

A miner's candlestick is not an ornament. It is a weapon. Miner's candlesticks were forged by the blacksmith out of wrought iron. They were eight to ten inches long and tapered to a sharp point rugged enough to be driven into the hard-packed earth of underground workings. No miner was ever unarmed as long as he had a candlestick. Men were always seriously hurt in every miners' brawl.

Someone told me how many times this drunken miner in Rhyolite stabbed his wife with the candlestick. I did not want to remember.

When MacDonald, the sheriff, heard of the murder, he said, "I'll go down and get him. He'll come with me."

A friend said, "Mac, you use your gun down there."

"I won't have to," said Mac. "We're old friends. He'll come with me."

"You may be friends, but that man's hog wild. His wife is dead and he's pullin' his house apart before he starts on the rest of the town. You use a gun."

Quite a crowd went along to see what would happen. One of the sheriff's friends who did not want to see MacDonald commit suicide brought a shotgun and stood beside the sheriff when he stopped outside the miner's house and called, "It's me, Tim. It's MacDonald. You come along with me and no more trouble. I'm comin' in, Tim. And I haven't got a gun."

"I got one," says the miner. "An' you stay the hell out of here!"

MacDonald said, "I'm comin' in." And he walked into the house. He got just inside the door and the miner sprang at him. The man behind the sheriff with the shotgun blew the crazy miner in half. MacDonald was a good sheriff, but he did foolish things.

Clayton was the bad man of Rhyolite. He was an intense friend or enemy even when he was sober. Gunplay was a hot passion sweeping through his blood like some hideous disease. He was a killer. Sober, he seldom spoke, but drink maddened him and released a flood of abuse from his tongue. His gun was always handy and was often in his hand. Wise men walked around him with deaf ears. They knew him for the dynamite he was.

The Poet's Power

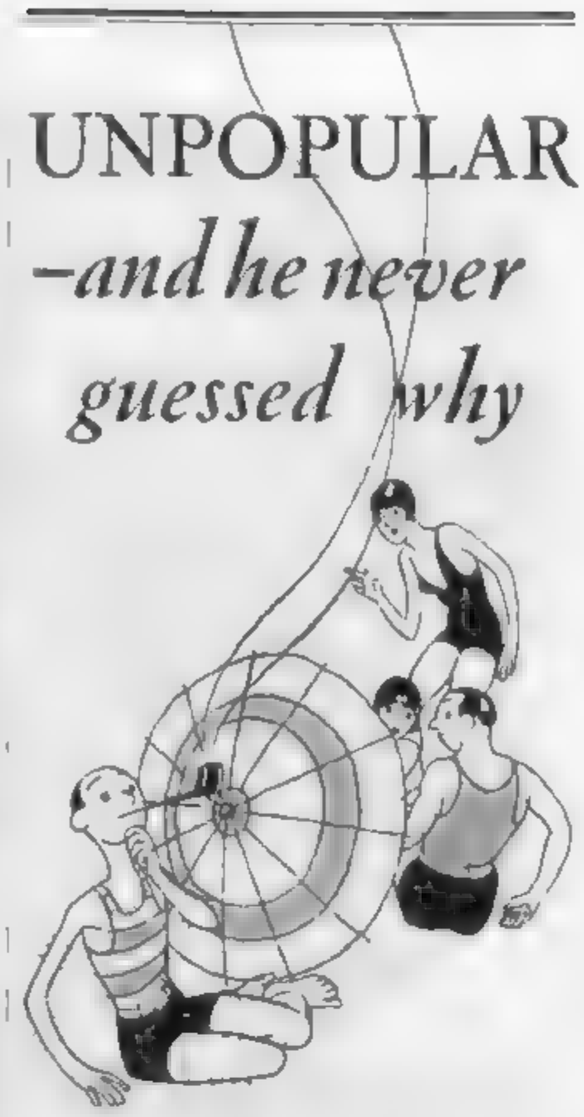
Clayton sat in a card game one day, quite drunk, and drinking. Sullivan, the bartender, brought a round of drinks and Clayton's change. Clayton accused Sullivan of short-changing him. Sullivan was a dirty thief. Clayton kicked Sullivan about, reviling him with filthy names. Sullivan took the abuse. When Clayton ended his tirade, Sullivan walked quietly behind the bar, picked up a gun and shot Clayton.

Clayton struggled to his feet and drew. Gunman and bartender stood there and emptied their guns into each other, closing in as they fired. Five shots apiece. They clinched and dropped to the floor, fighting. They had to be pried apart after they were dead.

Gentler characters lived quietly in the valley towns of gold and frenzy. There was Joe Ward in Rhyolite. Joe was one of those rare individuals who can walk along staring wide-eyed into the sun. Naturally, they called him Sun-eyed Joe. Joe was a poet. The meals that one of the mines fed its men were pretty bad. Joe wrote a poem about the rich mine and the poor chow, and the stingy mine owners and the starving miners. The poem became so popular and amused so many people that the mine began to set a better table. Joe Ward's poetry was powerful.

The inaccessible south end of Death Valley was close enough to the excitement at Bullfrog and Skidoo to share in the general mining boom. Jack Salisbury promoted the Carbonate Mine on the Death Valley side of the Panamint Range, south of Wingate Pass. The ore was a high-grade silver-lead carbonate. The shipping route from the mine ran east across the sink of Death Valley, but that did not present too great an obstacle to the mining company. The company built forty miles of double-boarded road to Zabriskie on the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad. The mine was far from civilization in barren country, but the harsh situation was improved by a landscape gardener's efforts to create an oasis. Comfortable bunk houses went up and tennis courts and a swimming pool were built.

The Carbonate Mine brought the first tractors into Death Valley. They were steam tractors, enormous three-wheeled affairs with a great vertical boiler mounted between the massive rear wheels. They were so heavy that they would not pull their own fuel and water. One of them, stripped of its engine and most of the parts that could be carried away, lies beside the road in Daylight Pass. The others are scattered about the valley, rusted reminders of a giant idea. The Carbonate Mine was worked as late as 1915, but the tractors were never any help. They never reached the mine.



UNPOPULAR
—and he never guessed why

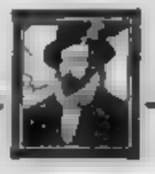
HE was quite eligible—but his pipe! No wonder his fair companions snubbed him. Strong as an ox—until he found Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite pipe tobacco. Indoors or out, Sir Walter's pipe mixture makes strong pipes *possible* and mild pipes popular. But you needn't take our word for it—just try it. It's just as cool, mild and mellow the last drag at night when you're shedding your socks as the first puff in the morning when you're putting them on. And that goes whether you smoke only a few pipefuls a day, or a whole two-ounce tin.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 16, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's  *milder*

EACH TIME YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH THIS WAY

—you guard The Danger Line

. it's really a comforting thing to use Squibb's Dental Cream

A NEW and modern hygiene is being practiced by thousands who realize this vital truth: *That merely brushing the teeth is not enough for adequate protection.*

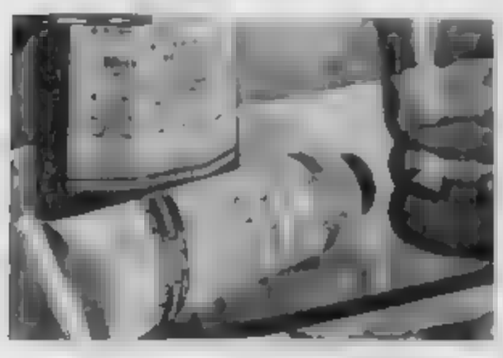
No tooth-brush can reach those out-of-the-way places—The Danger Line, where teeth and gums meet—the tiny pits and crevices about your teeth. As a result, food particles collect. They ferment. Acids form and pave the way for decay or diseases of the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream was developed to specifically meet this condition. It contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—and Milk of Magnesia has long been known as a safe, effective antacid. Every time you brush your teeth with Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia neutralize acids at The Danger Line.

Is tooth decay dangerous? Physicians and dentists agree that many disorders, kidney troubles, rheumatism, neuritis, result from tooth decay. Tooth decay is caused by invisible germs that generate acid in remote places about the teeth. Squibb's Dental Cream containing Milk of Magnesia is a most effective material for neutralizing acid. It is safe to use in the mouth and will reach the remote crevices.

You'll appreciate the fine sense of security that comes with the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It polishes teeth beautifully. Contains no grit, no antiseptics. It is extraordinarily soothing and you can safely use it to brush the gums.

Protect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream twice each day. At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

The Panamints had other mining activity at Harrisburg, where Shorty Harris, the discoverer of Bullfrog, made another strike on the Fourth of July, 1905. The Panamints also still hold one of the best mines in the entire valley district—the Le Monge Mine. It was located by old John Le Monge in 1882. His mine missed the boom development. John was not a man to be carried away by the ballyhoo and hysteria of a boom. He had been around Death Valley since the 70's. Before that he had spent many years at sea. Tiring of the sea, he went to the desert. John was a straight, six-foot Frenchman with a square-cut beard that covered his chest. John took over his mine from the Indians. The mine had long been the Bullet Mine, in which the Indians cut lead ore to make bullets for their muzzle-loaders. The Indians called John Le Monge, "the Bullet-Mine man." John never did much work on his mine. He just held on to it through the years. As he got older he wanted to sell the mine. John was a Frenchman, and as he aged he often thought of going back to France—to Paris. He wanted to die in Paris.

The boom in Rhyolite sent buyers to John Le Monge's mine. They looked at the ore body and talked money with John. An engineer in the party of buyers said, "We'll give you eighty thousand dollars for your mine. Here's fifteen thousand dollars to close the deal." And the engineer took out his wallet and put a sight draft for fifteen thousand dollars in John's hand.

Old John looked at the piece of paper. He was dreadfully disappointed. He shook his head from side to side. These people that wanted to buy his mine did not have any money. They wanted his mine for a piece of paper. Old John said, "This isn't money. I want money for my mine." He handed back the sight draft. John came from country folks and had never been in a bank. The men who were anxious to buy his mine could not persuade him to go to Independence with them to get cash. John did not believe they had any money and old John's stubbornness exasperated the prospective buyers. John never sold his mine—and he never saw Paris. He died in the sun beside the Furnace Creek Trail in June, 1918. His burros were tied to the mesquite where John made his last camp. His burros died with him. Death Valley men remember John Le Monge. He was part of the country in the old days—a fine old gentleman.

A great many of the graves along the valley trails were built for men who perished during the scramble for wealth between 1904 and 1908.

Leave It to the Burro

"It was awful when Rhyolite and the other towns was goin' strong," said Bill Corcoran. "There's those graves all over the valley and there's lotsa people died out there we don't know about. The weather just dried them out and these sandstorms come. The greenest kids in the world would come out to Rhyolite and get a pack outfit and go out on the desert. They wouldn't know how to pack a boorow or even tie them up. Someone put up a big sign at Surveyors' Well, say'n', 'Tie up your burros.' Men would come in to the well and read that sign and forget to tie them up. In the mornin' the boorows would be gone and the men would go out lookin' for them. The boorows would come into town and then we would go out lookin' for the men. Sometimes we found them.

"You wanna remember they was no roads in the valley then, and it was a lonesome place, even if they was a hundred prospectors foolin' around in the hills. Thirty or forty days and you wouldn't see a soul. And these fools, not knowin' better, would be packin' around the valley in the summer, in the daytime. Out in that sun. They was so many found dead that you couldn't pay any attention to them. Most of them ran outa water. A boorow always knows where there is water. But he won't tell you about it. He won't lead you to it, even if you ask him to, but if you get in trouble and feel yourself goin' and tie your arm to your boorow, he'll get you to water. The boorows saved lotsa lives in this valley.

"Some of them that was found dead durin' the boom days was fellers that had been in the valley long enough to know better. Bill Ryan—Bill was an old prospector up to the Keane Wonder Mine. Bill had been up in Rhyolite on a big drunk and he come down to the Keane Wonder and from there he started to Furnace Creek. I guess he knew he was goin' to die, because he lay down close to the road so someone would find him. He died between the time the wagon left Furnace Creek in the mornin' and when I come across the valley that night. I stepped on Bill in the dark. Like to scared me to death. I thought it was a mattress and I lit a match. And there was his eyes starin' up at me. It was horrible to look at. His whiskers was stickin' up at me! I went back into Furnace Creek Ranch and woke up the first person I come to. I wanted company. It was Jess Jackson. He woke up the rest and they got out a wagon and buried Bill. They wrote the judge about it. They was no jury then."

On an Ice-Cream Diet

"Pete Bush and his partner died right near Stovepipe Well. Pete telephoned from Skidoo to a friend in Rhyolite that they was drivin' across the valley, and said, 'If we don't get in, come out and look for us.' And they found him dead in the shade of his car. There was water in his canteen and in the radiator of his car. They found his partner over by Hole-in-the-Rock Spring. He got crazy and wandered off that way. This valley is hot in the summertime."

I asked Bill, "The valley almost got you, too, didn't it, Bill? How long did you go without water?"

"From Friday to Monday," said Bill. "That was Harry Stemler and me up at the Le Monge Mine. It was August, 1920. Friday, the thirteenth, it was. I'll never forget it. Three days wanderin' around outa my head, with the angels flyin' alongside a me pourin' water out of a silver pitcher into a silver bowl. I could hear the rustle of their wings and the splashin' water. I could see more water than I ever knew was on earth before. Water was runnin' in all directions, and I could hear it rainin' plainer than it ever rained when I was at myself. I'll never come any closer to dyin' and not go. I musta fell down all over the country, I busted my ribs and cut my head on the rocks and threw away my shirt and one shoe, and didn't know it. When they found me and got me out to the Lane Mine, near Darwin, I sorta come to. I couldn't talk, my tongue and throat was swollen so. And then someone had forced tomato juice down my throat, and that just burned a streak right down me. But I could hear all right. I heard the doctor tell the people at the mine that I would be dead in a couple of hours, and for them to notify the coroner. That was awful! And I couldn't even mumble.

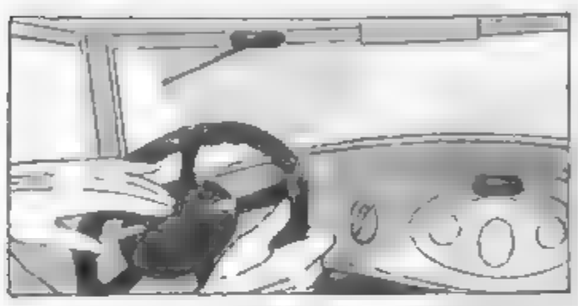
"I was forty days in the hospital. In those three days I was wanderin' around the desert I went down from one hundred and eighty-five pounds to one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Sixty pounds in three days was what I lost. That's some dryin' out. They kept me wrapped up in wet blankets, soakin' up water like a sponge, and fed me ice cream through a silver tube. I ain't eat any ice cream since."

During the rushing years that the Death Valley towns attracted unlimited financial backing, the enthusiasm of miner and prospector engendered an amazing confidence. Money was easy and the future was golden. Money had no value. It was something to be used to find and develop the mines. Money provided conveniences and let the idea men carry out their ideas. When a man ran out of money, he asked somebody for more—anybody. And he got the amount he asked for. There was no inquiry about

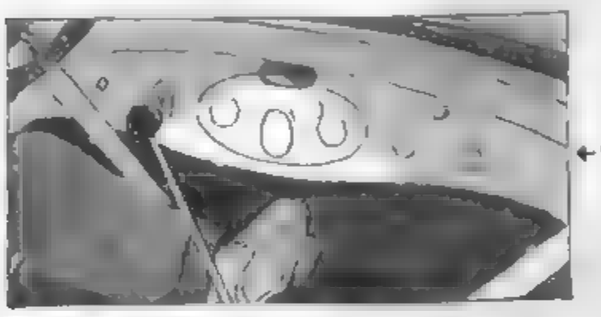
(Continued on Page 101)

Your Battery Today

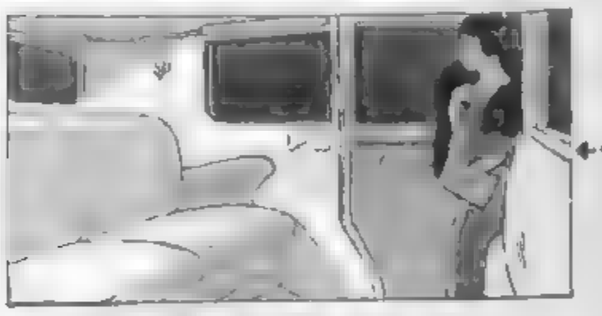
Renders 12 Services



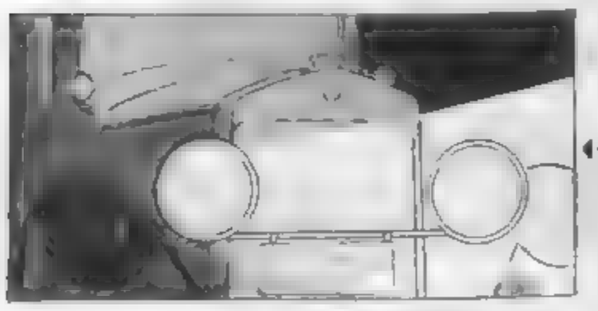
WINDSHIELD WIPER AND HORN—Let it storm. Let jaywalkers wander. Your battery keeps vision clear and warns pedestrians or cars.



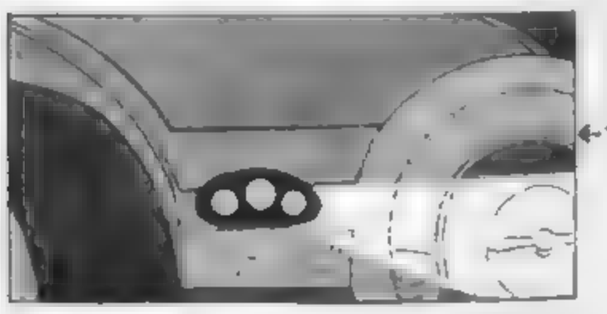
STARTER, CIGAR LIGHTER, IGNITION, DASH-LIGHT—Motor turns over . . . dash is lit . . . cigarette glows . . . thanks to battery.



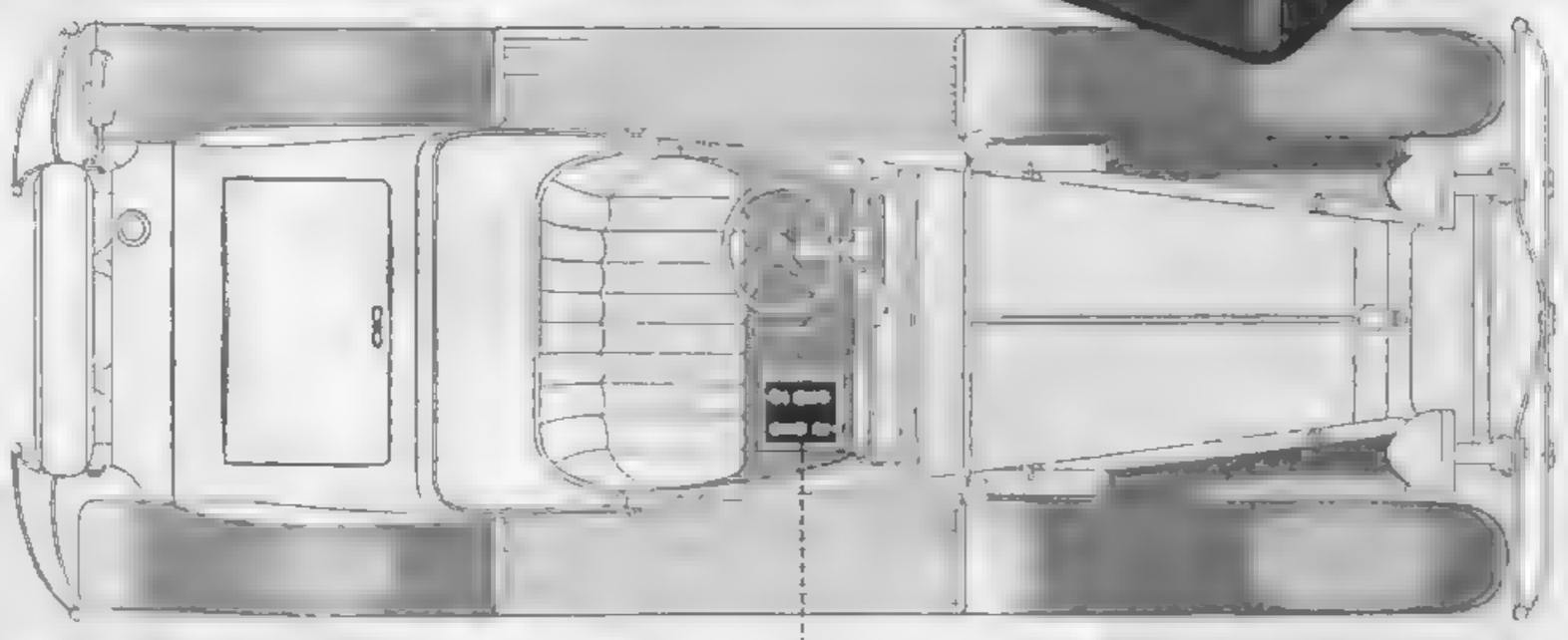
INSIDE LIGHTS—Living-room comfort for closed cars. When light is needed, the battery supplies generous current for it.



HEADLIGHTS AND COWL LIGHTS—The battery power cleaves the darkness far ahead . . . keeps parking lights bright for long hours.



REAR LIGHT, STOP LIGHT, REVERSE LIGHT—Vital warnings to traffic. They add to motoring safety and battery drain.



KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND WHEN YOU CHOOSE A BATTERY

BACK in 1911, when the first electric starting and lighting system was put in a car, the battery had an easier job. Even then an Exide was the first automobile battery. Today, when the battery renders a dozen or more services, Exide is still a leader.

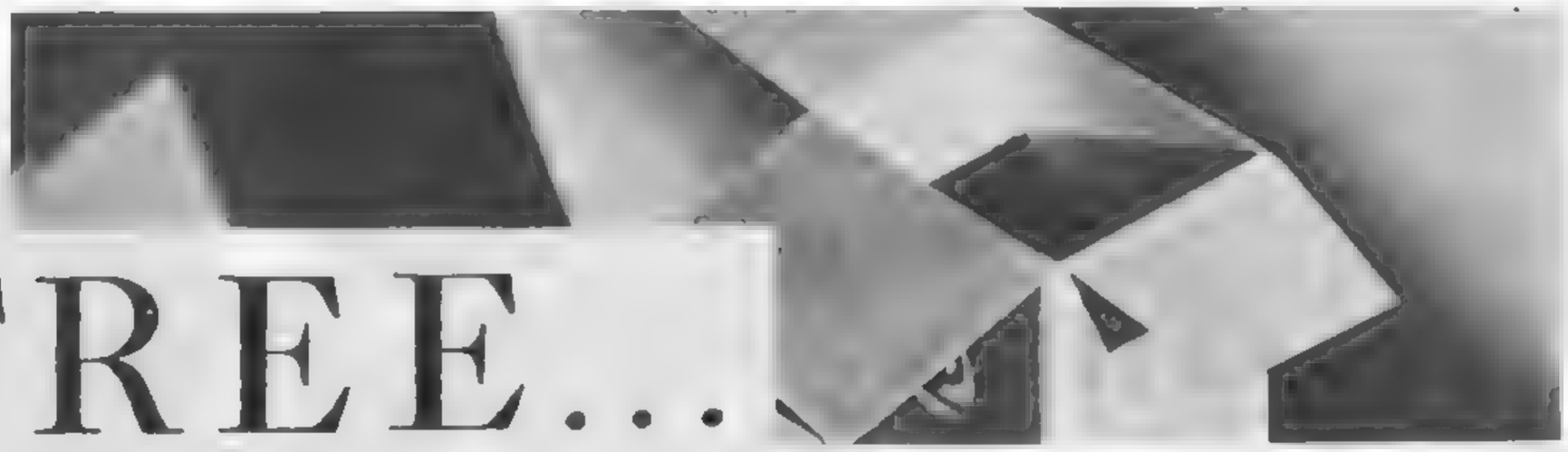
Think how these services have added to drain on the battery. And the greater use of cars today, the longer distances covered, mean greater wear and tear on the battery. Isn't it only reasonable that you select your battery with greater care than before . . . that you be sure it's thoroughly up to the job?

There's an Exide Battery Station near where you can get intelligent information. And when you buy an Exide you will know that Exide engineers designed it to cope with modern motoring conditions. Since they built the first car battery, they have continually improved the product . . . always making it more than equal to its job.

With it you'll drive with the same confidence that millions of motorists have who use Exides . . . made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose.

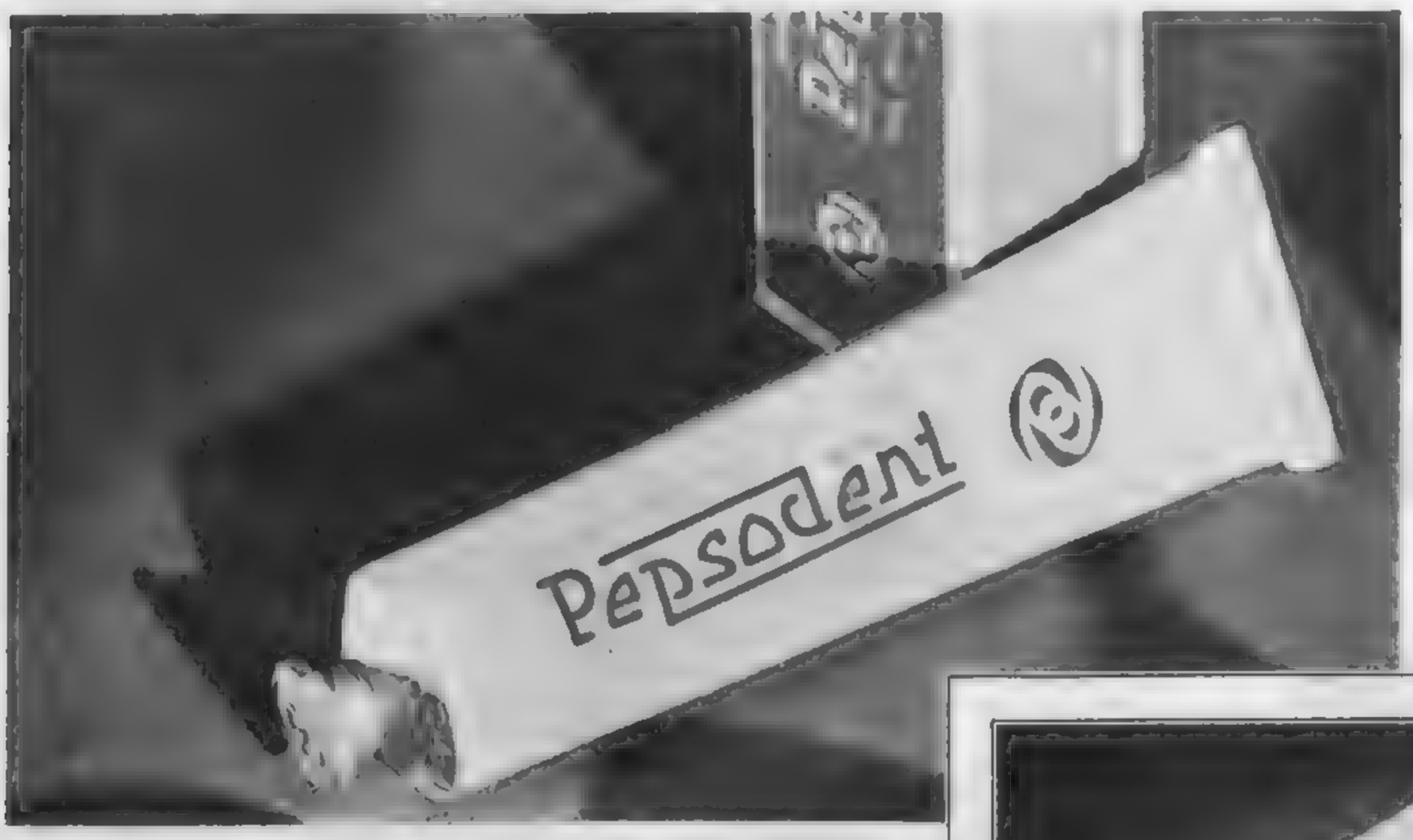
Exide BATTERIES

The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia. Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Can.



FREE...

Where shall we send your 10-day supply of this amazing formula?



OF the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

What happens to teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. Do not delay. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co
Dept. 239, 1104 S. Wabash Ave
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A

Name

Address

City

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St
Toronto 2, Ont., Can
[illegible] Bridge Rd
London, S. E. 1, Eng
[illegible] Ltd 72 Wentworth Ave
Sydney, N. S. W

Only one tube to a family

(Continued from Page 98)

what he wanted it for and security was just a word. The panic of 1907 ended all that.

The boom was at its height in Rhyolite. Everyone went to bed one night with their fortunes secure. They woke up the next morning broke. There was no money in the banks. There was no credit. There was only a great mass of handsome stock and a lot of ore in the ground. It was an unbelievable condition. The country, the mines, the town, and the people were exactly as valuable as they had ever been, but they were not worth a dime in the market. There was no market. It was probably a temporary depression. Rhyolite went to have a drink and wait.

The wait was too long and the exodus began, very gradually at first, as business left its typewriters and telephones and closed its offices until the depression was over, but swelling into a rush out of the dead quiet of the town as the residents grew tired of waiting. They still had confidence in Rhyolite, but they were getting hungry and thirsty, and everyone else seemed to be leaving town.

Trains stopped running to Rhyolite. The railroad iron was torn up. Rhyolite fell into ruins. Rhyolite is an interesting skeleton. But some of the old properties have been reorganized. There is stock for sale in the reopened mines.

Death Valley had another boom in 1925 and 1926 at Leadfield. Leadfield is in Titus Canyon, on the valley side of the Grapevine Mountains, north of Surveyors' Well. The strike at Leadfield was a lead stack, or concentrate. On the Western Lead property the ore is one hundred feet thick and runs about 7 per cent lead. There are millions of tons of it. Leadfield did not die because of lack of ore or want of transportation. Leadfield died of complications.

Leadfield's water supply was an interstate proposition that caused trouble and expensive delays. The corporation commission investigated stock sales. Several million dollars' worth of stock were sold in Los Angeles, diverting money from the banks into the coffers of the mining company. The bankers took steps. The complications became acute and the price of stock declined. The promoters spent almost three million dollars buying up stock in support of the market price. There was no money left for Leadfield. I have heard that Los Angeles likes to keep all million-dollar mining ventures within the city limits. Miners tell me that Leadfield will be a big mine some day.

Leadfield, in its brief existence, threw a road into new country. The Leadfield road runs north on the Amargosa Desert into the high hills of the Grapevine Mountains, sweeping around the shoulders of vertical cliffs to reveal a succession of unexpected valleys cut deep in the startling rocks of the range. Down in the little pocket in which Leadfield lies, the road joins the natural gravel trail down Titus Canyon into Death Valley. The mountain sheep along the Leadfield road outnumber the travelers. The Bonanza Tunnel in Western Lead runs into an enormous cave full of crystals. The Leadfield road cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is worth it.

There will be other mining booms in the hills of Death Valley. The mines and the miners are waiting. Some of the miners have been sitting on rich claims for twenty years. The old valley men are dying off and a new kind of prospector and miner is replacing them. The newcomers are a breed of smaller men. There is something cautious and petty about them that the old desert men do not understand. The new breed is making money in the hills where the old prospector lived.

The old-timer lost his sense of values during the boom days. He still thinks that a dollar is something to spend, and if he does not have one to spend he gets along without it and hardly misses it. Ten dollars or ten thousand dollars are just the same to him. They are sums of money representing nothing very tangible. The desert man's philosophy is very comforting to the desert man. The business man who encounters it very often goes off biting his finger nails and making uncouth, growling noises.

Little Charlie is one of the desert clan. He is called Little Charlie to distinguish him from Big Charlie. Little Charlie and his partners have a mine in Tucki Mountain. It is a good mine, but it costs Little Charlie money every year. He works to earn money to put into the mine. A wholly unexpected buyer came along and offered Little Charlie twenty thousand dollars and a substantial interest if Charlie would deed the mine over. He declined the offer and went on hauling wood and making surveys to make more money to put into the mine.

A friend of mine asked Little Charlie, "Why didn't you sell, Charlie? How much do you want for that fool mine of yours?"

"My price," said Little Charlie, "is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and no back talk."

Little Charlie was in no hurry to sell. He has plenty of time. He has all the time in the world. There will be another boom in the valley mines. One million is a nice round number.

Summer was coming on and I was leaving Death Valley. I ran into Bill Corcoran. Bill said, "You'll come back. Sure. What you oughta do while you're in town is get somebody to stake us. We'll go prospectin'. We could do it on three hundred a month. We'll find another Goldfield. I know we can do it. And we won't have to look far either. We'll find the biggest gold mine in the world. Sure we will!"

There are undiscovered mines in the valley hills.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of three articles by Mr Lee.

FRATERNALLY YOURS

(Continued from Page 70)

Run back and get him while we finish fixing ourselves up."

"Couldn't he come on the street car?" Al said.

"He said he'd forgotten to get you to cash a check for him and he didn't have any money."

"He hasn't got any evening clothes either," he said hopefully.

"That doesn't matter. Hurry up."

He had been on the point of asking her to drive back with him, but he decided not to do it. He felt irritated at Jane for dragging Lack and Polly into the party. Now he would have to pay for Lack's evening. Besides, he had wanted to give Jane the ring before they left.

And, what was even more important, he had wanted to talk to Mr. Kimball before tomorrow. That was part of his plan. The plan wasn't very complicated, but it involved several things. Mr. Kimball had retired from business, but he was just as active now in the stock market. He dealt with the Washington branch of a New York brokerage firm, and the man who handled his account was getting rich from his commissions and what he learned by watching Mr. Kimball. If Al could get that account for his house and handle it himself he would be fixed.

He had moved cautiously. Mr. Kimball looked harmless enough, but he had a reputation for being a shrewd judge of men as well as stocks. Al had never mentioned business to him. When he had asked Mr. Kimball if he could marry Jane, he had merely told him that he was in the bond business; and since Mr. Kimball's chief interest was stocks, the conversation hadn't gone any further.

But he knew that Mr. Kimball—or rather Mrs. Kimball—wasn't quite satisfied with their social position. They were almost at the top, but not quite. And so he had dropped enough hints about his family to give her something to look up, and he knew that by the time he had asked to marry Jane she had satisfied herself that he would be a good match socially. That left it up to Mr. Kimball to fix him up financially.

They had invited him to go with them on a cruise to Florida in their yacht next week. He had accepted without telling his firm anything of his plans. His firm had given him a large block of bonds that weren't very easy to sell and had told him that if he sold them all they would give him one or two accounts of stock to handle. That was what he wanted; it was stocks that made the money. And so it was up to Mr. Kimball to take the bonds off his hands; then he would get his promotion and the firm would be glad to let him take the cruise on the chance that he would come back with Mr. Richard P. Kimball's account in his pocket.

He had planned to tell Mr. Kimball tonight that he couldn't go on the cruise. He would say he had just got some bonds to sell and he would have to wait a few days; he could join them down the coast, he would say, because people would gobble up the bonds. Then Mr. Kimball would say: "That's all right, Al; I'll take them off your hands." It would be easy if he could see him in time, but tomorrow they might ask him at the office how he was getting along with those bonds and they would be sore if he said he hadn't sold any. And so, no wonder he was sore at Lack.

Well, he could probably put them off if they asked, and they might not ask. And he could see Mr. Kimball tomorrow night. It wouldn't do to go to see him in the daytime; that would be too much like business. And this was a social matter. He had an idea that Mrs. Kimball had already planned the pictures that would be taken at Palm Beach: "Miss Jane Kimball, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Kimball of Washington, and Mr. Albert Pinkerton Courtney of Charleston, South Carolina, great-grandson of the famous Pinkerton Courtney, whose engagement has just been announced, strolling on the sands at Palm Beach." He rather liked the idea himself.

He liked the way everything was being worked out. There was no talk about money or social position; things were just understood. Talking about it would have made it vulgar bargaining, but as it stood there was something delicately well-bred about it; it was sort of like Henry James.

Lack was waiting on the sidewalk for him. "Get in," Al said. "I don't seem to be able to shake you."

"Hope you don't think I'm butting in," Lack said.

"Oh, no."

"I really tried to get out of it, but Jane wouldn't hear of that."

"All right, but shut up about it."

"'Fraid you've lost your temper about something."

"You're enough to make anybody lose their temper. Why don't you lose your temper sometimes? You might be more bearable."

"Gentlemen don't lose their tempers," Lack said.

Jane and Polly were ready when they arrived and so Al didn't have a chance to see Mr. Kimball. He didn't say anything to Jane about the ring, either. Somehow he had become irritated at Jane. He wondered about that as he drove. Often when things went wrong he got awfully sore at Jane. And yet he knew he was crazy about her. He never even asked himself if her father's money had anything to do with that; that wouldn't have been worthy of Henry James.

They met Bill Simms and Sarah Bell at the night club. Al didn't enjoy the evening very much. Everybody seemed to be in high spirits but him, and nobody seemed to worry whether he was having a good time or not. He rather resented Jane's not paying more attention to him; she spent most of her time talking to Lack. Lack was the life of the party.

Afterward they went to his apartment and ate the food Lack had bought. He noticed that Lack hadn't replaced what he had eaten, but had consulted his own taste; but everybody remarked about how good it all was. Then Lack took Polly out into the hall and played his guitar and sang to her, and the rest sat in the room and listened.

"I'm crazy about your brother," Jane said. "Why didn't you tell me he was so talented?"

"I didn't think he'd make you wait long to find it out."

"He's got a wonderful sunburn. Where did he get it?"

"That's dye," Al said. "He just got fired out of a dye factory."

"What's he going to do now?"

"I'll bite."

"I should think you'd want to keep him here with you."

"If you'd had him around as much as I have, you wouldn't think so. He's a nice kid, but he's hopelessly good-for-nothing."

"Maybe he just hasn't found the right thing," she said.

"Maybe not."

He had wanted to give her the ring while they were here, but Lack had the hall, and Bill and Sarah would see it if he did it here. So he put it off again. Giving a girl an engagement ring was a ceremony that should have the proper setting. After a while they noticed that Lack had stopped playing.

Sarah yawned and said, "What time is it?"

"Three," said Bill.

"We've got to go," Jane said. She called: "Polly!"

There was no answer Al and Jane went out into the hall. The light was off. They turned it on. Lack and Polly untwined their arms and looked up blank-eyed.

"Time to go," Jane said.

He was silent on the way back to Jane's. At the door they waited five minutes for Lack to finish telling Polly good night in the car. Then the girls went in and Al and Lack walked back to the car. As he was about to get in, Al remembered something He ran back and knocked on the door. Jane opened it.

"I forgot to give you this," he said, handing her the box with the ring in it. "See you tomorrow. So long."

"Swell pair of girls," Lack said on the way home.

"Yeah," said Al.

Later Lack said, "Polly and I are engaged"

Al parked the car and went upstairs without saying anything to that. He wondered if Lack was trying to make him keep him here longer than tomorrow. Well, he wouldn't get away with that. People didn't get engaged in three hours, even nowadays.

Before he went to bed he said, "You can use the couch in the hall: it's got sheets on it."

"Thanks horribly," Lack said.

"And don't forget you're leaving tomorrow."

"I know"

"Have you decided where you're going?"

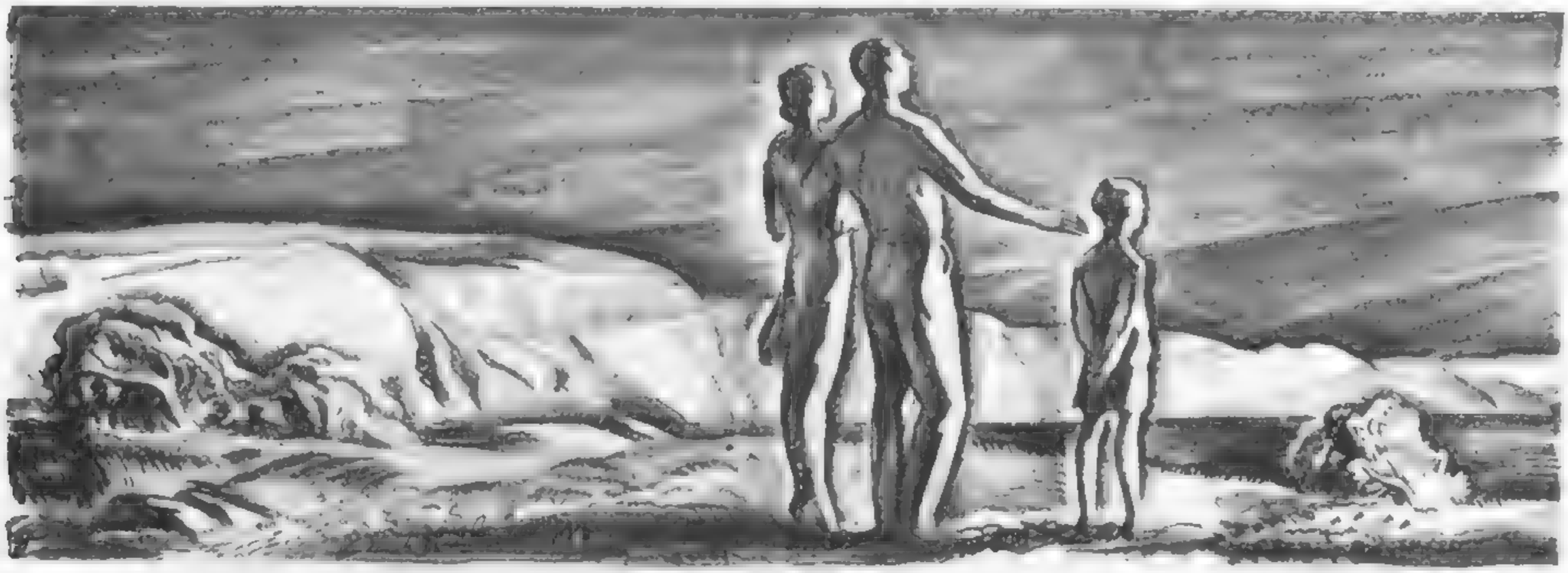
"Sure," said Lack. "I'm going to visit the Kimballs for a while."

III

AL'S temper hadn't improved any by the time he came home from work the next day. They had asked him about the bonds and he had told them that he was working

(Continued on Page 105)

DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS



NOW in a familiar food · ·

HIDING FROM the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a food already famous for its health qualities.

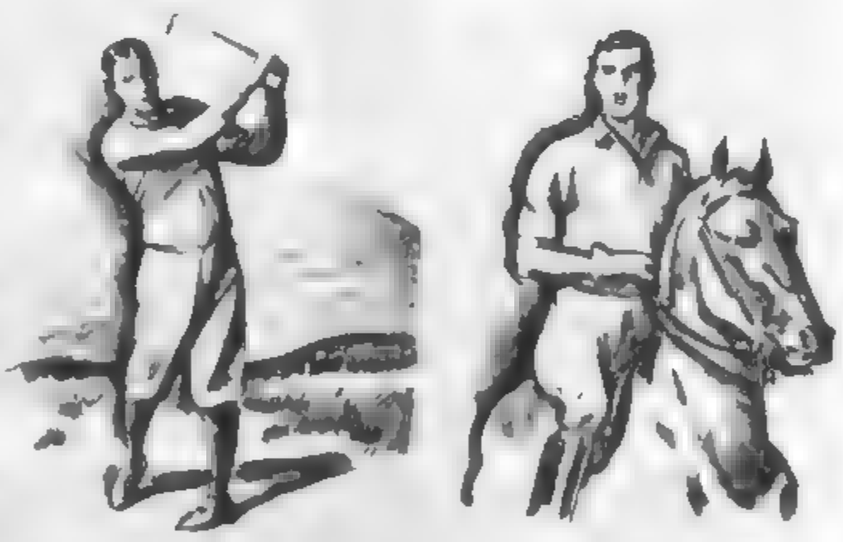
THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this! —a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!



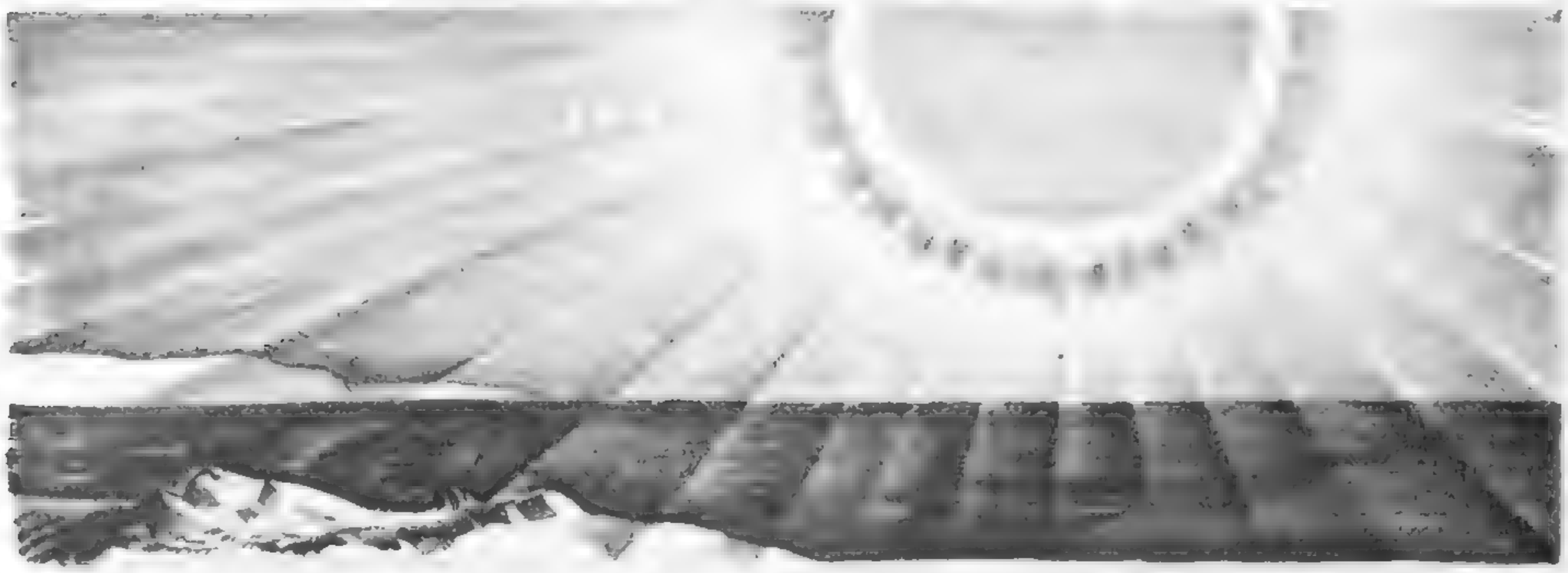
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus —elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight, strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

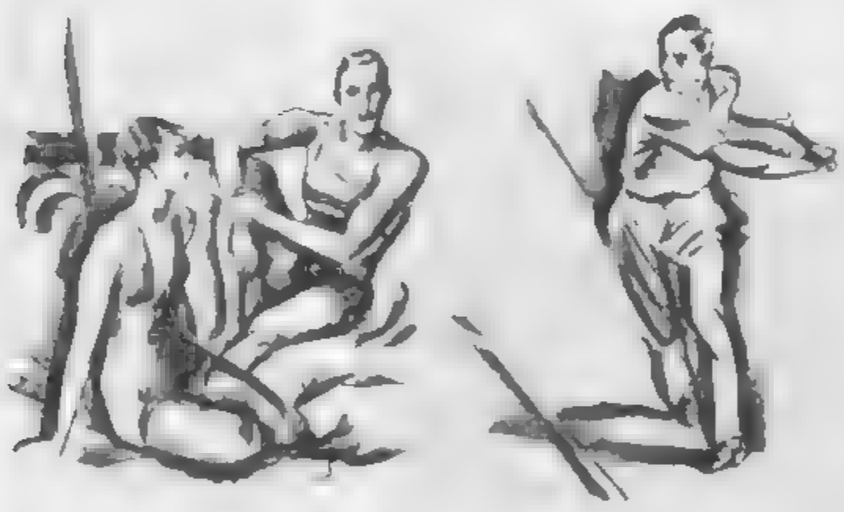
The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun



if we could get plenty of sunshine

against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth). Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking. Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. D-96, 701 Washington St., New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in hospitals in America.

Considered by many as Europe's greatest gastro-enterologist, Dr Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, Paris, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician and lecturer in the great University of Berlin

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY . . .

DR. CHERUBINI: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

DR. DELORT: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

DR. NEUBERG: "The vitally important provitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

YEAST *contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin*

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Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde --- and Mr. Hide

THE bad Mr. Hyde was the ruin of the good Dr. Jekyll. Turning to shoes, there's a bad Mr. Hide who has wrought the final downfall of many a shoe that for a brief season presented a winning front to the world.

In Smith Smart Shoes, we tolerate no dual personality of quality. These shoes must be good *clear through*. Take leathers, for example. Only the topmost 8% of the world's production of upper leathers is good enough for us to consider. Then, in justice to such fine leathers, we cut them by hand, match them with a color-canny eye under neutral North light, and finish them by hand with tailored, seamless linings that never wrinkle and try men's soles.

Because we have been building these shoes for three generations, we have learned many ways to make them *less exclusive in cost* than they are in quality. Smith Smart Shoes at ten dollars have few equals anywhere below fifteen.

TEN DOLLARS

Some Styles to Thirteen Dollars

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

The SPEED . . . a new one for the stylish man . . . Black Calf, No. 451 : Autumn Brown, No. 251

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women — Dr. A Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 101)

on a prospect who might take all he had. That had satisfied the boss, but it meant that Mr. Kimball had to crush through or he would be in for trouble. On top of that, he was worried about Lack. His going to the Kimballs' for a visit might hurt his plans, and what was even more important was that it wouldn't do Lack any good to loaf around in a big house with a lot of servants to wait on him. What Lack needed was a lot of hard work and something to work for.

He wondered if this affair with Polly would amount to anything, and, if it did, if Polly could make Lack snap out of it.

Lack was stretched out on the sofa. "Thought you'd changed your address," Al said.

"I have, but I came over to pay you a visit."

"What for?"

"Well, for one thing, I brought you an invitation to dinner at the Kimballs'. They're starting on the cruise tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?" That was bad news; he'd have to work fast.

"Mr. Kimball says he wants to get it over while the stock market's quiet. He thinks it's going to get going again in three or four weeks."

Al made a mental note of that. "Have you been talking to Mr. Kimball?" he said.

"Oh, yes." Lack grinned brightly. "We had a nice long chat."

"What about?"

"Well, the main subject was my marrying Polly."

Al grinned this time. "I suppose he was all for it."

"Yes," said Lack.

"What?"

"Well, he thought we ought to wait till Polly finishes school in June, but he seems to think I'm a swell fellow, and he's taking us both along on the cruise."

"Oh, Lord! What did he think of your brilliant prospects?"

Lack's grin widened. "He was quite taken with them," he said. "You see, Mr. Kimball's a very intelligent chap, although he is just a least little bit rough around the edges. But he's frightfully eager to put his family right up there. So when he asked me about myself, I gave him a very frank account."

"I suppose you told him you were lazy."

"Sure. That's the way I started. I told him all our family had been landowners up to the Civil War and that we weren't meant to work. He said he thought you were rather energetic by nature. I said you were an exception, but that I was never made for work. Then I gave him a list of my accomplishments, which included marked proficiency at golf, tennis, billiards, bridge, playing the guitar, dancing, and drinking. I told him that I thought that I was destined to be a gentleman sportsman, but that I had never had enough money to be one in the right way."

Al said, "Did he kick you out personally or call a servant to do it?"

"I'm afraid," said Lack, "that you are lacking in appreciation of the higher delicacies of conduct. He asked me what I would do if I had plenty of money. I told him I would travel and acquire lots of culture; then come home and buy a stable of polo ponies."

"Either you've got the nerve of a brass monkey or else you're a liar."

"Neither," said Jack. "I told him all that, and what's more, he agreed that it was a swell idea. He said he believed in furthering the culture of the nation and he offered me an income of ten thousand a year until I marry Polly and a cool million as a wedding present."

"Now I know you're a liar," Al said.

Lack reached in a pocket and pulled out a slip of paper. He tossed it carelessly toward Al. Al saw that it was a check for five thousand dollars, signed by Richard P. Kimball.

He said, "Well, I will be hanged."

"How do you like those apples?" Lack said.

Al got up and started walking around the room. "I don't like 'em," he said. "I don't like 'em even a little bit, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, it's as plain as the nose on your face that he thinks you're trying to marry Polly for his money. And so, instead of saying you can't and running the risk of your doing it anyway, he used his head and gave you the money so that you wouldn't look on Polly as a necessary adjunct to it. For a few thousand, which he can afford, he can ship you off to Europe long enough for Polly to forget about you and marry somebody else."

"We're going to Europe together," Lack said. But Al noticed that he had lost some of his confidence.

"You wait and see. I suppose he hopes it will be broken up before June, but if it isn't, you'll get another nice offer."

"There might be something to what you say," Lack said. "He did seem awfully easy. But Polly and I are going to get married in June, and if I'm sure of that I don't see anything to worry about."

"Nothing except that by taking that money from him you have lost his respect, you'll probably lose Polly's, and possibly your own. But maybe that's too much to hope for."

"I did feel sort of funny about taking it," Lack said, "but he insisted it was all right."

"He would. Now here's another thing. I've been planning to get his stock account by showing him what a good business man I am. I had some bonds I wanted to sell him, and I had to sell them to go on this cruise. Do you think I could sell him anything now? He'd think I was another bum. I can't even ask him after what you've pulled. And if he did buy 'em, he'd never give me his account. That would be a little too much for charity."

Lack was strangely silent. After a while he said, "Look here, Al, I'm awfully sorry. I guess I've messed everything up."

"Right," said Al.

"I'll give the check back."

"That won't do any good."

"Well, what can I do?"

"Nothing," said Al. "Not a thing."

He went into the other room to dress, and after a few minutes he heard Lack go out.

He didn't enjoy the dinner he had that night. Mr. Kimball, bald-headed and round-faced, looked at Lack every now and then and smiled as though they had some secret between them, and Mrs. Kimball, when she could take time off from being careful about her eating, talked about what a nice family party it was. Polly talked all the time and kissed Lack at the table. Only Jane stood apart from the gathering. Jane was cool and composed; he thanked heaven for Jane.

Just before they left the table he said, "Mr. Kimball, I'm afraid I can't go on the cruise with you."

"Huh?" said Mr. Kimball. "Why not?"

"I just got a big block of bonds to sell and I'll have to stay here till I get rid of them."

"What are they? Maybe I could help you out a little."

Al saw Lack's eyes on him. "I'm afraid they wouldn't interest you," he said. "There's nothing wrong with them, but the interest rate is low, and all together I wouldn't advise you to take them. They're for small investors who want something absolutely safe."

"Well, I don't mind a safe thing, you know."

"You wouldn't be satisfied," Al said, "and so I wouldn't sell them to you. Later, maybe, I'll have something you'll like."

He had timed his remark so that they left the table before they could argue with him very long, and afterward he slipped out on the porch with Jane to keep the subject from coming up again. They sat where a single street light, blocks away, brought a spark out of Jane's hair. She looked very beautiful tonight.

"I can't bear going without you," she said.

"I hate to let you go."

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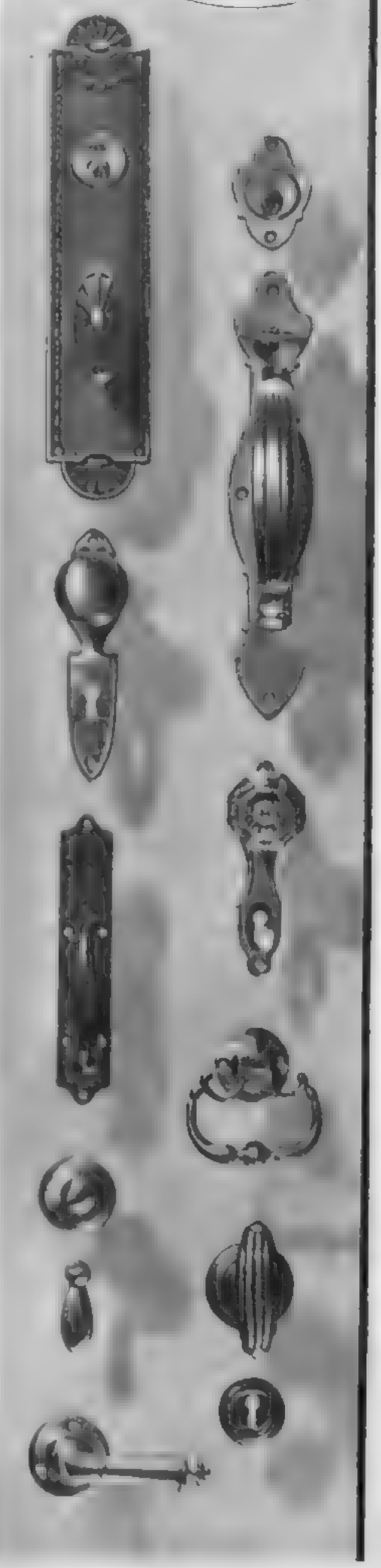

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It keeps you *comfortable* whether it's 70° or 30°

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And the longer length prevents your heavier clothing from scratching your leg.

You will find this revolutionary Allen-A Underwear at most good stores. Only $1.50 the suit. Ask for style number 610 if you prefer white; style number 614 if you prefer ecru. Write if your dealer cannot supply you.

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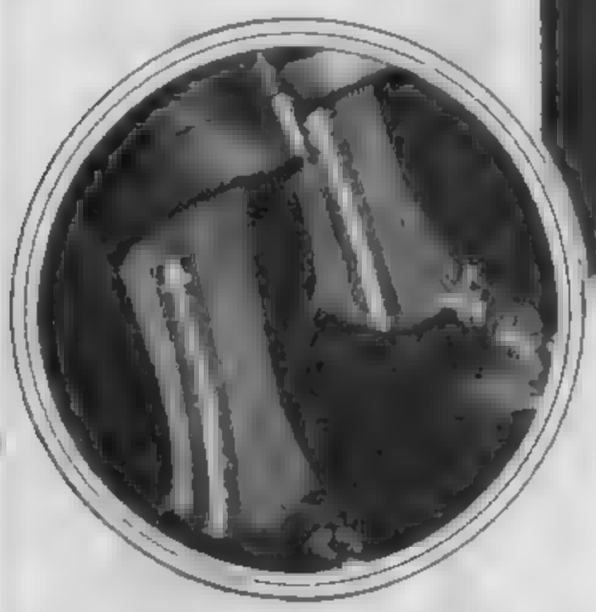

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FOR MEN AND BOYS

"Couldn't you manage it some way?"

"No."

"You don't sound so enthusiastic," Jane said.

"I'm worried." Then he told her about Lack. "It's all right for your father," he said. "He'll spend a little money and save his daughter for somebody else, but it'll ruin my kid brother."

"I wish I could do something," Jane said.

"You can't argue with Lack; he's too self-satisfied. He likes me and he'd probably give the check back if he thought it would do me any good, but nobody'll ever convince him it's bad for him."

"Anyway, I'll try to think of something," she said. "I like him, too: I think he's a sweet kid. Maybe I can get a man for Polly to fall for."

"If she did it quick it might be all right," Al said, "but if Lack once gets used to having all the money he needs, he'll never amount to anything."

Jane was silent awhile, then she said, "I'm afraid you're more interested in Lack than you are in me."

"No, I'm not," he said. "I'm just worried about him. I'm not worried about you."

IV

LACK caught up in his loafing on the trip down the coast. After they passed Cape Hatteras the weather was like summer, and he spent his days stretched out in a deck chair talking or sleeping or playing his guitar. After dinner they would all lounge around watching the gulls that came to get the refuse the cook threw overboard, and after that Mrs. Kimball, Polly, Jane and he would play bridge.

He won a lot at bridge. He wasn't quite sure how he managed it, but one evening Polly lost her temper and said to Jane: "I don't understand why you play good bridge when Lack's your partner and then act like a dumb-bell when you're playing with me."

"Maybe it's the inspiration," Jane said sweetly.

It was a good thing he won. Mr. Kimball's check was still in his pocket. He hadn't been able to bring himself to cash it; not so much on account of what Al had said but because he had a feeling that if he had cashed it he would have lost a certain amount of independence. As it was, he thought he detected a little bit of condescension in the attitude of everybody but Jane. They treated him as though he were a retainer; Jane treated him as a kid brother.

But he won enough at bridge to take him through the ten days they stayed at Palm Beach. He was glad when they arrived, because he had become a little tired of loafing all day long, but when the time came to leave he was glad of that, too; consorting with the idle classes hadn't been so much fun either. Now that he didn't have to play a game of wits with his father and Al to keep from working, he rather wished he had something he had to do. He even missed the dye works.

But there was one thing he had to do on this trip. He had to persuade Mr. Kimball to give Al his account to handle. He owed that to Al after what he had done. He found one or two opportunities to tell Mr. Kimball what a good business man Al was, and one night he told him that the reason Al hadn't sold him those bonds was because he didn't want Mr. Kimball to think he was taking advantage of his family connection. That seemed to impress Mr. Kimball, but still nothing had been said about the account.

Jane met Rudy Frazier at Palm Beach, and that gave him something else to do for Al. Rudy worked very hard at teatime at The Coconut Grove, dancing with plump ladies whose husbands were busy up North earning money to put into bank accounts for their wives to draw on. Rudy was supposed to have done something in the movies; but, as far as Lack could see, all that he was doing now was getting the manager at the Grove to introduce him to lonely wives, and picking up a tan on the beach when he wasn't dancing. When they left, Rudy came along, and he began to be afraid that before they got back to Washington he would have cut Al out. So he went to work.

Rudy worried him. He had the feeling that he had met him somewhere, but he couldn't place him. Besides, he took an instant dislike to him. At Palm Beach, Rudy had beaten him at tennis and billiards; and the day after they had left, while Lack was playing his guitar on deck, Rudy had brought out a funny-looking Russian guitar, and before long Lack had to stop and let him have the stage to himself. He began to realize that Rudy could do everything just a little better than he could, and that if social accomplishments made a gentleman, Rudy was more of a gentleman than he had ever hoped to be.

He began playing a little game with Rudy to see who could get Jane off to himself, and he succeeded so well that by the time they were three days out of Palm Beach Rudy gave up and concentrated his attention on Polly. Lack didn't mind that much. He didn't think Polly would fall in love with him before they reached Washington, and anyway, he owed it to Al to keep his girl from being taken away from him. Besides, Jane was restful after Polly; she didn't have to be doing something all the time, but was satisfied to sit off in a corner of the deck and listen to the noise the water made going past the ship, and watch the stars rocking overhead and say something just every now and then.

"What about this Frazier?" he asked her one night.

"He's amusing," she said.

"Fortune hunter," he said.

Jane didn't answer, and he wondered if she thought he was a fortune hunter too.

A few minutes later he said, "Do you think Polly will fall for him?"

"I don't know," Jane said. "Do you care much?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"You don't seem to be doing much to stop it."

"I was afraid you might fall for him."

"Looking out for Al's interests?"

"Well, I ought to. He's done right much for me."

She was silent a moment, then she said, "I promise you there's no chance of my falling in love with him. So you're free to look out for yourself."

"All right," he said. He could hear the tinkle of Rudy's guitar on the other side of the yacht, but he didn't move.

The next night Jane stayed below with Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, and Polly and Rudy and Lack went up on deck. He saw that Jane was giving him his chance. He listened to Rudy talk and sing and play and laugh and whistle until he couldn't stand it any longer, then he got up and walked toward the bow of the ship. Polly and Rudy hardly noticed his going.

There were lights far ahead and a little to one side. He realized that they were the lights of Charleston. They were going to stop there for a day. Mrs. Kimball had planned that.

"We ought to give Lack a chance to see his father," she had said.

"I want him to meet all of you," Lack had told her.

As a matter of fact, he didn't particularly want his father to meet them. They wouldn't understand each other. His father would feel a little contemptuous of rich Yankees, and they wouldn't understand why he lived in an old frame house surrounded by shabby old furniture that had been in the family for generations. They would probably doubt that the family was quite so fine as they had thought. Well, he didn't care; he knew what his family was.

But he could see now that there was more than one kind of aristocracy, and sometimes they didn't quite fit together. He might even lose caste in Charleston if he had a lot of money and made a big show of it. He couldn't imagine bringing a bunch of polo ponies there.

(Continued on Page 108)

By what men say to other men---

---by faces that are FIT!

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

By what men say to other men . . . in casual conversation . . . unprompted . . . unsolicited . . . By the millions of well groomed faces that owe their look of fine, smooth Fitness to daily contact with Williams . . . By these things, chiefly, does the good name of the Williams Shaving Service spread.

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First, Williams Shaving Cream. Cream. Real Shaving Cream! Not just soap in a tube! Lather that's quick, full-bodied, creamy. Saturated with beard softening moisture. Holding, indeed, by authentic test, 10% more moisture than any other we know of. Pure with the purity that needs no atom of dye. Blended from 89 years of intelligent seeking for what's best for beard and skin. Lather for *all* skins, but most of all for the super sensitive skin that requires remarkable mildness.

Then, Aqua Velva . . . made just for after shaving . . . just to meet the needs of the newly shaven surface. You'll look forward, day by day, to its quickening, stimulating thrill. Pleasure in it. Real pleasure. Much profit, too. For Aqua Velva does, definitely, many needful things. It cares for each minute nick, cut, abrasion. Tones up. Invigorates. Protects from dust and germs. Helps toward firmness of face tissue and away from flabbiness. Keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit!*

So the good name of the Williams Shaving Service spreads daily . . . by what men say to other men . . . by Faces that are Fit!

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Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them

(Continued from Page 106)

Still, it was all arranged now. He and Polly were engaged and that check in his pocket bound him to the Kimballs. He would become one of them. He wished he might take Polly away without any of their money, but he knew that Polly wouldn't go with him if he could do it. Jane might, but Jane was engaged to Al.

He walked back along the deck. As he reached the place where they had been sitting, he saw that Rudy had Polly in his arms. They separated.

"Sorry," he said, trying to sound unconcerned. "I just wanted to borrow a light."

Silently Rudy handed him his lighter. He lit his cigarette and then he went below to his cabin and packed his suitcase. Then he went to find Mr. Kimball. He was alone in his little smoking room.

"I came to say good-by," Lack said. "I've got to leave."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Polly and I have called things off. I suppose you're pretty glad to hear that."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear it," said Mr. Kimball. "Why should I be glad?"

"I had an idea you gave me that money and everything in the hope that we'd bust up."

"No, I gave it to you because I thought that after you had loafed a while and had everything you wanted, you would decide that a little work is a pretty good thing."

"That's just what I have decided. That's why I'm going now."

"I'm sorry about Polly, though. I suppose it's that actor. I've been afraid of him. Imagine having a Hollywood ham in the family."

"Well," said Lack, "I can't promise anything, but if he shoves off without saying good-by, you might remember what a fine man Al would be to handle your stock account."

"I've been intending to ask him to do it," Mr. Kimball said, "but he seemed sort of indifferent. I thought maybe he had all he could do."

"I think you could persuade him."

Mr. Kimball got up and shook hands. "I'm really sorry to have you go," he said, "but I think you're doing the right thing. And if you'd rather not see the others, you can get one of the men to take you ashore as soon as we anchor, and I'll say good-by for you to Jane and Mrs. Kimball."

"That's mighty nice of you," Lack said. "And come to see us in Washington soon. Maybe Polly will change her mind."

"Thank you, sir. Good-by." He laid the check on a table.

"Good-by." Mr. Kimball saw the check, but said nothing.

He carried his suitcase up the companionway with a warm feeling in his heart. Mr. Kimball was a pretty good old boy, after all. He found a sailor without going near where Polly and Rudy were, and the sailor said they would anchor in less than half an hour. Then he walked up to a secluded spot on the deck to wait.

They were in the harbor now and tiny boats were scurrying all around them. Over there were the lights of the city. He would be glad to see Charleston again. He would be glad to see his father too; he knew his father would be glad to know he had got some sense at last. He felt fine. He had fixed Al up, and as for Polly, Polly didn't matter so much after all. There was only one thing that made him feel sad. He looked up and saw Jane coming toward him.

V

AL WAVED the stenographer aside and finished reading Lack's letter:

. . . . And so everything was fixed up fine until Jane came walking down the deck. Even then I tried to keep my mouth shut, but she saw through me, of course; and since she felt the same way about things, that was all there was to it. She said she didn't think you were really in love with her, but she had let things slide till this trip, and then she found out that she wasn't in love with you either. So we slipped off on the tender, spent a few days at the old man's house, and got married yesterday. We're going to live in a shack at the dye works.

Fraternally yours,

LACK.

Al gazed off into space until he could manage a grin. Then he saw the stenographer still waiting. "What do you want?" he said.

"Mr. Richard P. Kimball is on the phone."

"Tell him to go to the devil."

She started for the door.

"Wait a minute," Al said. "What does he want?"

"He says he wants to see you about some stock."

"Oh. In that case tell him I'll be right over."

He looked back at the letter. There was a postscript that he hadn't noticed. It read:

I didn't have any money for a ring, so I used the one you gave her. Hope you don't mind.

LACK.

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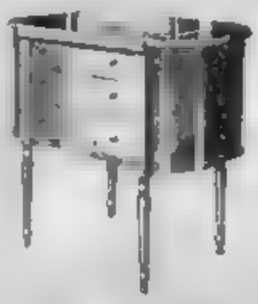

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

SINCE 1876 • THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

The Poets' Corner

Confession

I SHOULD like cleanness, neatness, order,
A box hedge and a well-kept border;
Slim maids in aprons spotless white,
And prism chandeliers at night.
But there is something in me calls
For steps mud-tracked and toy-strewn halls,
For sticky fingers on the pane
And childish faces, tanned and plain.

I should like snugness, books and pictures,
High walls and heavy, ornate fixtures;
A straightened desk, a quiet room,
An air austere, a cloistral gloom.
But there is something in me needs
A tangled garden, flowers and weeds;
The touch of clinging little hands—
These are the things my soul demands.

—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

For One Afraid of Machines

CAN any soft, smooth, lapidarian rime
With these gigantic dynamos keep time?
Can any but a master's song assume
The surge and thunder of the engine room?
I've watched machines with strange, small metal faces
That lift up shouldering thunder in sure traces
And pull our townships, cities, states along,
As strong as rivers and as tides are strong!
Whose backs are sloped in steel; whose bulbs are eyes;
Athletic oil shines on whose pliant thighs;
Who bit the lightning in their adamant lips
That come with all Niagara to grips;
Whose whistle unto stertorous whistle calls!
Men go among them, grimed, in overalls,
Listening to their future as they go,
Testing, adjusting, watching to and fro. . .
The ranged machines are toiling day and night,
In armied industries, to ease men's plight-
Those sheer, hot souls caught in the little greed,
Whose flower must rise beyond that senseless weed—
If for the moment they would seem to break
Their ranks, to unmake what their masters make,
That's fantasy! Look! On broad, metal backs
Their labor brings the wish the present lacks!
Though there's tamed lightning in each little head,
They bring the breaking of the daily bread
Where once were husks! Their iron hopes afford
All nations gathered round a happy board,
Where, beggaring Rank and every trumped-up thing,
Achievement sits, the head, Man's only King!

—*Harry Kemp.*

TO DESIGN PROGRESSIVELY

TO BUILD FAITHFULLY

TO SELL HONESTLY

TO SERVICE SINCERELY

OLDSMOBILE RECOGNIZES THESE RESPONSIBILITIES TO EVERY OWNER

The ever-increasing owner loyalty for Oldsmobile may be traced directly to Oldsmobile's fair-minded attitude toward those who purchase Oldsmobile cars. For Oldsmobile does not rest content merely with building a good car. Oldsmobile goes farther—and assumes this fourfold responsibility to every Oldsmobile owner: to design progressively . . . to build faithfully . . . to sell honestly . . . to service sincerely.

To insure sound, progressive engineering, Oldsmobile has brought together a staff of engineers whose joy lies in accomplishment and whose ambition is to contribute some new advancement to Oldsmobile and, through Oldsmobile, some progress to modern motoring. Changes in Oldsmobile design are always made for the sake of progress—never for the sake of change alone. Back of these men are the complete facilities of their own fine engineering laboratories and the vast resources of the General Motors Research Laboratories and General Motors Proving Ground.

Oldsmobile principles of manufacture are expressed by the pledge that every Oldsmobile worker follows, from the highest executive to the newest shop employee . . . "Anything short of my best is not acceptable." Faithfulness of manufacture results from allegiance to this ideal . . . faithfulness that means not only fine quality of materials and exacting limits of accuracy, but careful, precise workmanship and rigid inspection.

Oldsmobile firmly believes that absolute honesty in selling and in advertising is the only sure road to long continued public favor. The public is thoroughly capable of judging both quality and value. And the public has conferred upon Oldsmobile the highest reward of merit—constantly increasing buyer preference. Oldsmobile will not risk this priceless good will by deviating, though it be ever so slightly, from the facts.

Oldsmobile has instituted a service policy that recognizes the equities not only of Oldsmobile owners, but of Oldsmobile dealers as well. Oldsmobile backs up its dealers by accepting responsibilities which are commonly left to the dealer, because Oldsmobile's interest in every sale goes far beyond the time of purchase. This policy is made possible by Oldsmobile's quality, dependability, and fine performance. And it contributes largely to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the mounting thousands of Oldsmobile owners.

To design progressively. To build faithfully. To sell honestly. To service sincerely. Four great responsibilities—recognized by Oldsmobile and willingly assumed in order that every Oldsmobile owner shall be a friend of Oldsmobile.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE GENERAL'S HORSE

(Continued from Page 17)

vocabulary on all and sundry. There was a sharp, sinister crack that echoed even above the tumult; then the slat wagon slowly, and with a certain majesty, turned over on its side, depositing its contents with a sudden crash against the stable wall.

"What the blue, blazing, sulphurous inferno is all this?"

Those who cut traces bent to their work with added zeal. Those who sat upon fallen horses' heads turned their own heads hastily away. Those who had nothing to detain them went quickly behind the stable wall or rapidly retired to the cover of the wagons on the road.

"I say, you, what do you mean by this? . . . Take this man's name, lieutenant! . . . Whaddyuh mean by it? Speak up! Who gave you permission to take those horses and hitch them to your condemned dump cart?"

The driver of the slat wagon, thus addressed, brushed the dirt acquired in his fall from his face and looked at his questioner. The questioner was a lean, thin-faced man, such a one as might be afflicted with acid stomach. He was old, he had black eyes that snapped angrily, and he skinned his teeth after every sentence, as if he snarled. Upon his shoulders were two stars.

"You understand English?"

"Er, yes, sir. I didn't have nuthin' to do with it, sir. I was on the seat!"

"You on that horse's head! You had something to do with it! You understand that's my horse you're sitting on? What d'yuh mean by it? . . . Take this man's name, lieutenant! I'll have some discipline here, or know the reason why! Stole my horse, hey? When I was a young man they hung people for that! Take his name now! Take that other man's name too! Let's find out about this. . . . You think that anything that isn't nailed down belongs to you, I suppose? That so? Speak up!"

"No, sir," answered the man on the recumbent steed's head. "That soldier there had these two horses by the halter shanks. I didn't know they were the general's, sir."

"What soldier? Where?"

"Him!"

Four accusing forefingers pointed at Joe. There was a silence, during which one of the fallen swing team, having had the harness dragged off him, scrambled to his feet and shook himself.

"You, huh? You untie these horses?"

The thin general approached Joe with the slow gliding step of a tiger about to spring.

"Yes, sir!" stammered Joe. "My corporal—er—our slat wagon—h'm—er—I thought they were Frog horses—French horses. Our wagon was stuck, sir! And all them carts on the road ——"

"French horses? French horses? With Americans in charge of them?"

"No, sir!" panted Joe. "There was a Frog—a French—he was in charge. I give him a can of hash and he said we could have ——"

"Take this man's name, lieutenant! What's your regiment? Seventy-sixth Field? What are you doing here? Malingering? Goldbricking, huh? Straggling! Can't have that! . . . Turn him over to the police at once. . . . Here, men! Everyone! Clear away this road! H'm! Officers' baggage here? That bedding roll is over fifty pounds or I'm a marine! . . . Write down the name on it, lieutenant! We'll see if we can't arrange things so that that officer will have a little less money and, consequently, fewer things to fill up his baggage with!"

"Sir, I wasn't straggling!" protested Joe. "I'm with the liaison detail. Me and Corporal Rouk come up with Lieutenant Harkness to locate the position, and we stayed to guide the slat wagon and fourgon in! We ——"

The general, however, paid no attention, but walked with his tigerlike step toward some soldiers who had suddenly appeared and were hastily removing the harness from the borrowed horses and replacing it with saddles. To these men he spoke in a low tone, but bitterly, and the lieutenant who accompanied him wrote swiftly, copying the names he saw on the men's gas masks, which bore the owners' identities in bold letters. Meanwhile a crowd of drivers and orderlies from the waiting column hurried up, and rolling box and bedding roll out of the way, heaved on the empty slat wagon and overturned it once more, pushing it out of the way behind the stable, where it lay, its empty bars against the sky line like the skeleton of a prehistoric monster.

"You're a wise guy, you are!" said a strange soldier bitterly to Joe. "Wait till I catch you off duty sometime!"

"What's bitin' you?" asked Joe faintly.

"Yuh gone and got us all put under arrest!" snarled another, who held two horses by their bridles. "Helpful Harry goes an' grabs the general's horses to hitch to his slat wagon! I've a mind to kick a lung out of you right now!"

"I didn't know they were his. There was a Frog soldier with 'em. He said I could have 'em."

"Yeh," said the other two, "he should worry. We give him three packs o' cigarettes to tip us off the minute the general poked his nose out of the cellar! We got sick o' standin' to horse all afternoon! A mounted orderly's got to have shut-eye like everyone else!"

"I give him a can of hash to leave me borry these horses," said Joe sadly. "I only needed 'em for a minute. I got my name took too."

"I hope yuh get six months," replied the orderlies.

The general and his staff mounted and rode away. The column on the road resumed its march and wound through the courtyard, across the fields and so down into Mont St. Pere, where they disappeared down the winding way that led to the lower town. The afternoon wore rapidly on to dusk. And then, finally, appeared Joe's battery, the captain and the executive officer riding ahead.

"Wonder whose slat wagon that is?" remarked the executive officer.

"Probably ours," replied the captain. "It was supposed to come this way. You might know he'd tip it over the last hundred yards."

Corporal Rouk had suddenly appeared, and he moved quickly in the captain's direction. Joe, who had been disconsolately smoking a cigarette and wishing he had back the hash he had so lightly given away, discovered the corporal, and with a choked cry dashed across the courtyard.

"Hey, you!" called Joe. "You know what you done? You got me into a peck of misery! And you off camouflaged somewhere! Say, you know those was a general's horses? Wouldn't it be you to leave me holdin' the bag, though!"

"Here's the captain!" hissed Corporal Rouk. "Stop your noise! I don't want to talk about that now!"

"Well, I want to talk about it!" cried Joe. "I got my name took an' I'll probably get the spit driv out of me by some mounted orderlies one of the next times we land in rest billets!"

"Here, Rouk; where's the driver of that slat wagon?" demanded the captain, reining up his horse. "How did it get tipped over that way? Last pole broken, of course! Oleson drunk, was he?"

"No, sir!" protested the driver of the slat wagon, appearing from the stable where he had been in search of a safe place to sleep. "Sir, there was a grave or something, or a shell hole filled in just where I went to turn off. An' then that dumb-bell there goes an' hitches in a lot o' saddle horses to pull me out and they just raised up hell an' broke the pole and tipped over the wagon!"

"What dumb-bell?"

"Him!" The driver pointed at Joe.

"Where'd you get the saddle horses?" asked the captain, looking about.

"They were the general's!" cried the driver.

"Not the division commander's?"

"No, sir, another one's—a thin guy."

The captain and the executive officer looked at each other and smiled.

"They didn't break away, did they, any of them, and leave him on foot?" asked the captain hopefully.

"No, sir, they just kicked and reared, and upset the wagon."

"The general was mad, was he?" grinned the captain.

All assured him that the general had been mad.

"Your idea, was it?" the captain asked Joe. "Good. That is what we call initiative. I like to see that in a man. Even if the result wasn't very happy, it wasn't your fault. Never mind, you had the right spirit. Well, I'm glad that slat wagon has been disposed of. Twice as much bother as it was worth. All right, lieutenant, move 'em in."

The two officers dismounted and walked away toward where the first piece of the battery had halted. They were heard to laugh heartily and the captain slapped his thigh so that a little cloud of dust flew from his uniform.

"Now!" said the driver of the slat wagon thoughtfully, regarding Joe. "You'll be gettin' a stripe one of these days!"

"Now will you believe what I tell yuh?" demanded Corporal Rouk. "Now will you mind what I say? Yuh see? You're as good as made! Boy, you don't know a good friend when you see one! The skipper was tickled to death you should take the old general's horse and hitch him up to the slat wagon. Now, yuh see? That's what I been workin' for all this time."

"Yah!" said Joe, absent-mindedly, his thoughts far away. "If I get made I'll get you all drunk the first time we go out to rest billets."

"A corporal!" thought Joe. Maybe he might be one after all. A really and truly one! To be made—that is to say, promoted! He could write home about it. It was not everyone that could get to be a corporal in a regiment of the regular army his first year. A corporal was not much, but it was a step to a sergeant. A sergeant next, with extra pay, the privilege of having a gun tarpaulin to sleep under, and of going to the head of the mess line and being fed at once, instead of standing in line with all the bucks.

"You, Joe! Snap out of it! Think you're the Statue of Liberty, do you? Some kind of an ornament, huh? Drag yourself over and lug a little ammunition! You liaison goldbricks got to do a little work once in a while!"

Thus spoke the first sergeant, who, still mounted, was hurrying here and there, supervising the occupation of the position.

The road that led up into the woods was now deserted. Below, the long line of traffic on the highroad had disappeared, the French cavalry had mounted up and gone, the distant pontoon bridge had no customers. The sun, though still fairly high, had slid behind the heights to the west, and long purple shadows were beginning to fill the valley.

But where had all that traffic gone? Who knew? It had disappeared. A whisper, a rumor, had gone from one of those groups to the other that field artillery was going into position along the ridge behind that yellow house. A brigade—three regiments—had been noticed during the afternoon. They could not be seen now, but they were there, a battery here in a grove, another there behind a house, a third in a hollow beyond the wheat field. These batteries would presently hurl death and destruction at the enemy, who would immediately hurl it back, and with interest, and as this steel rain fell on the just and the unjust, especially if the shooting was a little wild, all those in that neighborhood whose duty did not bind them to gun or wire reel made haste to go elsewhere.

Meanwhile, under the trees of the orchard, the battery was going into position. Men toiled about each gun, digging a hole for the trail spade or piling ammunition, while the gunner, standing on the wrong side of the gun shield, with the sight extension in his hand, waited for the orientation officer to squint at him across the goniometer and announce the sight setting for his particular piece; whereat Number 1, on his little seat beside the trail, would write it on the gun shield with a piece of chalk.

"Ten minutes more!" called the executive officer.

Activity redoubled; then, with anticlimatic silence, ceased.

Gunner and Number 1 sat calmly smoking on their little trail seats, one section chief rewrapped his putties, another chewed on bits of hardtack he took out of his pocket one by one, two more conferred together and built cigarettes from the same bag of makings. The few other members of the firing battery sat about on the piles of ammunition or were still occupied in opening boxes of fuses and putting them in handy positions.

"Hurry up on that fourth piece!" bellowed the battery commander, appearing from the cellar of the house. "You'll be getting a rocket any minute now," he continued to the executive officer. "We've established an O. P. on the roof of that house, but you can't see anything from it but tree tops. If those doughboys would only decide to take something down the valley, we could do better. . . . Corporal Rouk! Have you arranged for liaison with the battalion? You'd better! Begin by sending one of your men with the coördinates of our position. Have him wait, in case they have anything to come back! Listen! By the way, I'll just write a little note to the major and warn him that trouble is loose and dragging its lariat all over the place. One of the Signal Corps men told me that this skinny general was reported making for our regimental P. C. They say he's one of Black Jack's little snoopers. . . . There's your rocket!"

Above the dark forest to the northeast shot a thin thread of gold that suddenly exploded into a red ball of fire, high against the evening sky, a glittering, flashing ruby, suspended in air by a parachute, and moving slowly off down the valley before the gentle breeze.

Whe-e-e-e! went the executive's whistle. Pow! There was a high, barking shriek as the first piece sent its projectile howling toward the woods, the deep shout of the section chief counting the rounds, and a bell-like clang as the empty shell case was thrown clear. From the left came faintly other barks, echoed by the hills.

"That's B battery in there!" grinned the battery commander. "We got off ahead of them. Old Hans must be wild!"

The shell that the third piece had sent whistling toward the enemy seemed suddenly to turn about and come back upon those who had sent it. The whistle became a shriek, and the shriek a hideous angry snarl as of a springing lion. Crash! A direct hit!

Dust flew; the atmosphere, that had been dark, became darker. Black smoke rolled, through which running figures could be dimly seen. They were those of every man whose duty did not bind him to a gun, making for the nearest hole at his utmost speed. There were a few despairing calls for stretcher bearers, but these were already appearing, running clumsily with their heads down, as men do against a sudden downpour.

It was the fourth piece that had been hit. A salvo followed the first shell, bursting with a terrific shriek of ruptured metal, but

(Continued on Page 115)

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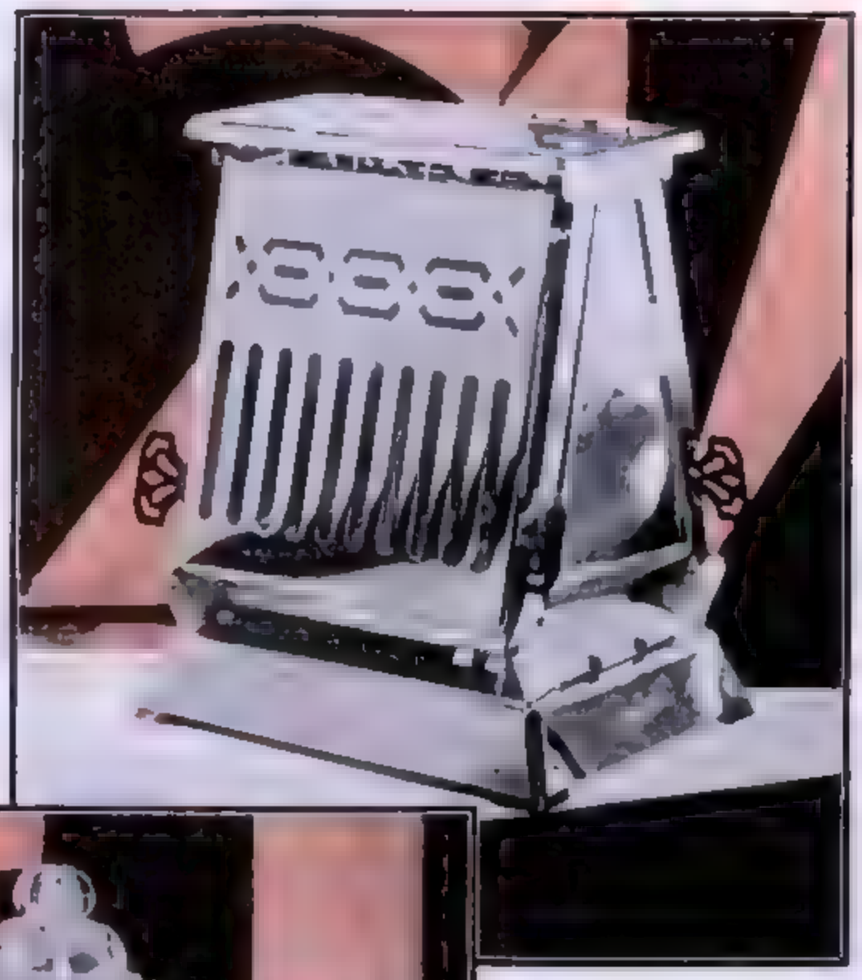

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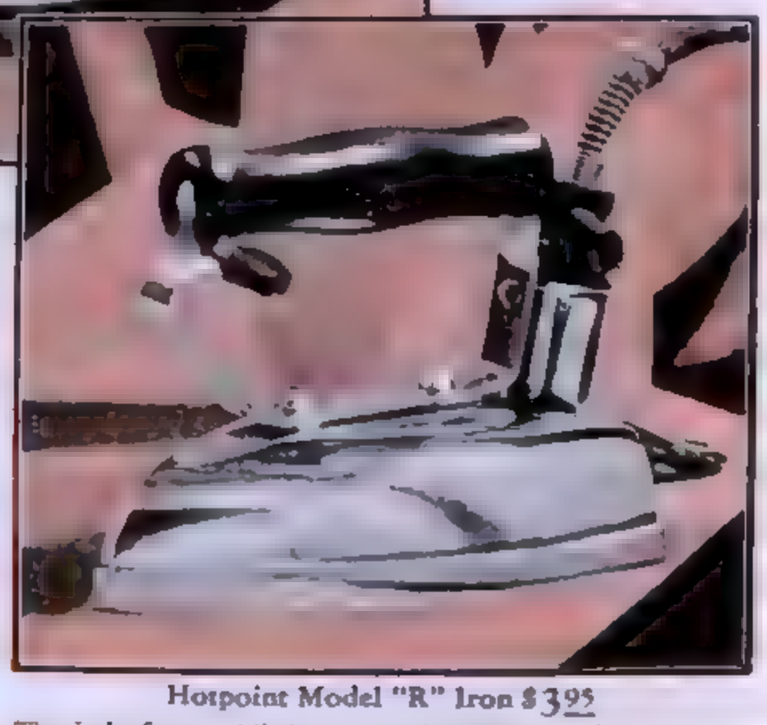

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(Continued from Page 110)

too far to the left. Two more shells, left and short. The three surviving guns continued to fire.

In a corner of the stable, in the shelter of its two-foot-thick wall of stone, lay Joe and two telephone men. There was a tiny, iron-barred window above their heads, but none cared to look out of it. They could hear the cries for first aid, the clatter of hobnails on the stones of the yard, the whoop and crash of enemy hits, and the sullen rumble of falling masonry where overs were knocking down the house.

"You! Joe! I see you in there! Come out of it! Beat it to the battalion with the battery position! I saw you duck in there, boy! Come on, dig the lead out of your shoes and perambulate!"

"You go to hell!" cried Joe. He knew who that shadowy figure was that had just rushed in the door. It was Corporal Rouk.

"Come on, Joe, don't give me no argument! We got to have the coördinates go to the battalion, else the major won't be able to ask for no retaliation for us to stop these boche shootin'! Come on, now; we're wastin' time!"

"Why pick on me?" protested Joe. "You always claimin' to be my buddy, an' then tryin' to get me killed! Hi! Listen to that one! Man, that musta been ten-inch at least!"

"It was the skipper!" replied Corporal Rouk hurriedly. "He's got his eye on you! He's going to make you, I ain't kiddin'! 'Have Joe go to the battalion,' he says. 'He's the man to do the job, an' do it right. Be particular to have Joe go,' he says to me."

"Tell him you couldn't find me!"

"Listen, you!" roared the corporal. "You go to the battalion and do as you're told or you'll get a slug out of this forty-five right up your nose! You hear me? You think I'm gonna wait here in the midst o' this battle an' argue with you, yuh blank dashed yellow unmentionable! Git out of here or I'll wind this gat around your neck!"

The way to the battalion post of command lay along the narrow track that led down into Mont St. Pere. Along this the enemy herded Joe with an Austrian 88, from which came that variety of shell known as a whiz-bang, because its flat trajectory gave no warning whistle of approach. Joe ran, and hurled himself down when out of breath, to lie panting, while small sticks, stones and lumps of clay thrown up by shell bursts rattled about him or thumped his back on their downward journey. He erupted tumultuously into the cellar that served as the battalion P. C., amid the bitter curses of the men who had sought shelter there, and who were lying on the floor.

"Coördinates of A batt'ry, sir!" said Joe to the adjutant.

"All right. Stick around within call."

Joe, in a corner beyond the circle of candlelight from the adjutant's table, began to reflect that after all Corporal Rouk had perhaps done him a favor. The battalion command post was a good quarter of a mile from the battery position, it was in a cellar, and a man who passed the night there, in a dark corner where the adjutant could not see him, could expect to be reasonably safe. The enemy were shelling Mont St. Pere, but the P. C. was in the upper town, which was built so closely against the hillside that shells could not be bent into it and, consequently, fell into the lower town. And then, too, if he performed this night's duty well, with the favorable notice he had received in the afternoon, the captain could not help but make him, especially as there would be plenty of vacancies after this night's work.

"Where's that A battery man?" called the adjutant suddenly.

Joe, looking up at the narrow slat of sky that was visible at the top of the cellar stairs, could see that it was already dark. He heard the sullen thump of a shell bursting in the lower town, like the slam of a door. Faint shouts came hoarsely, and a clatter of galloping hoofs on the uneven paving. He could hear rain now, hail perhaps, driving hard against the roofs. Rain? No, for the stars shone clearly in that slit of sky. The sound was distant machine guns, away in the black woods where the doughboys battled. This, then, was the end of the advance. The Germans had sat themselves down and would retire no farther.

"A battery! Where is he?" demanded the adjutant again.

The beam of a flash light shot into Joe's corner, beating full on his face, dazzling him.

"You in the corner! Do you understand English? Why don't you answer when you're called?"

"I was asleep, sir!" protested Joe.

"Well, wake up! Take this message back to your battery!"

Gone all the bright dream of a safe night in the cellar. Outside in the street the night seemed very cold. The machine guns were more audible here, and the sigh of shells overhead was almost continuous.

A block of shadow appeared in the street, moving irregularly from side to side. It dissolved into two men supporting a third between them.

"Hey, guy!" they cried to Joe. "Where's a dressing station around here? We got a man here that's hurted!"

"I dunno," replied Joe. "Ask in the P. C. It's just down the street a little ways. What outfit you out of?"

"B battery, Seventy-sixth."

"How you makin' out up there?"

"Not too bad. We only lost about three men so far. But say, A batt'ry is catchin' hell, what I mean!"

The two went on, supporting their groaning burden, while Joe, dry-mouthed with terror, stumbled back along the road to the orchard where his battery was. Shells clanged into the thickets; there would be a gigantic cough like that of some enormous beast and a column of smoke would rise blackly against the starlit sky. Below, beyond the highroad, great waterspouts rose from the Marne, where German aviators missed the pontoon bridge with their bombs.

At the battery the guns still fired, the yellow flash from their muzzles glowing, and the steady clang of the empty shells chiming from the darkness. The P. C. had been transferred from the cellar for fear of being buried in the ruins, and was now in the shelter of a tree.

"Sir," said Joe, recognizing the captain's shadow, "I have a message from the battalion."

"From the battalion?" asked the captain quickly. "Have you come up from there? They're shelling Mont St. Pere pretty heavily, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good work to get through. You're the man that arranged this slat-wagon affair, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Good lad!"

The captain, wrapping a slicker about his head so that his flash light would not show, proceeded to read the message:

It has been reported to these headquarters that the wheeled transport of A battery, this regiment, is heavily overloaded. Attention is called to General Order 49, G.H.Q., A. E. F., limiting the amount of officers' baggage to fifty pounds. Bedding roll bearing the name Capt. John S. Summers has been especially noted as weighing twice that. Reply immediately to these headquarters, outlining steps taken to correct this condition, and disciplinary action against this officer.

The captain removed the slicker. John S. Summers. That was his bedding roll.

"Captain, sir," panted a voice, "Gregorio has just give out. I gotta have another man. There's only me an' Corporal Thomas left on Number 3, an' we gotta have a loader! There ain't a spare gunner left, sir! I gotta have somebody!"

In the interval between the ke-chung of a shell bursting behind them downhill, and the bu-bu-blup of a salvo from the distant battery on the left, there was an instant of dead silence, during which the listeners could hear the battery commander grating his teeth.

"You!" he growled finally. "You man that brought this message! You said you were the bird that hitched in the general's horse to the slat wagon, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Joe.

"Uh! Bright boy! Well, you go up to Number 3 and act as loader for a while!"

In the darkness the two men stumbled their way across the littered yard toward Number 3. Blocks of masonry lay about, and they could feel shattered tree limbs turning underfoot. Loader on Number 3! Joe knew what that meant. It meant that he would stand erect behind the gun, just far enough from the shield so that it would be no protection, and that he would bend over, pick up and shove in, every ten seconds, a shell weighing about ten pounds. It would be dark, and a false step would bring him within reach of the recoil, which, if it hit him, would cave in all his bones on that side.

No wonder Gregorio had given out! If there were no other members of the gun crew left—and there probably were not—Joe would have the additional duty of fitting the fuses to the shells, which he would do in those brief breathing spells when the executive was inspecting range settings and the other men were leaning against the gun shield to catch a minute's shut-eye. And this sort of thing would go on all night, and possibly all the following day, depending on how stubborn the Germans were about allowing the American infantry to advance.

Joe and his companion left the yard and their feet fell on the soft turf of the orchard. Shadows surged from the gloom, then formed a sort of H against the stars. The H was two stretcher bearers with a wounded man.

"Who is it? Who is it?" cried voices in the darkness.

"Corporal Rouk!" answered one of the bearers.

"Corporal Rouk!"

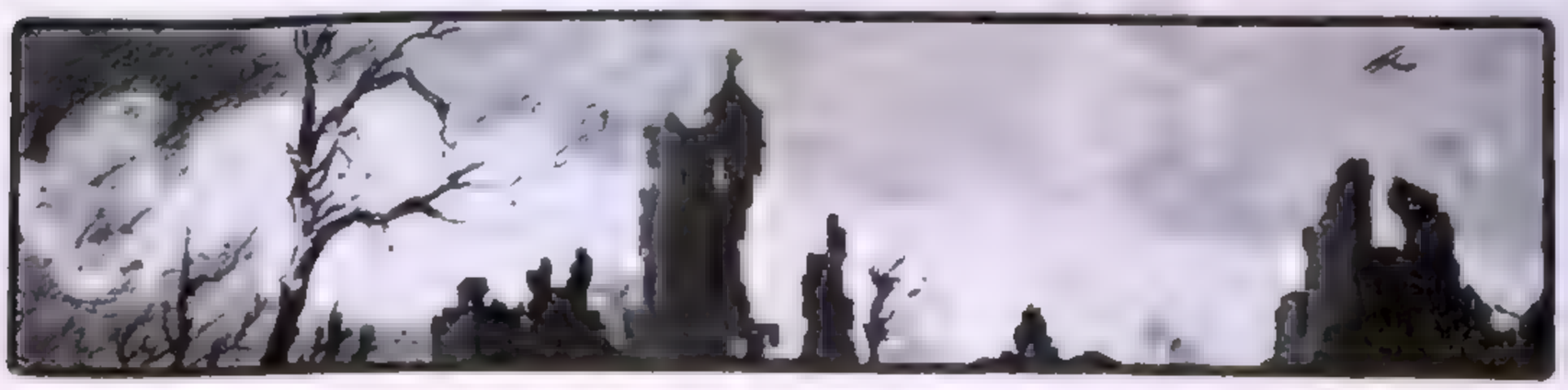
"Yeh, Corporal Rouk!"

"He hit bad?"

"Yeh," answered the bearers shortly, for they have other uses for their breath than conversation, "bad!"

"That's your buddy, ain't it?" asked Joe's companion, with compassion in his tone.

"T 'ell with him," said Joe. "It serves him right!"



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The Duco used by the Authorized Refinisher is the same famous finish depended upon in every phase of American Industry. You see its lasting beauty on everything from locomotives to ashtrays—on practically every kind of object you buy for the home.

Complete Refinishing Service

In addition to automobile refinishing, the Authorized Duco Station will give you an estimate on any refinishing service you require—for furniture, fixtures, equipment—almost anything that needs to be protected or beautified. Look up the Duco Authorized Refinisher in your community. E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Incorporated, General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan.

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Authorized Duco Refinishers

THAT DITZLER BOY

(Continued from Page 23

go off to that farmers' college where he kin both support himself and both learn him somepin. For you ain't fitten to be no farmer neither."

So off Oliver Junior went. But he did not remain at the college. He wrote vaguely that it didn't suit him just so good, that he had a swell job working in a garage. Later he wrote that he had a swell job as carpenter; still later that he was having a grand time laying tile for a sewer concern.

After that William Dostermann refused to listen. "Don't read me off nothing!" He would smack his huge palm when Oliver Senior, smiling, would start to open an envelope. "From worst to worst he goes. But then," with a penetrating glance at the elder Ditzler, "what could I otherwise expect? I was a thick-head myself fur once; that I have come to see."

At the end of two years Oliver Ditzler returned. He came lounging against a door one night at a party and, hands in pockets, leaned there smiling slowly about the room. The room became electric with laughter, handclapping, banter, jest.

"This here's what's been the matter of us this long time back," plump Celia Criddlebaugh in some surprise confided in Beulah's ear. "It was him where always did the picking-in and kept things ropey fur us, don't you mind? Ain't it now just like it used to be on the parties?"

Beulah did not reply; her critical eyes were upon the unexpected visitor as he lounged here and there, his broad shoulders wrinkling under his ready-made suit. He was good enough to look at, she grudgingly admitted. He had learned to temper that unruly hair of his; for the moment, at least, it lay back smooth and tawny-gold like strands of fresh-pulled molasses taffy. Beneath, his wide-sprung tawny-gold eyes whipped amusedly about, and his wide mouth was active with laughter and easy retort.

"Och, I come back because I lost my last job!" he told one. To another he said: "I guess I had homesick fur to see the kids." To still another: "Well, I learned me all there was to learn so I come home fur to learn you all somepin." It became a game with them; each asked the question and, to the accompaniment of shrieks of laughter, to each he gave a different answer. And at last he said: "I came home because I've got somepin where's worth twenty-five thousand dollars to me."

He said it slowly and emphatically. For a moment the young people looked at him, breathless; but the imps in his eyes began to dance, and the room danced, too, rocking with delayed laughter.

He did what he would with them for the evening, and he asked Beulah Dostermann for her company home. He asked her before them all in his frank, careless way; she could not but accept.

At her gate he said to her: "You was the only one where never said me the question why I come back."

Instantly within her leaped that odd spirit of defense she always felt against the Ditzler boy. The laughter had gone from his tone, but she cut back with: "Well, you said a'ready you had your twenty-five thousand; ain't that enough?"

"I said," and his face was grave, "I had somepin worth twenty-five thousand. Yes, I stand to that. And, yes, it's enough."

"Well, then, good night!" said Beulah Dostermann, still cruel with her flippancy, and went swiftly up the path to the house. But she felt odd unease as she lit her lamp, unease principally against herself. She was essentially a kind person: Why was she always so critical of the Ditzler boy? Why did she not accept him carelessly, happily, as the other young people did? Why did she always go out of her way to be, well, cruel to him? . . . That twenty-five thousand—did he mean it or didn't he? Well, what did it matter to her? She would not even think of it again.

And the next morning she said slowly to her father at breakfast: "And he put it out that he had somepin worth twenty-five thousand."

Her father flattened back. Father and daughter eyed each other. "Then he must have," pronounced serious William Dostermann, "fur this much a body can say fur him: He ain't no liar anyway."

"But it could be a joke!" negatived his daughter quickly. "He was all fur the jokes last night. I make no doubt it was a joke."

"Humph! Jokes oncet. Was that it then?" meditated William Dostermann. "He needn't be fetching his jokes around here anyway. Wasting them two years I got fur him! I hope if I never set eyes onto him again!"

There! That odd spirit of rebellion had caused her to be cruel again. Was she becoming like her father—her distempered eyes brooded upon him as he drove away—heckling the Ditzlers behind their backs, yes, and to their faces, even, and then —— And then! No! She wasn't like her father, for there was no odd need in her to have truck with the Ditzlers—with any of them. Now her father—it wouldn't surprise her if, in the midst of this his busiest season, he stopped at the Ditzlers'.

Dostermann did that very thing. To do him justice, he hadn't intended to, but young Ollie himself flagged him. The youth had intended to see him on that very day, he told Dostermann, just, he grinned, for the sake of old times and then further to ask if he needed help during the plowing season.

"I can do most anything," declared Ditzler. "Most every trade I learned me this two years back."

For a moment Dostermann said never a word; he did not trust himself to. But such scathe of contempt was upon his face as smote the smile from Ditzler's lips, as even after a moment made him twist his hurting eyes away. "Henry Holtzer is going fur to help me," said William Dostermann with even chill. And added in one of the very few moments of sarcasm of his life: "I should think you wouldn't be needful fur any little job of plowing, now that you are worth your twenty-five thousand."

Ditzler jerked. His hands fell from the fence. His shoulders straightened. He took off an old cocked hat of his father's as in some vague ceremony.

"I have got," he said slowly and gravely, "somepin worth twenty-five thousand. I have got somepin I wouldn't take twenty-five thousand fur."

Eye to eye they looked, and upon William Dostermann's face came such an expression as Oliver Ditzler had never had bestowed upon him. Respect, homage, benison. Ditzler's eyes sprang so wide it seemed they must crack. He himself sprang so wide, so tall, it seemed he must burst. And then, the pity of it! He laughed.

He laughed and grasped the pickets. And as though a film had fled from before the other's visage came that scathe of contempt which had been there before. Dostermann jerked the lines and drove away.

Ollie Ditzler got him to an old discarded churn and sat down upon it. He was trembling. He needed that churn. But he kept turning his eyes toward that spot where that expression of blessing had been. He must hold to it, that expression which for one moment had said: "You are my equal." The equal of William Dostermann—of William Dostermann who more than any person in the world was, and had always been, for Ollie Ditzler, the embodiment of power and of kindness and of justice, the incarnation of what man in this world was capable of becoming. And William Dostermann for one moment had looked as though he, Oliver Ditzler, were his equal.

And it was not because of the twenty-five thousand. Oliver Ditzler knew that. It

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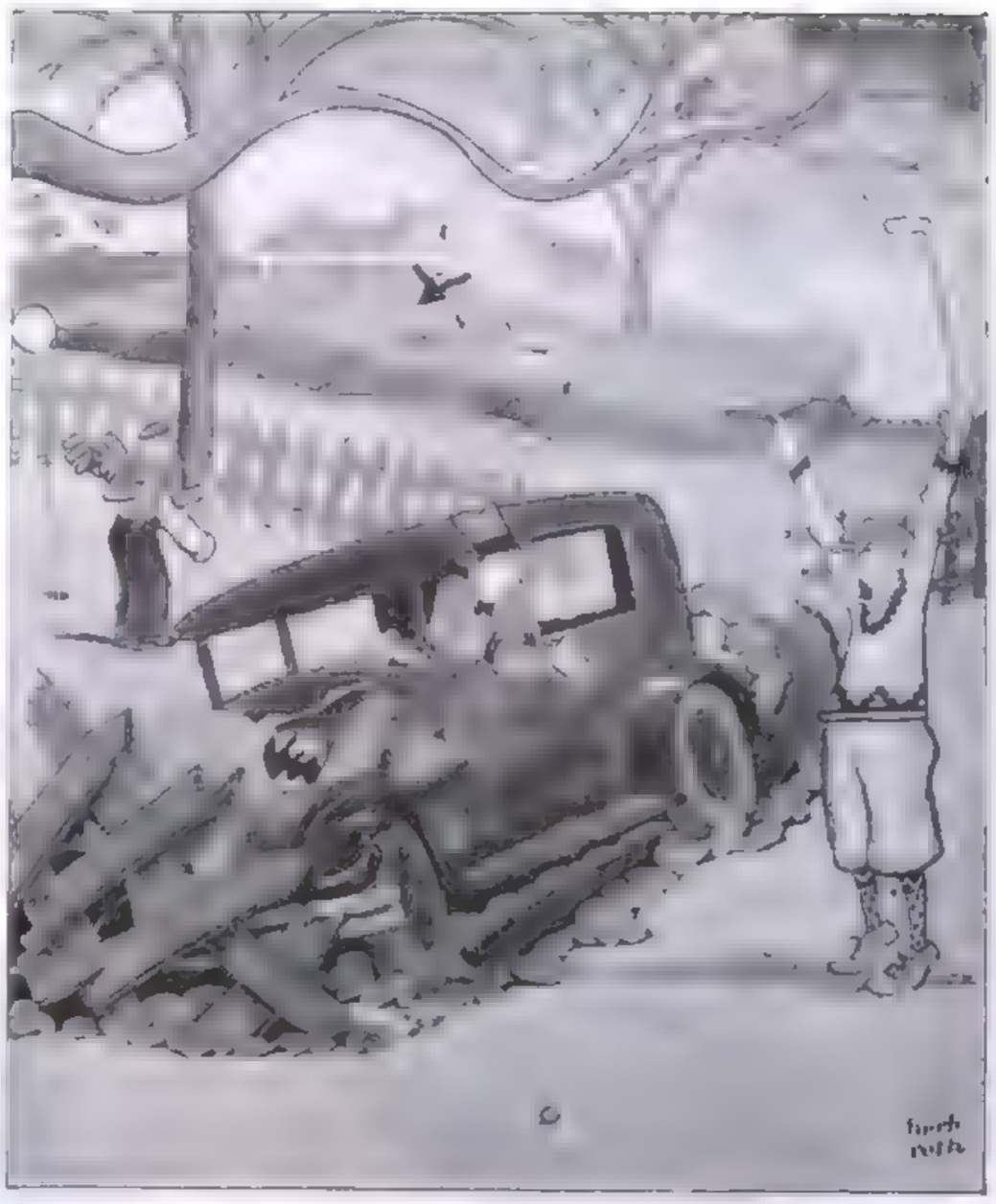

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(Continued from Page 117)

was because of something behind the twenty-five thousand—of something which William Dostermann believed to be in him which made the twenty-five thousand possible. What could it be? He did not know; he never, consciously, figured it out. He had an intuitive rather than an analytical mind. But the thought began to tantalize him: What would it be if William Dostermann always looked at him like that, if everybody always looked at him like that? What would life be like then?

Oliver Ditzler got up from the churn finally; but he was not precisely the same Oliver Ditzler who had sat down upon it.

He d.d work for Dostermann. His hat set impishly crosswise of his head, he presented himself briefly before Beulah's amazed eyes through the kitchen window early the next morning and a moment later had walked into the room.

"Holtzer's got him a job in Buthouse County," he announced nonchalantly, "so I conceited now you're so needful fur help you would mebbe consider into taking me."

Dostermann's quick rage expended itself against Holtzer, and he looked troubled enough. He did need help badly—all the farmers needed help at once at that season—and the rheumatism was more and more bending his stubborn old body to the chair. He hired Ditzler.

He was not sorry before the week was over; by the end of two weeks he was definitely glad. Ditzler, like his father, was a hard, willing worker, but, of course, like his father, he did have that disorganized, loose-jointed way of going about things which more than once set the efficient Dostermann's teeth on edge.

"Don't you know a'ready what troughts are fur?" he shouted one night as he came upon Ditzler feeding the young pigs from a bucket which he held in his fingers. "Standing around holding slops at your hand! What fur kind of pigs do you think that will anyhow give, the strong ones snouting the weak ones out?"

Oliver considered, then he grinned and began pouring the feed into the long, low troughs. "I guess it would give Ditzler pigs," he said.

"And that's the truth," agreed Dostermann solemnly. "But what does it make to talk to your pop? Do you think it makes anything with him that till it is time to sell away the pigs, I get anyhow forty, fifty pounds more onto each of my pigs than what he does onto his? And just fur the little exter care I give at them. Put a plenty of fresh straw at the mothers so the little ones will have warm; keep a plenty of feed fur the shoats; put away a board from the bottom of the fence so they can get always to the feed, but the big ones not; shell away the corn fur them in the winter when the work is slack oncet and then you have got it ready till the busy season. Little things, Ollie, little things, but they make yet the difference between success and failure anyhow. And it ain't only at the farming neither," said William Dostermann. "That there is true fur everything in life. Fur everything."

"I guess, too," agreed Ollie. "Well, anyway, you have ketched me younger than what you did pop; mebbe you could be learning me somepin yet."

"It wonders me if I could," said Dostermann in all sincerity.

He decided the next week that he probably couldn't, and stated the fact in no uncertain terms.

"Have you got a head by you or ain't you?" he inquired of the young man after the latter had plowed and planted a forty-acre field of corn. "Two furrows yet you could make on the outsides; two furrows yet around a forty-acre field! Do you know what fur corn that would give? A wagonload at the least. But, och, no; a wagonload—forty dollars—that there's one of them little things a Ditzler wouldn't stoop himself to take notice to."

"But I can't get no closer," protested the puzzled Ollie. "Look oncet how the doubletree would be hitting the fence then."

"What's a matter of using a singletree fur these exter furrows?" retorted Dostermann patiently. "Unhitch the harness off one of them horses, tie him to the wagon up, then put the singletree at the plow and go as close to the fence as you otherwise can. Listen, Ollie, make your thoughts this way: Two rows around a forty-acre field, that there is equal to one row two miles long. Two miles of corn yet! A little thing, heh, two miles of corn?"

Oliver made and planted the two extra furrows, then mischievously furrowed and planted the narrow strip between the fence and the highway. It was those impish things he did which made Dostermann rumble and chuckle deep in his beard and which made the evenings hours of delight to which he looked forward.

Beulah treated the young man civilly. He was after a fashion a guest in the house, and she had a fine sense of hospitality. She had a steady suitor, a serious, well-to-do young man, Jonas Ketterling by name. And when for any reason she did not go to the church or to social affairs with him, she went as a matter of course with Ditzler. He surprised her now and then, pleasantly.

She discovered that he was very cleanly. Once each day he plunged into the creek. "I found out a'ready what a bath was," he informed her, "when I worked that month by the asylum. All us loonies they had scrubbing at ourselves."

Once he cut his hand severely and she bound it carefully and gently. She did not feel repulsion, though his hand was as freckled as ever. She reflected upon that with a faint surprise when she was putting away the medicaments, and was sincerely glad that she had lost that old critical superiority which she had felt toward him. But she had not lost that uneasy sense that she must be always putting up some sort of defense against him. It was because she didn't understand him, she told herself, annoyed; he was always doing things that surprised one.

He proposed, for instance, one evening that he buy the twenty acres of swamp land.

Dostermann sharply lowered his paper. "What fur do you want it?"

"I don't know right," young Ditzler entirely seriously rubbed his hand up and down his leg. "But I think I want it because I want somepin. I want fur to own somepin. And it's the only land around here I figure I can pay out fur."

"And what do you figure on paying out fur that? Fifty dollars per the acre, mebbe?"

"That's all right."

"All right, he says!" William Dostermann flattened the paper irascibly. "Don't you know that piece ain't worth no fifty dollars per the acre?"

"I conceit I can get that out of it," said Ditzler calmly. And added mischievously: "A-taking notice to them little things."

But Dostermann did not smile. He went on to argue that the timber was worth practically nothing and that the land was sour and would raise nothing.

But Ditzler was stubborn. "I want fur to own somepin."

Dostermann leaned forward and gazed at him penetratingly. "But you say you got a'ready something where's worth twenty-five thousand to you."

Young Ditzler straightened and for a moment stared past Dostermann and past Beulah; then he brought his eyes to theirs and gazed at each in turn. "Yes, and I wouldn't take no twenty-five thousand fur it," he said quietly, but with an intensity which had somehow something of the tragic in it. It was as if he must, as if he must, hold to whatever it was which lay behind that statement of his. And there was a dignity in Ollie Ditzler sitting there with his freckled hands upon his patched knees as he made that fantastic assertion of his riches which forbade further question.

They talked and argued that evening and the next. Ollie bought the swamp land for four hundred dollars and paid two hundred on account—his savings, he told them, for the two years he had been away. What he did not tell them was that he had given a bonus of another hundred to Henry Holtzer for removing himself for that season to Buthouse County.

Ten days later Oliver Senior was pitched from a saddle which he had tied together with a piece of frazzled rope, and his arm was broken. Oliver Junior perforce went home.

Ensued heavy days, leaden nights. Something bright, something light was gone from the house. For the first time Beulah noted the signs of age and querulousness in her father; he would want something and when she got it for him it was not what he wanted at all. He wanted something which his own daughter, so like him, could not give him. Young Ketterling came, and the two men talked heavily of crops and of the unseasonable rainfall, and of prices. Beulah found her mind straying away; not straying in any direction in particular, but reaching out, reaching out for something which was not in the room.

As nearly as she ever solved the Ditzler problem she solved it during those three weeks of Ollie's absence. At least she knew vaguely that the Ditzlers had something which the Dostermanns did not have, just as the Dostermanns had something which was not in the Ditzlers. Which was the more valuable possession? She did not go that far. The thing was always feeling with her, rather than thought. She found herself during those drab days reaching back to her childhood, to the sunny spot in her childhood, and the spot was the Ditzler yard. She always saw it as a sunny place, full of tumbling children and animals. Strange! Her memory left to drift seemed to take no account of the dirt and the litter, but to dwell upon the place as clean and laughing and wholesome; and in her more active reveries she chided herself for the odd inaccuracy.

But she chided herself more severely in those days because she found herself standing more and more often by the window looking toward the barn. The Dostermann barn was built on mammoth lines; a great door upon one side gave upon a space which swept directly toward a great door upon the other. She could look, therefore, from the kitchen window directly through the barn and even upon a perspective of road and of field which lay beyond. At first when she realized that she had drifted once more to the window she would turn sharply, biting her lip in annoyance; later she simply stood, watching, waiting, and not caring that she watched and waited.

And when she saw one morning down the road a swinging figure with the sun bright upon him, she went as though drawn to the barn. She did not know why she went; she did not know what she would do when she got there; there was nothing else to be done. In the middle of the space between the doors she stood, the sweet dry perfume from the loft above showering about her. And when he came to her, as they stood he kissed her once. She laid her head upon his breast. Thus simply and inevitably she claimed at last the lack in her and he his lifelong wish.

There was a step, they drew apart; but the spell was still upon them. William Dostermann standing there seemed for a moment a part of it. Yet not standing, precisely; something had struck him backward. His body steadied to even keel, his lips opened twice, soundless. It was a strange, strange fragment of time—wordless.

Then said William Dostermann deeply: "Get aways! Go away from here. Go—and don't be coming back." And to the girl he said: "Get to the house. Get to the house."

Ollie Ditzler made the one reply: and yet it was neither reply nor question, so dazed was it, so incoherent: "Not—coming back ——" He looked once at the girl as she went toward the house, then at her father. He read his answer there; he, too, went.

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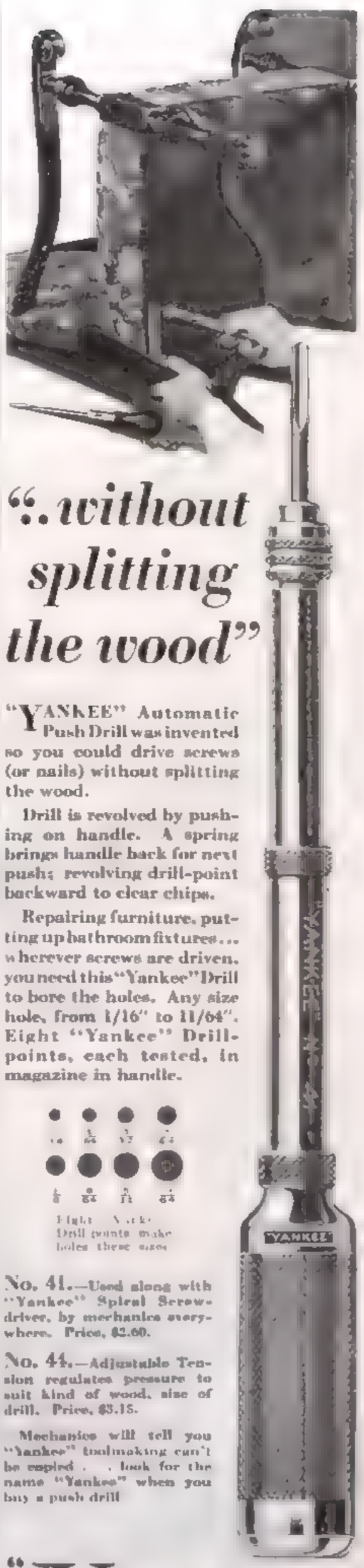

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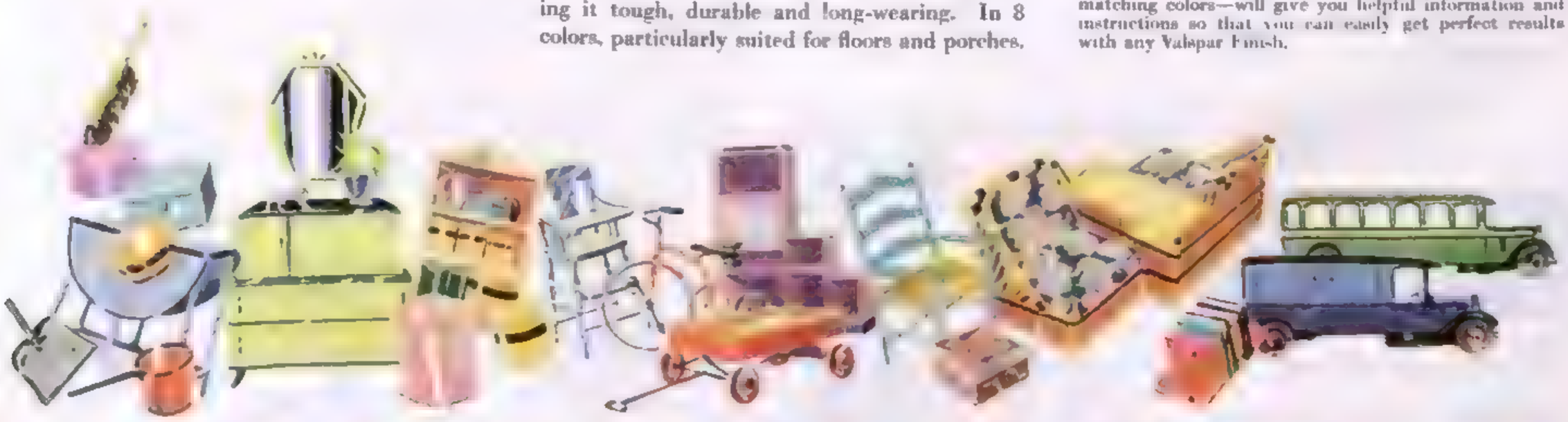

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(Continued from Page 119)

William Dostermann stood in that wide space in his barn—his barn, the emblem of his possessions.

If Beulah could have wrenched her soul from her body in the moment when she stood again behind the window looking at him, she would gladly have done so. For her body—she felt numbly adown it with her fingers—had to stay in her father's house; and she, could she have the grace to stay with it -this body which her father would consider henceforth as disgraced?

And yet even then she had no regrets. It was as inevitable as birth or death, that which she had done.

Sweet, secret satisfactions were even then seeping through her, she was to feel the thrill of them more and more. She had touched—completeness.

A long, long series of strange, chill days Beulah Dostermann was entering upon—days which, had she not had that underlay of satisfaction and slow thrill, she could scarcely have gotten through.

If her father had stormed and raged! But the thing which had cut him had cut him far below remedy which word could give. He shunned speech with her upon it. She served him, he accepted her ministrations, but it was as though she were a hired servant in her own house.

He went, of course, to the Ditzlers'; he would, with his sense of justice, do that. He told old Ollie the thing which had happened.

"So that's the reason I can't be having him by me no more," he concluded.

"Och, I do fault him fur it." Ditzler kept moving his fingers across his lips distressfully. "I do now fault him fur it too much."

Dostermann's hand made a faint movement toward him. "No, I ain't faulting him no heavier than her. Them kind of things—we don't know—they just come to pass."

Old Dede at that moment made her sole remark of the evening, and it was the smartest word that was said. She rapped the mullein ash from her pipe into a skillet conveniently near and she said: "Nobody knows nothing."

"But it can't ever come to thought of marriage among them," said Dostermann decisively.

"No, I guess not, too," agreed Ditzler. He looked helplessly around the stark room clotted with beaten furnishings and sighed. After a moment he said: "But his mom was a good woman."

"But he takes after you," amended Dostermann.

"I guess, too," said old Ollie.

"I was conceiting that I would keep him by me. I was conceiting that I might mebbe in time learn him enough to be a foreman fur me. But now —— What does he aim to do now? Go off again?"

Ollie shook his head. "He's going to stay by them twenty acres he bought off you. Somepin about tiles."

"Tiles oncet?" cried Dostermann. "What fur tiles?"

"Somepin about water," Ollie rubbed the soiled sling about his broken arm perplexedly.

"That's the way with him!" said Dostermann testily. "It's something left out of that boy. Now he goes to work and heaves more money into that sinkhole. I told him a'ready it would never give nothing, even the slopes around it ain't ever giving enough corn fur to feed a couple hommies."

Ditzler looked at him with mild curiosity. "It could wonder me what it is that's left out of him."

Serious William Dostermann considered this. He said seriously: "Gumption. Wits, I guess." He rose. "The difference between success and failure yet."

For once the other did not entirely agree. He yawned and said: "Well, I ain't fur giving you right on that. Not yet till a while anyway."

Nor would Beulah have agreed with her father during the weeks which followed. At least, like old Ollie, she was willing to forbear judgment for a time. Ollie was showing persistence anyway. He was working hard and long at tiling his land, almost too hard Beulah feared sometimes as she noted the new weary droop of his shoulders, the sag of his lips. He was determined to get his drainage tiles laid before winter set in too heavily. He had worked long enough with that sewerage company to learn the principles for effecting drainage. He showed her with pride how he proposed to lay the tile in wide fan shape about the lowest depression so as to catch and draw away the headwaters from Dostermann's cornfields which sloped upward from three sides of it.

"And if I can get oncet the tile in and break the land behind the freeze," he would say soberly, "och, then till next summer I will be showing you somepin."

She listened with pride but with secret hopelessness. Secret -she was William Dostermann's daughter and she had a wisdom of silence beyond her years. She knew somehow that during those heavy, wrenching days in the swamp something was being drained away besides the stagnant water.

"It's mine anyway!" he would straighten and look about him with something of solemn awe. "It's mine! And," he would always conclude with that laugh which lay so close behind his lips, "some day it will be ourn!"

It was hard for Beulah to force a smile then. Marriage? It seemed as fantastic, as improbable as that this land which had always been a plague spot should ever be the blessing he hoped and believed.

But when the winter drew on and young Ditzler grew frantic with the gigantic task yet upon him, still hopelessly but sweetly she gave him her savings. He sold the yield of wood, he borrowed back the hundred dollars he had given Holtzer and to the consternation of everyone old Dede dug up from beneath the ash-heap a tin can from which she silently handed over sixty-three dollars. Ollie hired helpers then. He had a vision, and it needed only a strength of arm and a miracle of spring warmth to flush it into a beauty that all might behold; and he was determined that it should be so.

He was determined, and it was so. The last of the autumn passed, and with it passed Ollie to work again in the town. Spring came and with it came Ollie; and under the magic of his right arm a flush of green bespread the place which had been a fester to the eyes of William Dostermann. A flush, a growth; a growth so quick that the stalks seemed to snap upward each night: a stand of corn, finally, such as had never been seen in that community.

"But why wouldn't it be?" Ollie would say practically enough, though the wonder of it never quite left his own eyes during those days, "fur ain't his good topsoil been washing down here fur it could be mebbe hunerts of years?"

He said that to William Dostermann himself, for at last Dostermann had come. He had known of the doings in the swamp, of course, for the neighbors had had busy tongues over it. But when he sat beside old Ollie in the top buggy and gazed upon that tall shining array, each bearing aloft its plush-green banners, its deep silken tassels, he said for a time nothing at all.

"And," ventured young Ollie, "if you would plant oncet the clover onto them knobs of yourn in the place of the corn, the roots would ketch that thick together that they would hold your soil better fur you. It ain't no washing with the grass roots. A little thing"—the golden imps would out in Ollie's eyes, his feet would dance before them—"but ——"

Dostermann made as though he did not hear. Perhaps he did not. His eyes upon the full-bodied ears straining from the sturdy stalks he muttered: "Gumption. And wits yet."

That night Ollie Ditzler sat at table once more in the Dostermann kitchen. A meal more silent than usual, for more than food was there for each of the three. But at its conclusion Ollie Ditzler said, looking at the girl:

"But through it all you never oncet said me the question what I had where was worth the twenty-five thousand to me."

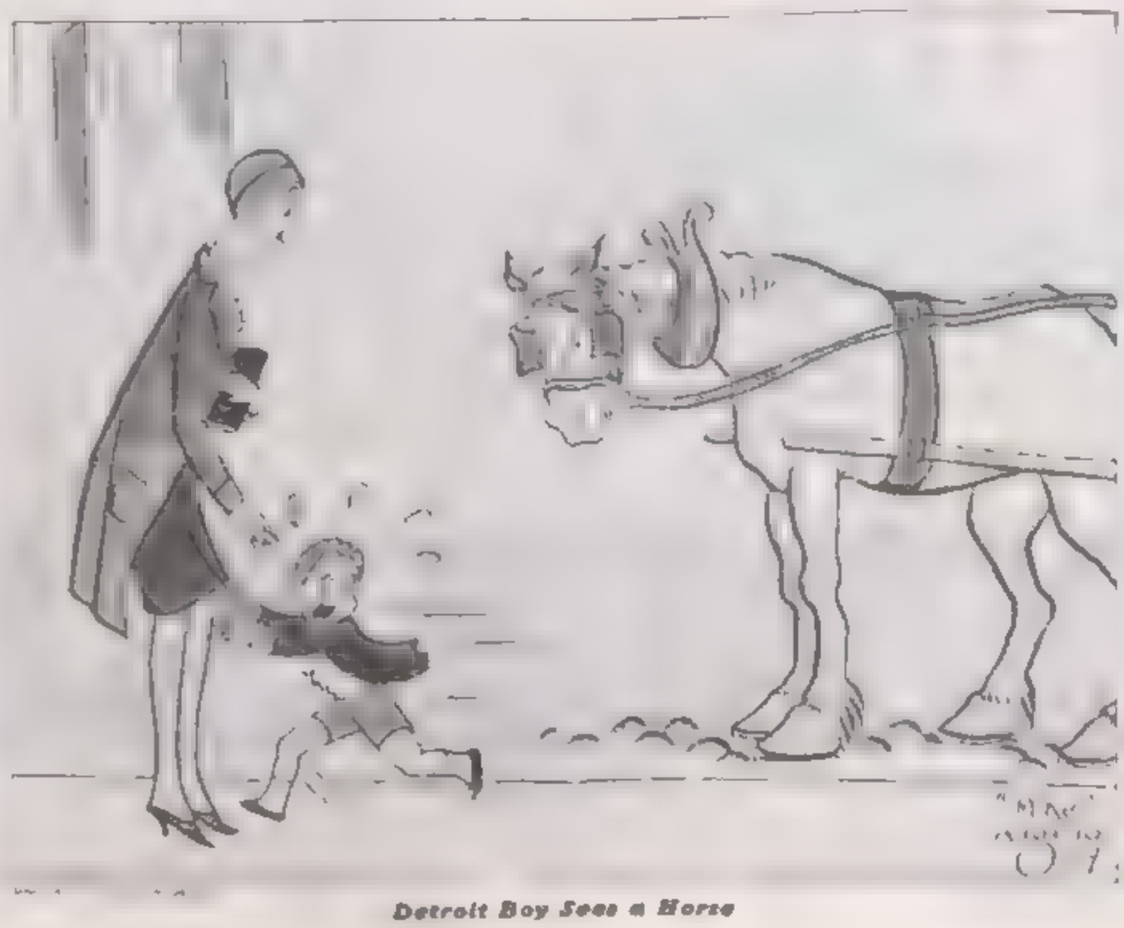
She flurried a little at that. "But it didn't make with me. It didn't seem to make any matters."

He drew back from the table a little and along it he laid his right arm. He pulled back his sleeve to the elbow. He stared down upon the brown ropes of muscles. "That," said Ollie Ditzler, "is the thing I have got where is worth twenty-five thousand to me. No, and I wouldn't take twenty-five thousand fur it neither."

He went on: "It was a joke at the first fur me, and it made a laugh, do you mind, on the party? But when I come to say it again a-hangin' at your gate that night, it didn't seem like a joke mebbe. And then one day I was a-settin' onto an old churn in the front yard and I seen it wasn't no joke at all." He still sat, looking down his quiet arm, and the others said never a word.

Then because he was Ollie Ditzler he threw back his head, laughed and looked at Dostermann. "Just one of them little things!" He flung up his arm.

But the arm dropped. The laugh stopped. For William Dostermann was looking at him; and upon his face was respect, homage, benison. William Dostermann was looking at Oliver Ditzler as though they two were equals.



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THE HAPPY HOUSE

(Continued from Page 31)

half unfolded now. He stared at it for a moment, and he knew without further examination what it must contain.

He sought to discover how Grandma Portlaw might be spared this blow; but she perceived his sudden rigidity and spoke to him, and came to his side and saw what there he saw.

She said in a voice suddenly shaken: "Why, whatever's that? It wan't there last night." And she fumbled in the pockets of her apron. "Where's my reading specs?" she murmured. "I declare, they must be in my room."

She scurried away then, as though to seek them, and Dave was left in the kitchen alone. But he heard a tapping, and after a moment heard the opening of a door; so he knew she had gone to seek Mary. He went doubtfully into the dining room and met grandma returning; and the gray little woman's head was shaking as though she were struck with a palsy, and her lips mumbled empty words.

She made him read the note aloud to her. Mary had written briefly:

Dear Granny: I'm tired around here, and I'm going away to Portland. I'm sick of chores and cooking and dishes all the time, and nothing going on. I guess you'd like to see me just stay on a farm all my life, but I ain't going to. Good-by. I'll send you my address, probably.

MARY.

And that was all.

Dave read these lines slowly, his heavy tones faltering, watching Grandma Portlaw while he read. As he finished, she sat down in a chair by the stove—or rather she wished so to sit down. But the strength had run out of her, so that she slid softly from the chair to the floor and lay there in a small heap; and Dave tended her as well as he might, and carried her in to her own bed and covered her there.

He stayed by her for a while, because he did not know what else to do; but she remained unstirring, her eyes closed; and it was as though she slept, or as though she were dead. Till in the end, Dave, in some affright and desperation, left the house and ran along the road to the nearest neighbor to summon aid.

There were thereafter days that ran into weeks when it seemed likely that Grandma Portlaw would keep her bed for so long as her strength sustained the life in her. In these times it was Dave chiefly tended her. He brought Ruth, who had married his brother, to help him now and then; but Grandma Portlaw thought Ruth was her granddaughter, and at the sound of Ruth's voice cried out Mary's name with such pitiful delight that Ruth could scarce endure it.

The old woman was very ill; and when by and by she began to mend, it was obvious to them all that there was something gone from her which would not return. Physically she was shrunken. Her arms were thin and wasted and her countenance was no more than a parchment mask taut drawn across the skeleton of her face. Her eyes, which had been failing for years, assumed now a blank expression, curiously empty; and in the course of time her lips acquired that peculiar appealing smile characteristic of the blind.

Also, her wits were not what they had been; and whenever a feminine presence came near her, Grandma Portlaw was likely to cry out:

"Mary, Mary, you've come home!"

At first they permitted her to be deceived, since she seemed happy in this error. But they found that though she was happy when Ruth was about, or any other woman, when they were gone and she was left alone with Dave she was the more distressed and torn

Dave fetched what doctors were accessible to see her; but old Doctor Crapo from Fraternity told him what was already plain to Dave himself—that unless Mary came home, Grandma Portlaw would not long endure.

So Dave tried to find Mary. He went to Portland, seeking there the man with whom she had run away; but Parent had disappeared, left no address behind. One of his fellow employes told Dave that Parent used to write to a girl named Lola Paulley, and Dave came home to see Lola and seek to learn from her something that would lead him to Parent—and so to Mary.

It was late in April when Mary went away; it was early June when Dave sought out Lola Paulley. He knew her by casual encounter; had sometimes seen her at recess, with the children about her skirts, in the yard in front of the schoolhouse at the Corner.

She had grown up in Fraternity; moved to East Harbor with her father and mother when they abandoned the attempt to maintain existence on their poverty-stricken farm; later found occupation in teaching. Dave discovered in her intelligence and sympathy, but if she was a pretty girl—as others sometimes thought—it made no impress on him.

She said she had known Parent in East Harbor, had seen him once or twice since then. "He was always after me," she confessed.

And Dave asked honestly, "Make you feel bad when he run away with Mary?"

She shook her head, said steadily: "He never asked me to marry him, and I wouldn't if he had."

"I thought you might know where he'd gone," Dave explained; but Lola could not help him. Yet she went with him to see Grandma Portlaw; and Dave said, by way of introduction, at the old woman's bedside: "Here's Miss Paulley, come to see you, grandma."

The old woman's straying hand found Lola's and clasped it tightly; and she smiled, beaming with delight.

"I know, you're Mary!" she whispered. "I know my Mary." Her brow furrowed faintly. "But, Mary, you always go away. I wish you'd stay with me, child."

Lola stirred sorrowfully; and Dave caught her eye and nodded, as though begging her to humor grandma.

So Lola said: "Why, I'll stay all afternoon, granny. I really will "

Grandma Portlaw shook her head. "I miss you all the time, child," she protested. "Stay all the time."

Lola's school term was ending within a day or two, and the girl was quick in sympathy. It was she herself who at last suggested to Dave that she might in fact attend grandma for a while, till the old woman was better.

Dave heard her doubtfully, said in some uncertainty, "I guess you've got other things to do."

"I can stay till she's better," Lola insisted.

"She might get worse," he confessed.

"Then—I can stay till she's worse," Lola offered; and she added urgently: "She needs someone with her all the time. You do everything you can; but she needs a woman, and your sister can't always come, and I haven't any job this summer."

In the end the arrangement was concluded and Lola established herself in the house—where, after a little, happiness began to dwell again. For Grandma Portlaw, contentedly sure that Mary was at home and meant to stay, mended. That is to say, her physical strength returned. Her eyes would never be better and her perceptions were at fault; yet these circumstances only served to make it easier to deceive her. By and by she arose from her bed and learned to move fumblingly about the house; and she would sit in a rocking-chair in the kitchen, where the morning sun struck through the door to warm her, while Lola worked about her tasks there.

She liked to hold Lola's hand, to touch the girl's arm, to stroke her hair. And Lola, though there were sometimes deep tears in her eyes, submitted to these caresses meant for Mary. The girl and Dave, bound together in their tender deception of the old woman, kept her days full and happy ones.

But when Grandma Portlaw's strength had in some measure returned, they encountered a complication. Grandma was sitting one day in the dining room, holding Lola's hand, when Dave came in and bent to kiss her as she liked him to. She caught his hand and turned her face up to his with that appealing smile which wrenches at the heart, and she said in reproachful reminder:

"Dave, it's high time you made Mary marry you." Dave looked at Lola in a quick consternation and the girl colored faintly, while Grandma Portlaw persisted: "Mary, why don't you? You could take care of Dave and me too. I'm able-bodied now, and I know my way around."

Dave stammered: "I guess you need Mary more'n I do, grandma."

But the old woman said stoutly, "Fiddlesticks!" And she drew their hands together and pressed them together between hers. "Children—children," she insisted, "I'm an old woman, and I wouldn't want to keep you apart. Dave, make her marry you. Mary, take him."

Dave put her off for that time, but she was not so easily to be daunted. She returned to the matter insistently, again and again; and she began to be obsessed at last by the conviction that it was her own helplessness and dependence which kept these two apart. The thought fretted and disturbed her; she became querulous and more and more unhappy, and they saw with increasing consternation that she began to fail again.

So they were driven at last to a new deception. Their recognition of the necessity for this deceit was mutual. It was not that either proposed it—rather each reached the same conclusion independently, so that when they spoke of the matter at last together, it was with minds prepared.

But it was Lola who proposed the means. To Dave, the means were unimportant. He was ready to marry Lola, if to do so would please Grandma Portlaw; but he was equally ready to take any other measure that would serve the same end. These two young people had been drawn closer and closer together by their devotion to the old woman; this service was a bond between them, strong and growing stronger. But if Dave had not yet perceived this fact, Lola would not open his eyes.

"We'll have to fool her," she pointed out. "But we can't just pretend to get married, because she'd want to hear the ceremony and all. We'll have to tell her we did get married, while she was sick."

"She'll wonder why we didn't tell her before," Dave objected doubtfully.

"We'll say we were afraid she wouldn't let me stay and take care of her—afraid she'd say I ought to go and keep house for my husband."

"She might say that anyway, after she knows," he argued.

"We can manage somehow," Lola assured him. "But we've got to satisfy her, Dave. She's getting so weak; and she's so unhappy, and worrying and fretting about it all the time."

So in the end this was the program they adopted, and for a while it served. Grandma heard their confession in a great rush and flood of happiness; the strength poured back into her old body. Satisfied that her Mary was at last married and happy and settled in the ways of life, she beamed upon the world. Some faint color returned to her cheeks; a new vivacity sounded in her voice; her step was almost spry.

Yet there were difficulties and embarrassments. She was not wholly satisfied with their assurances; she must witness as best she might the tenderness between them. She was forever joining their hands or touching Lola's cheek and bidding Dave feel how soft it was. One evening when

(Continued on Page 126)

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 124

they three were together, she loosed Lola's hair and made Dave tell her how beautifully its luxuriance flowed about the girl's shoulders. At first they were distressed by these necessities, but they became at last habituated to them; so that Dave no longer stammered and fumbled, and Lola ceased to color so hotly when she played the rôle demanded.

In one circumstance they were favored; for Grandma Portlaw was a drowsy old lady. She would doze for hours in her deep chair in the sun, smiling in her sleep contentedly. She fell asleep as readily as a dog, drifting into unconsciousness whenever there was nothing to keep her awake, so that it was as though she were already half out of this world. She dwelt with them during her waking times, but when they had no need of her it was as though she slipped into another realm and moved there smilingly.

And her sleep was sound. Thus she never roused at night, slept till Lola came to wake her in the morning. So a pair of Dave's shoes in the girl's closet and his best suit on a hanger there were sufficient evidence to grandma's fumbling hands that Dave and Lola were what they pretended.

It was not that she ever doubted—only that she sometimes demanded such small tangible assurances.

In this wise the months proceeded. Lola did not teach school that winter. To do so would have required a new deception more complicated than they could contrive. Dave sympathized ruefully with this sacrifice on her part; he offered to find the money to repay her. But Lola, what indignation she may have felt at the suggestion softened by her appreciation of the generous wish that prompted it, smilingly denied him.

"I'm her Mary now," she reminded him. "I won't change it. She's so happy, and—she may not be so happy very long."

They had, these two, long hours together, when they were with the old woman and combining to deceive her; and the parts they played in her presence became by degrees almost automatic, became second nature to them both. Matters went so easily that they were lulled into a security as unstable and ill founded as that in which Grandma Portlaw dwelt. Lola may have had misgivings, may have anticipated the thing that came to pass. But she held silence; and Dave, content as men are with present ease and comfort, free from vain forebodings, had no fears.

It was Lola who first had to meet the new challenge; and she tried to reassure the old woman, to put her off, avoid her questionings. But there was a tenacity in Grandma Portlaw not easily denied. She spoke to Lola once, and then again, and yet again, till Lola's evasions ceased to content her. In the end she broached the subject to them both together, without warning or preamble, one evening when they were all sitting in the dining room. Dave was reading the paper and Grandma Portlaw said abruptly:

"Dave, be done with your paper. I want to talk to you and Mary."

Lola guessed what was to come. "Let him finish, granny," she urged, and she caught Dave's eye and with a motion of her head bade him escape. He saw that Lola's cheeks were crimson, but he did not understand; doubtfully confessed:

"I'm all through, now, grandma."

And upon that, Grandma Portlaw said with gentle vigor: "Then, Dave, listen! I've talked to Mary, and now I'm going to talk to both of you. It's high time you children gave me my first great-grandchild."

Dave started like a goaded ox and Lola could not look at him. But in their silence, Grandma Portlaw went bravely on.

"Mary says it takes all her time to tend to me and you, Dave," she declared. "She means that it takes her time for me. But I can do for myself if I have to, and you ought to have babies. It's as if you were waiting for me to die before you have them; and I won't have that, Dave." Her gentle voice quivered, then stiffened, and she said wistfully, "I'll get out of your way, if that's the way it is."

He protested in swift consternation: "It ain't that, grandma!"

But she challenged: "Well, what is it then?" And he had no answer for her. "I want my great-grandchildren round me," she insisted, "before I come to die."

And Lola and Dave stared at each other in a deep dismay.

Grandma was, as has been said, tenacious. She reverted to the subject again and again, in the days thereafter; and it became clear at last that she had acquired the fixed idea that the burden of tending her was the obstacle in their path. Their protests could not shake her. They came to understand that this belief on her part was like an open wound which sapped her strength away.

The weak are invincible. The end was that Dave and Lola were married in fact, as they pretended to have been so long ago. And young Davie Lagan was already able to take toddling steps here and there about the kitchen, and baby Harriet—named for Grandma Portlaw—was four months old when the real Mary at last came miserably home.

The breeze was slackening and the sun was hot; but Chet and I were in the shade of the little house, and our eyes were full of the beauty of the valley there below. The shade in which we sat was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, protecting us not only from the asperity of the sun but infolding us also in more subtle ways. While Chet talked, I looked up at the house again and again. It was set there in the sun so happily, like a peaceful old woman smiling in her sleep as she dozed in her easy-chair.

"They was mighty happy, all together here," Chet assured me. "I used to see them. Dave and Lola come to see that being married to each other was the thing they'd wanted, even if it had been kind of put on them; and the babies did fine; and Grandma Portlaw used to like to set and listen to them, and smile the way a blind person does, kind of peaceful and all."

And it was to this happy house that Mary came home.

Some of the things he had told me, Chet confessed, he had at secondhand, or third; some he guessed and some he knew.

"But I was here," he explained, "the day Mary come."

That coming befell, he said, in early June. The apple trees were in blossom in the orchard, and although it was cool enough so that a person sitting still had need of wrap or covering, the sun was warm. The air was full of the pleasant drone of bees, and early flowers were blooming.

"I'd ought to have been doing my farming," Chet chucklingly confessed. "But it looked to me like it was a day to go fishing, so I hitched up the old horse. I got here along toward ten o'clock—somewheres between nine and ten—and drove into the barnyard. Dave was in the barn, and he come out and told me to put the horse in a stall, and I did; and I was hooking up my rod and standing talking to him outside the barn, when we heard the car coming up the road."

Grandma Portlaw, he explained, was sitting in her rocking-chair on the kitchen porch where the morning sun struck her warmly. Her legs were folded in a blanket and there was a shawl about her shoulders. The baby, her namesake, was in an old crib at her side.

"It was the crib Mary'd been raised in," Chet declared. "And it had rockers, and grandma'd rock it with her hand. The baby was awake. You could hear her talking to herself. Lola was doing the dishes in the kitchen before she give the young one its bath; and the little boy, Davie, was on the porch, playing with a wagon Dave had made for him out of a cigar box and some spools and dowels."

They heard the car coming up the road. One who approaches the farm from the direction of the Corner comes first to the orchard, then to the barn. The house itself, though attached to the barn by the shed, is some fifty yards farther along and upon higher ground. So this car turned into the barnyard where Chet and Dave were standing. Ed Dole was driving, and when Chet named him I remembered the man. He has a farm, abandoned now, between East Harbor and Fraternity, and supports himself by driving a car for hire.

"And there was a woman in the seat behind him," Chet explained. "I didn't know her, first off. I hadn't seen Mary since she was a girl, and she'd changed. But Dave knew her. Her and Ed got out of the car and she stopped and stood there, looking at the house and at grandma setting on the porch. Ed said something to me and Dave, and I looked at Dave, and he looked like he was cold, or like someone had hit him. He was white, and he was shaking all over.

"Then Mary took a kind of a step toward him, and then she took a step toward the house, and then she swung back to Dave again. She hadn't said a word. But I see Dave try to say something and I pulled Ed over to one side. He'd turned off his engine and he went to look under the hood and he said she'd been missing on one cylinder, and we stayed there by the car.

"Mary and Dave was a little ways off from us. I could see they were talking, but I couldn't hear—didn't try to. I knew by that time who she must be. She had on stylish clothes, only kind of shabby, too, like they were old. And she looked sick, I could see; but her cheeks were red, and her lips. Her hair was yellow. It used to be brown, the way I remembered. She looked terrible."

He hesitated for a moment, but I asked no question; and after an interval he went on.

"I could see her bag in the car," he explained. "Ed was tinkering with the engine; and grandma, setting there on the porch with the children, must have heard him, because she called out to Dave, 'Who is it, son?' And Dave started to tell her—only Mary grabbed hold of his arm. So he said, after a minute, with Mary whispering to him:

"'A man from East Harbor, grandma.'

"Then I see Lola come out on the porch to see who it was; and she stood there by Grandma Portlaw, looking at us, not moving nor saying a word."

He was silent for a moment. "It seemed like a long time," he explained—"like a mighty long time. Ed got his plugs cleaned and he got ready to go. He took Mary's bag out of the car, and then he waited, for her to pay him likely. But she wasn't noticing him at all. So he started his engine; and then I guess he see something was happening, because he just set there with the engine running. He didn't ask Mary for his pay.

"Then Mary, she started toward the house—toward the porch, where Lola and grandma and the children were. And Lola, she had a terrible look, watching Mary come. But Mary didn't make any noise, and grandma didn't hear her, didn't know she was there. She was talking to Davie, the little boy, and rocking the baby and having a fine time. You could see her smiling. She looked mighty happy.

"Mary went toward them, slow and quiet; and grandma said something to Lola, and called her Mary; and Lola put her hand on the old woman's shoulder, and Grandma Portlaw reached up and took hold of it and held onto it.

"And for quite a spell that was all there was. Grandma and Lola and the little boy talking there, and grandma smiling so happy and calm, and Mary not twenty feet from them, watching and listening. Dave was this side of Mary, right behind her, kind of crouching, like someone was going to hit him.

"He was watching Mary. I knew what he was thinking. Mary had come back, and things would be different, and Grandma Portlaw was going to be mighty confused in her poor old mind. And they wouldn't any of them ever be as happy as they'd been the last two years."

He looked at me uncertainly. "It stayed that way so long," he explained, "that you got to wanting somebody to say something. You couldn't hardly stand it, no one saying anything at all."

I nodded, and after a moment he continued:

"You'll find folks to say hard things about Mary. But I always figured she made up for a lot that day."

"She went away?" I guessed.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, she went away." And he continued: "She watched them for a while, and then she kind of moved. Her back was turned toward us, but she did something to her face, and then she turned around and we could see she was putting powder on her nose and fixing her mouth and all, looking in a little mirror she had in her hand, out of her bag. And she come back to Dave and looked at him, and Dave couldn't say anything. She kept coming toward the car where Ed was sitting with the engine running, and Dave trailed after her.

"She says to Ed, 'I'll go back with you.' And she picked up her suitcase and put it in the car.

"Dave hadn't heard what she said, but he come nearer and she looked around to him. I heard what she said to him. She said, 'I wish I'd stayed at home!'

"But he couldn't say anything; and she kind of laughed, and got into the car and pulled the door to. And Ed swung the car around and started back to town."

He hesitated. "I was watching Dave," he said then. "And all of a sudden he kind of come out of his trance, and he took two-three steps after her and he called to her. He called out, 'Mary! Mary!'

"It was mighty still, with the car gone. I heard grandma say to Lola: 'Dave's calling you, child.' And Lola come running down to him. I remember they stood there with their arms kind of hooked together, looking down the road. But the car was out of sight by then, and Mary in it—gone."

"So Dave and Lola and grandma went on as they were?" I asked at last.

He nodded. "Grandma lived four years after," he said. "And she was always just as happy and cheerful. She thought Lola was Mary right up to the end. Then, after she died, Dave and Lola moved over to Dave's farm; but they've always kept this place in shape, in case Mary did come back again. She heired it when grandma died."

"She hasn't come back?"

"No," he said, and he was silent for a moment. "No, she never came back," he repeated.

And he continued: "She took the boat out of East Harbor that night for Boston. You know, you buy a ticket when you go on board the boat and give it up in the morning when you get off."

I did know.

"Bob Ware was the purser on the boat that night," Chet concluded; and his voice fell to a low, infinitely gentle tone. "Well, Bob told me, after, that he was one ticket short on that trip, when he took them up in Boston in the morning."

I met his eye and understood; and I looked around again at the little house, whose very aspect said so plainly that happiness and peace still dwelt within. And after a moment I said thoughtfully:

"I expect Mary and Grandma Portlaw are mighty happy together here."

"Well, it's a nice enough place for anybody," Chet smilingly agreed.

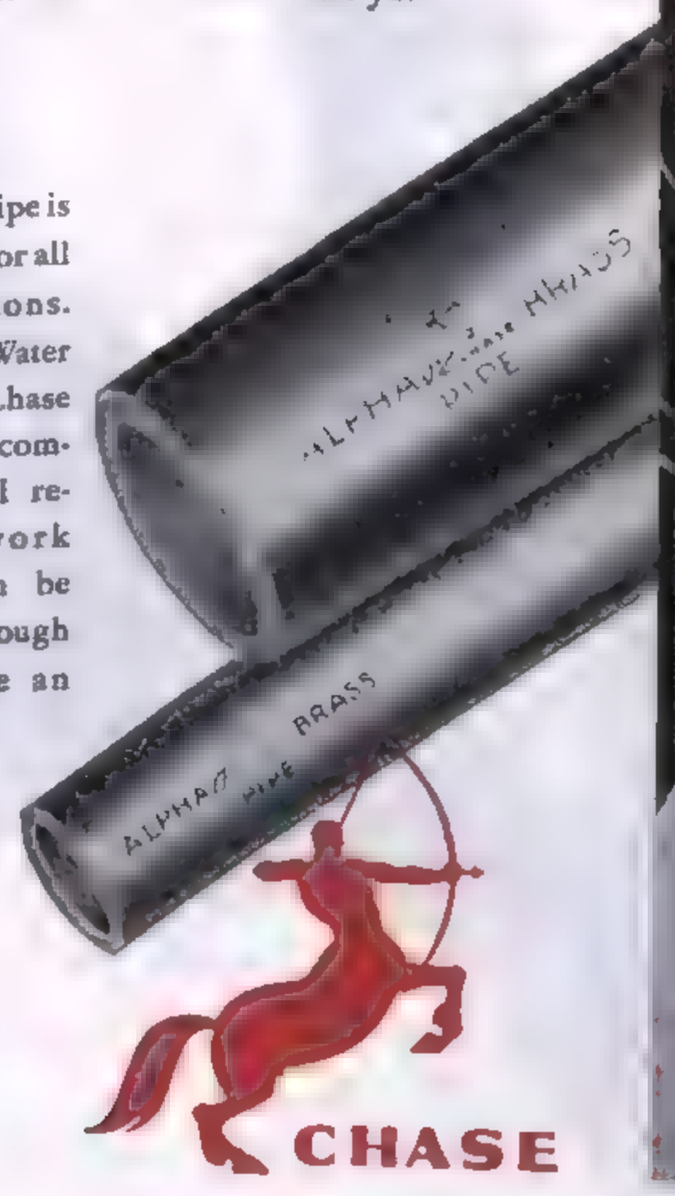
PLENTY OF PRESSURE

. . . from brass or copper water pipes that *can't* clog with rust

Home in the late hot afternoon, tired, dusty, with damp, clinging clothes. And then how cool and refreshing a shower is—if there's plenty of water!

How is the water pressure in your house? Have you lots of water or does it suddenly stop when someone downstairs opens a faucet?

Water from brass or copper pipes never clogs the shower holes because brass and copper *can't* rust. You can count on a full flow of crystal-clear water always.



Alpha Brass Pipe is recommended for all new installations. Chase Copper Water Tubing (and Chase Fittings) is recommended for all replacement work because it can be pulled down through the walls like an electric wire.

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Alpha Brass Pipe, Chase Copper Water Tubing, Copper roof gutters and downspouts, Chase Bronze Screen Cloth are all Chase products and identified by the familiar Chase-mark shown to the left.

We would be glad to send you some information about them if you will use this coupon.

Chase Brass & Copper Co.
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Please send me, Free, your illustrated book on brass and copper water pipe.

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More than an Addressing Machine

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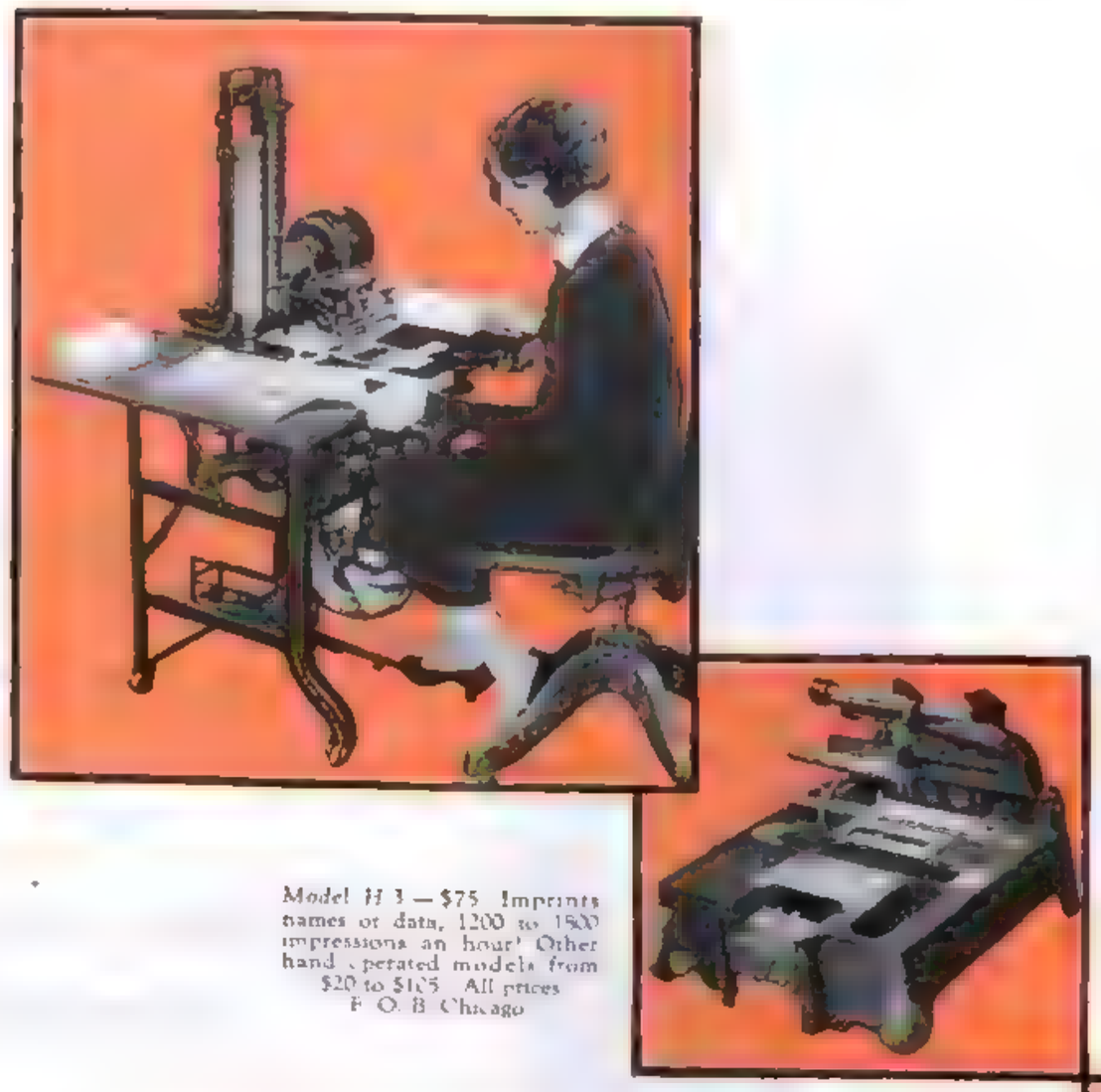
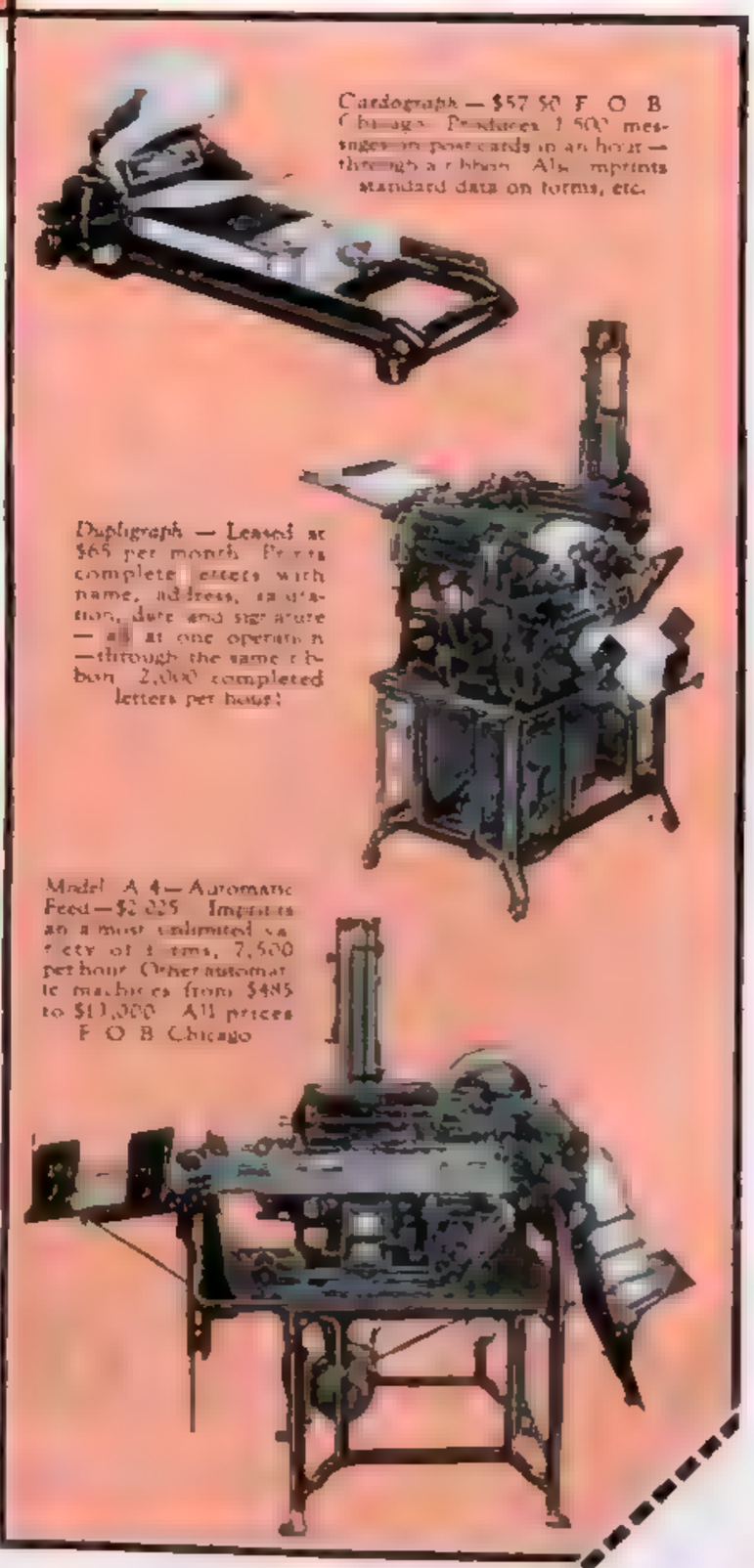


Model F-2 Electric—$375 Handles name and data writing on all forms thru a ribbon, 2,000 to 3,000 an hour. Other electrically operated models from $285 to $575. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

Model H 3—$75. Imprints names or data, 1200 to 1800 impressions an hour. Other hand operated models from $20 to $165. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.



Cardograph—$57.50 F. O. B. Chicago. Produces 1,500 messages on postcards in an hour—through a ribbon. Also imprints standard data on forms, etc.

Dupligraph—Leased at $65 per month. Prints complete letters with name, address, salutation, date and signature—all at one operation—through the same ribbon. 2,000 completed letters per hour!

Model A 4—Automatic Feed—$2,025. Imprints an almost unlimited variety of items, 7,500 per hour. Other automatic machines from $485 to $13,000. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

WATCH the small leaks in business! When allowed to grow they carry away the hard earned profits of your business.

No business today, from the smallest to the largest, can afford the tremendous cost of pen and pencil methods. Office clerks working against time means costly mistakes. Typists swamped with lists of names and standard data to write means delays. Operations being held up because of delayed and inaccurate information means high costs.

Any successful business heeds the slogan, "Get it done—*quickly, efficiently, economically!*"

Visualize for a moment every department of your business. There is a *machine* that will do an important part of the work in those departments 10 *to* 50 *times faster than hand methods without the possibility of an error!*

Study the list on the opposite page. It will disclose an amazing number of ways in which Addressographs will reduce expense, save time, eliminate errors and produce profits in *your* business.

You will find the Addressograph representative qualified to help you reduce the cost and speed the work of writing names and standard data on your business forms and communications. He will recommend the type of equipment best fitted to your individual requirements. Or mail the coupon and detailed information will be sent to you.

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TRADE MARK

"PRINTS FROM TYPE"

Mail with your letterhead to

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900 W. Van Buren Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please advise how Addressographs will increase my sales and reduce my operating expense.

9-29

"That $10,000 look"

Successful men say this look helped

HEADS of corporations—leaders in the professions—say that to succeed *quickly* you must first look the part.

In public addresses, in private talks with young men in their employ, in magazine articles, they emphasize the importance of "that $10,000 look."

"You may be capable"—they say—"you may get along well with people, yet if you do not *look* able, you handicap yourself."

To you who are on your way up to an important executive position, perhaps to a business of your own, we repeat their words: "It will pay you to look the part now." Your associates will take you at your face value; you'll go ahead faster.

Regular Pressing, the Valetor way, will help you look able; will keep your suits shapely and new-looking; will help you have "that $10,000 look" no matter what your income is today.

Write us, or ask your Valetor for your free copy of the illustrated booklet, "How to Make Your Clothes Look Better and Last Longer." U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

For THE MAN on the way up!

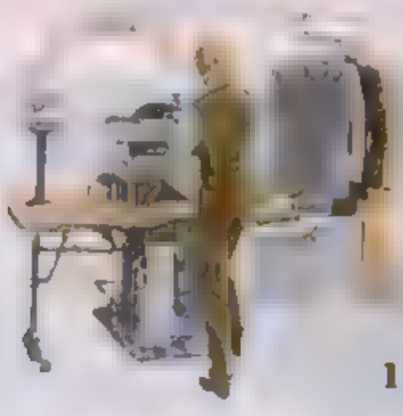
How you can judge pressing service

Examine each suit when it comes back from the pressers. It is properly pressed if the answer to these twelve questions is "YES":

1. Are the shoulders of the coat well shaped; free from wrinkles?
2. Are the lapels pressed to "roll"—not creased?
3. Is the collar reshaped to fit the neck correctly?
4. Are both coat fronts shaped to the chest?
5. Are pockets free from sag; flaps pressed without leaving marks on the coat?
6. Does the coat back hang smoothly?
7. Are the sleeves free from wrinkles, with or without crease, as the wearer desires?
8. Is the lining well pressed; free from wrinkles?
9. Is bagginess at the knees removed; does a firm, sharp crease run the length of the trouser-leg from mid-pocket to cuff?
10. Are trouser-tops pressed and wrinkles removed?
11. Are perspiration odors removed?
12. Is the cloth soft and lustrous; the nap raised?

VALETOR PRESSING

Have your clothes pressed where you see this sign..



HOFFMAN VALETOR DEPENDABLE PRESSING SERVICE

14,371 VALETORS DISPLAY THIS SIGN

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A DOLLAR DOWN

Continued from Page 56

"He went to the phone and had a chat with Mr. Begritch. He came back and said: 'Your boss speaks very highly of you, mister, but we got a business principle here. We want a dollar on every fifty, and a dollar a week.'

"'That would be ten dollars on a hundred-dollar buy,' I said. 'I'll do better yet. I'll give you an order for fifteen dollars on my next pay, and my employer will accept it or you don't sell me a button.'

"I sat down and wrote an order for fifteen dollars payable out of my profits as a traveling executive. He studied it, experimented in abusing me without raising a nickel, and said, 'See what the gentleman wants, Adolph, and I'll step around and get this indorsed. Don't let the goods out of the store.'

"The O'Kay line was cheap and flashy, though the prices were good enough for Fifth Avenue. I managed to find a half-decent lounge suit that would keep its prosperous look for a week, a straw sailor with a gay band in college colors, tan Oxfords, a colored-silk handkerchief and other accessories, and a smart traveling bag of pressed paper. I was standing in the doorway like a dummy, with Adolph holding my coat tails, when Nussbaum came galloping down Sixth Avenue, waving the accepted order.

"I walked northward to Forty-second Street and eastward to the new Almirante Hotel off Park Avenue, and was accommodated with a breezy corner suite of two rooms and bath on the eighteenth floor. I ascended to my apartment, knowing that I should find in its medicine chest the essentials and luxuries of the toilet that are supplied free to the Almirante chain by the manufacturers. With a razor of that excellent sort that is now given away by drug stores with each thirty-five-cent purchase I removed my surplus whiskers. Shaved, shampooed, perfumed and powdered, I descended in quest of breakfast.

"The Almirante is, of course, conducted on the European plan, but it has eight distinct restaurants under its roof, and of these the best is perhaps the grill. I went to it, introduced myself to the manager, and said to him, 'Mr. Schilke, I haven't so much as a thin dime in my pockets, honor bright. How shall we do this? I suggest that you cash me a small check for a hundred or so on a Chicago bank, and that will take care of me with you until I have established a banking connection in your city.'

"'I'd be only too glad, Mr. Pethick,' he said, spreading his hands, 'if only we had facilities for cashing checks. Why don't you speak to the desk?'

"'Pardon me,' I said stiffly, 'I had supposed that I was known. Thank you—I shall make another arrangement. Good day to you.'

"'Excuse me,' he said, holding out a detaining hand while he reached for the telephone. He called the desk; I stood about and looked amused.

"'We can take care of you, Mr. Pethick,' he said then. 'It will be a matter of only a day or so, I take it. Sign your slips.' And he snapped his fingers for the waiters' captain.

"Are you fond of prunes, Conway? Ah, that's a confession, my dear fellow. Prunes and bacon and such commonly contemned stuffs are delicacies to the particular, as caviar is to the general. You must not let slip your next opportunity to try the Almirante grill's Colossal prunes in country cream, nor their Irish bacon with eggs Benedictine. I had a noble breakfast, signed a slip for three dollars and twenty cents, and felt fit to face the world.

"I went to my apartment and scanned the newspaper given me by the hotel, puffing Mr. Schilke's Almirante special and trying to choose among a confusing variety of business opportunities. Failing to make a choice unaided, I determined to have professional advice and I called up one Luis Fongera—the business broker whose advertisement seemed to me the most artfully worded—and told him to call on me.

"It seemed to me that I should risk embarrassment if I depended entirely on this Fongera to carry me about, and I had not a nickel with which to make a Subway turnstile click. I had a word on the wire with a Mr. Jack Milliken, who had advertised his wish to put himself and his brand-new motor at a patron's beck and call for only seven hundred per month, and he came right up.

"He was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, a blubbery and roly-poly young man, but evidently strong and active. He was neatly uniformed in gray, and his appearance commended itself to me. He took off his peaked hat and said bluffly, 'The seven hundred goes, boss?'

"'No objection, if it's once a month,' I said.

"'The boat's downstairs,' he said. 'You can give me a hundred now.'

"'Stop right there,' I said. 'I won't give you a jitney now.'

"'You won't? Then it's all off,' he declared.

"'As you please, young man,' I said.

"'You ought to pay for the gas, too,' he said.

"'Put it on the bill, my boy.'

"'Let me have a twenty now, will you, boss?'

"'Out of the question,' I said, pulling out my pockets demonstratively. 'I haven't got a bull nickel.'

"'Come off,' he growled. 'If you had nothing you'd be putting up a front. Well, I'll take a chance on you for a week.'

"'A month or nothing,' I insisted. 'You'll have to wait for your money just like everybody else.'

"'Absolutely not,' he snapped. 'Besides, you'll kick a pair of shoes away in a month.'

"'Fair enough,' I said. 'Put a set on your bill.'

"He reflected, balancing his possible extortionate profit against the obvious risk. He shrugged his shoulders. 'The car'll be downstairs, boss.'

"Mr. Luis Fongera came up around noon. You know what these business brokers are, Conway. Oh, most of them are very high-class men, filling a genuine and worthy need; but they'd be the first to tell you that their profession has its share of schemers. One of these goes into a lunch room and bakery for his morning coffee and sees the dough-faced proprietor lugging baked goods up from a steamy cellar, and asks him why he doesn't have his head examined when he could just as easily be sitting in a bookstore with nothing to do but to reach a book down from a shelf once an hour and ring up two dollars profit. The broker goes to the secondhand book dealer and asks him what is his theory in eating dust for fifteen hours each day and putting all his winnings back into stock when he could be a nice, clean jeweler, selling only on consignment. The little jeweler, who is generally in the grip of a wholesaler downtown, cannot but admit, when properly approached, that a florist with his own little forcing plant in Jersey has certainly a very soft snap. The florist, who is almost inevitably a Greek, knows a fellow countryman in Brooklyn who turned a German bakery into a Greek *rôtisserie*, and sold it in three months for twenty thousand dollars. Well, the broker moves them all, and then they are sicker than ever, and they make him promise that he will look around again and find them something good.

"Those fellows know something, Conway, about how things can be done. This Fongera had ideas. He was some kind of a foreigner, a thin and dark-faced man with a roguish twinkle in his eye. He said to me, 'How much cash you want to put up?'

"I said, 'Not a sou markee. Any business that can't pay for itself isn't worth having. In fact, I can't put anything up. I'm stone broke.'

"'H'm—wise guy,' he said, looking around my apartment. 'I have thee var-ry thing for you—thee var-ry thing. You like thee furniture business?'

"'I might,' I said. 'I never tried it.'

"'I have worked on these man for months,' he said. 'It can be had, these business, for nine thousand cash, perhaps less. Who knows?'

"'Now, Fongera,' I said, 'don't wander from the subject. No cash from me whatsoever.'

"'You shall see for yourself,' he said. 'May I telephone?'

"He spoke to one Augie Schlombohm, making an appointment to meet him at Forty-second Street and Ninth Avenue at the uptown steps of the Elevated. We rode downstairs and the doorman signaled for my car.

"A turnout that looked like ready money swung in to the curb and my boy Jack hopped down and snapped open the door and stood at salute. Fongera looked approvingly at the car and at me, fluttering his prominent eyelids.

"We picked up Schlombohm at Ninth Avenue. This was a small, round and incurious man, who seemed to know why he had been taken in. He puffed a five-cent smoker, caressed his prematurely bald head with a sweet-scented linen handkerchief, and thought his own thoughts. Fongera did not introduce him to me.

"'These business,' said Fongera to me, 'is var-ry establish. For sixty years; and that is worth ten thousand dollars cash money for these only, as thee credit is always A1.'

"'A good name, eh?' said I. 'That's better than riches.'

"'Not better,' disclaimed Fongera conscientiously, 'but jus' thee same thing. These man could fail for fifty thousand cash money, but he do not understand business. I say these to him for make a joke, and he say he does not do something wrong, but he will sell thee business for fifty thousand dollars. Cheap, Mr. Pethick, with such terms. But he have plenty money. His grandfather and father make thee business and thee money, and these man he jus' keep the store open, and now he wish to retire and sit down. You wait see when some wise guy buy these business and give it thee needle—ah, heavy money!'

"He had given my boy Jack a direction, and we whizzed northward on Ninth Avenue and Columbus Avenue, stopping finally before Halloran, Son & Son's furniture store in the middle of a block in the lower Nineties.

"You know upper Columbus Avenue, Conway. The store frontage is well worth while. The Halloran store was on the east side of the Avenue, and Columbus on that side has skyscraping Central Park West pinned against the Park wall and forced to come across. Fongera said that Halloran owned the old cold-water flat that the store was in, and that he would empty any part of the upstairs that I might want to take over to expand the business.

"We went in and I was introduced to Halloran; we shook hands and he led me back to his office and gave me a good cigar and a statement to look over. He was a spectacled man of about forty-five, with a healthy outdoor look that didn't become a storekeeper; he said, however, that his blood pressure was high and that his doctor had advised him to get out before he was carried out.

"I glanced over the statement, told him that I knew all about Halloran, Son & Son, and that if he would guarantee that statement we could go to the mat on the terms, and I would put my man on the books later to verify.

"I said, 'Your price is pretty steep, Mr. Halloran, but I'm told that that can't be shaded. Sixty-five thousand dollars, eh? Well, Mr. Fongera has told me that it's take it or leave it, so I'm letting it ride.'

"He brightened unobtrusively at being offered fifteen thousand dollars more than he had had the face to ask, and he gave a grateful look to Fongera. 'I want nine thousand cash, Mr. Pethick,' he said. 'The balance of—of fifty-six thousand I'll take on notes, two thousand per month. That gives you over two years to pay. The rent will be four hundred per month and a ten-year lease.'

"'I have one or two minor criticisms to offer, Mr. Halloran,' I said. 'In the first place, there is nothing doing on that cash. In the second place, I am not going to pay you two thousand dollars per month or anything like it until I get the new stock into work. You've been doing a cash business here; I'm going to open up big and sell on time, and I must have a reasonable moratorium while I'm changing over and until my collections begin to snowball.'

"'What do you offer?' he asked.

"Fongera had stepped outside, and now he came to the door and hissed, and I excused myself and went out to him. He had been talking to Schlombohm, who had left us at the street entrance and gone exploring for himself. Fongera whispered to me, 'Sixty-five hundred cash. The top.'

"'Whose money are we discussing?' I inquired.

"'Never mind,' he said. 'Offer sixty-five hundred cash money and no mortgage on the books. Go on back. You're a wise guy, ain't you?'

"I went back to Halloran, and I said to him: 'Sir, I'm a man of few words, but every one of them means 100 per cent. I've always made it a principle to pay an asking price without bartering; in other words, when I am offered a good thing I grab it quick and don't try and cheapen it and risk losing out. By the same rule, when I have to cut an asking price I do it with one blow. The cash will have to be five thousand dollars. Also, the accounts payable are to be mine; your lien can cover the goodwill, lease, fixtures, and so on. In other words, you have to release the stock. You're dealing with a responsible man, Mr. Halloran.'

"Fongera rushed into the room at this, and got excited, and carried on like a good fellow, retailing with histrionic effects what I had said to him in the course of conversations that had never happened, and protesting with anguish that he was a poor man with a sick wife and destitute family, and that if I wouldn't go to sixty-five hundred the ruin of the Fongeras would be upon my head. He also accused Halloran and me of trying to catch him between us and squeeze him, and swore that he would not give up a cent of his commission to save the deal, and that if he agreed to take Halloran's note for half the commission it was all we could ask without wanting to take his heart's blood. You know the indecent way a man of that type takes on, Conway, when he sees a fat commission escaping him, and you know it's all bluff, but that it has its calculated effect on white men. Halloran looked at me with more favor, saying at last wearily, 'Oh, dry up, will you? Where do you bank, Mr. Pethick?'

"'Thee Hudson River Bank,' said Fongera, having the floor. 'You like a reference, Mr. Halloran? These is what we shall do: We shall meet at the Hudson River Bank at three o'clock these afternoon. I shall draw up papers and you shall sign them if you like thee same. If not, it is no harm done to everybody.'

"'See me again tomorrow,' said Halloran.

"'These is today,' said Fongera. 'Tomorrow I find you another buyer, perhaps! If you do not like, I have for Mr. Pethick var-ry good thing, var-ry good and cheap. Do you like to come?'

(Continued on Page 134)

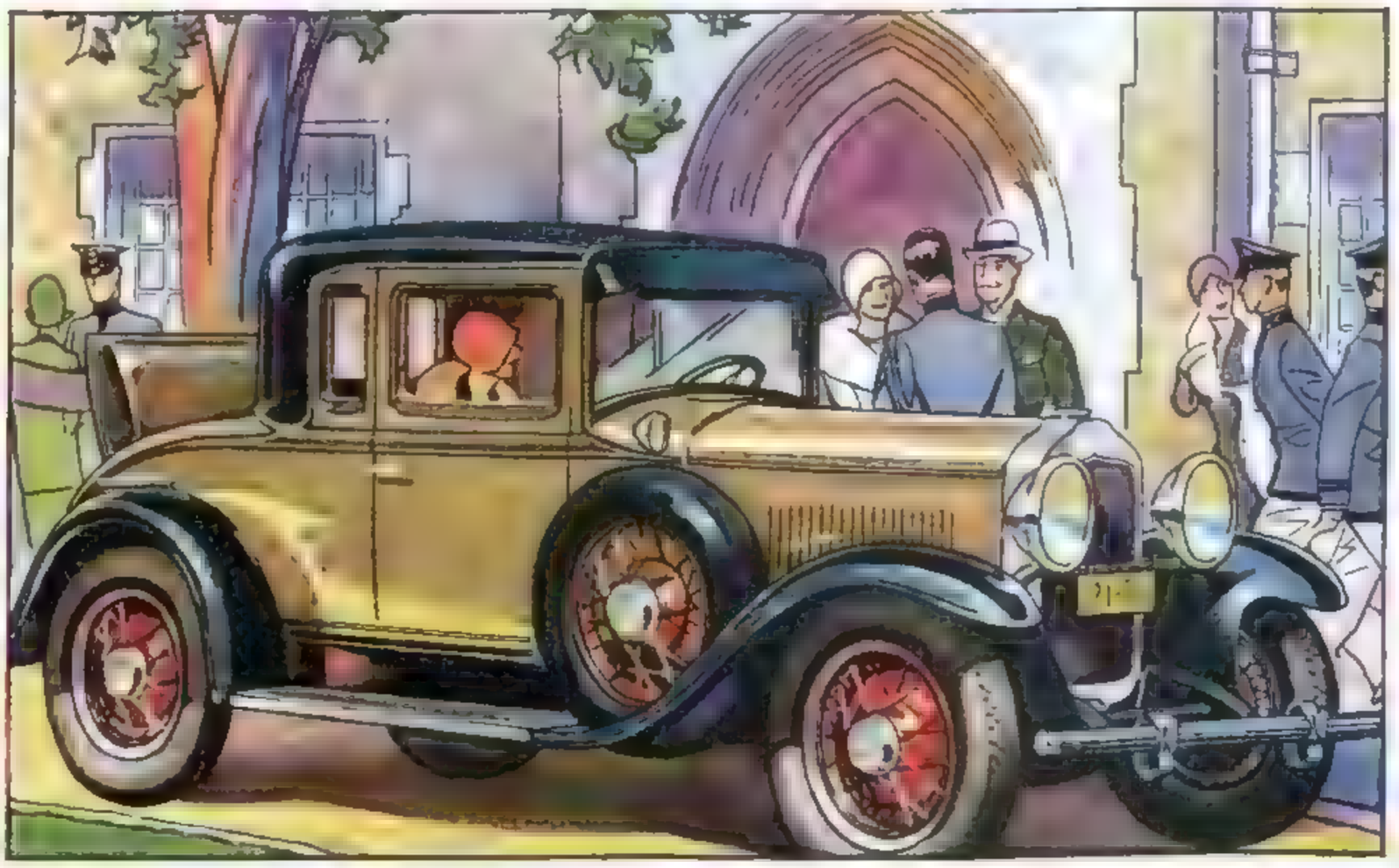
THE DISTINCTIVELY BEAU

IN

WILLYS-KNIGHT
"70-B" COUPE
DE LUXE

$1145

Coach $1045; Sedan De Luxe $1265; Roadster $1045; Touring $1045. Wire wheels included; equipment, other than standard, extra. All Willys-Knight prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice



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TWO SERIES · FROM $1045 to $1895

beauty and style of the new Willys-Knight, power, smoothness and economy of the *nted* double sleeve-valve engine are now avail- in two lines of ultra-modern motor cars— low-priced "70-B" and the luxurious Great ··The brilliant success of the Willys-Knight -B" proves its popularity as the largest, rtest and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low cost · · · The new Willys-Knight Great Six is distinctively different from other fine cars, with an individuality that reveals itself in a higher order of beauty, luxury and performance. Only Willys-Overland, with long years of experience, complete facilities and enormous resources, could have produced so outstanding a triumph of design and engineering.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

WILLYS-KNIGHT GREAT SIX SEDAN, COUPE, 5-PASSENGER COUPE, ROADSTER—*each model*

$1895

Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment

Put on a Coat of HEALTH!

As naturally as you put on a coat of tan in the summer — put on a coat of health all year round! The Puritan V Kote —a real health coat—will give you warmth without weight —protect you from the vagaries of the weather — and look as smart as it is comfortable.

The Puritan V Kote is made of 100% Virgin Wool in 12 smart, guaranteed fast colors. Reinforced at all vital points. Plenty of room to stretch in—but so elastic that it always comes back to its original trim lines.

If you prefer the Pullover style — ask for the "Standish"— made to the same high standards as the V Kote. At good stores everywhere —write for name of one nearest you.

PURITAN KNITTING MILLS Inc. Philadelphia

PURITAN V KOTE

100% VIRGIN WOOL

$5

THE V KOTE FOR V SPOT

(Continued from Page 131)

"'Well,' said Halloran, 'I'll go there and see what the proposition looks like in writing. Where is this Hudson River Bank? I never heard of it. Very well, gentlemen until three o'clock.'

"When we were again in my car I asked Fongera where the sixty-five hundred was coming from.

"'These is of all the easiest part,' he said cheerfully. 'Mr. Schlombohm is an auctioneer. He sell on percentage, or he buy and try and make for himself a little something; he rather buy, and it is better for everybody. These time he wish to buy. See, I have his appraisal in black and white.'

"He handed me a few lines scrawled on the letterhead of the Schlombohm Art & Auction Mart and signed by August Schlombohm. They read substantially like this:

"For stock of household furnishings now on the floor of a Halloran, Son & Son, on Columbus Avenue, I can offer cash for same—$6500. Or for same or equal replacements in thirty days, subject to change and revocation without notice.

"'These Schlombohm ask me why do not I deposit with a good bank like the new Hudson River,' explained Fongera, winking both eyes; 'so at once I know he has a piece, so I ask him how much for he will cash the stock.'

"Fongera was feeling flush. He invited me to lunch, and brought me into one of the new sandwich dives that have sprung up along upper Broadway and treated me to a seventy-five-cent meal that was beyond cavil.

"He told me across the paper napkins that the Hudson River Bank was in all respects a sound and well-found institution, but was painfully new and was positively ravenous for business. It seemed to him that I should be able to make a satisfactory arrangement there, and he offered to accompany me and introduce me. I promised to take his tip, but declined his society, as I did not want him to know more than would please him.

"My boy Jack ate at another table, and showed fruitless ingenuity in trying to get me to pay for his lunch. He brought me his check and sought to interest me in the combination of numbers on it—one, two, three, four, or some such perfectly arbitrary set. He then told me of a game, vouched for by him as quite fascinating, of matching paper dollars to see who should pay for the several meals. He looked a bit sulky when I went out to him later, but I was sure that habitude would make him insensible to such small and only too-well-merited rebuffs.

"He drove me to the new Hudson River Bank, which had for quarters a converted saloon on Amsterdam Avenue. Workmen were busily fencing in with thwarting bronze the space where had stood the hospitable free-lunch counter; a paying teller's scrutiny and veiled suspicion had replaced the welcoming grin of the bartender, and adding machines rattled where had echoed the midnight choruses in praise of mother, and of young love, and of the green lanes and dewy flowers of Picardy.

"I asked an audience with Mr. Hazeltine, and was directed to an incomplete inclosure wherein an elderly gentleman was showing an awkward mechanic how to set a marble base and have it right. Mr. Hazeltine had held a union card in his day; more recently, and just before deciding that banking was the one dead-sure thing, he had been a prosperous contractor. He was a tall and stooping man with wide and wrinkled hands and a peering smile that flitted over the sunburnt area between his shaggy gray mustache and his narrowed gray eyes. He was—and still is, I believe—president of the Hudson River Bank.

"We shook hands, and I said: 'I wish to open an account in your bank, Mr. Hazeltine. It has been highly recommended to me.'

"'We'll be mighty glad to have you, Mr. Pethick,' he said, and went to opening and shutting the drawers of his handsome desk. 'Let me see where we keep those blanks. . . . Henry, can you find me one of those blanks for new depositors? Look around out there.'

"'I shall open the account with this check,' I said, tendering him another example of the fine work that the Occidental Banknote Company had done for the Chicago bank. I had paused outside to make this one out for twelve thousand dollars to my own order, signing it Midas Leroy.

"'The blank need not delay us,' he said. 'You can fill it out another time. Are you in business in the neighborhood, Mr. Pethick?'

"'I am just taking over Halloran, Son & Son over on Columbus Avenue,' I explained. 'This place will be most convenient, and I propose to use it for all purposes. I may need some financing from time to time.'

"'That's our business, Mr. Pethick,' he said cordially.

"'In fact,' I said, coming to the sticking point, 'I could use you at once, if mutually agreeable. Mr. Halloran is to meet me here at three o'clock for a final conference, and I'm inclined to think that we will close forthwith, since the terms have already been arrived at. I am to pay him sixty-five hundred dollars cash, and my thought is that you might wish to advance that sum.'

"'On what?' he said, less cordially. 'Not on this twelve-thousand-dollar check.'

"'On this,' I said, passing him Augie Schlombohm's written offer. 'The stock in hand has been permitted to run down very much, but there is what should appeal to you as the best of proof that it is worth at least sixty-five hundred dollars under the hammer. I expect to build the stock up to sixty or seventy thousand dollars within two months, let me say. My thought is that you should tide me over by accepting my note for sixty-five hundred dollars, to be collaterally secured by a chattel mortgage on the stock.

"'This,' I said, 'will be purely a temporary arrangement until that check goes through, or until I draw in cash from other sources. Then I'll take up the note and mortgage, if you so desire. I shall not open up for business within the week, so that the stock will stay put. You run no risk, Mr. Hazeltine.'

"'I don't like it, to be perfectly candid,' he said apologetically.

"'Don't let me press you,' I said, shoving back my chair. 'It was good of you to let me have this talk, even if you don't care for the business. I understand how you feel, and your scruples against even a suggestion of kiting do you honor. However, the condition is that I cannot do business in any other way at this precise time.'

"I picked up the Occidental's check and Morris Nussbaum's hat.

"'I don't say that, Mr. Pethick,' he said quickly. 'Let me mull this thing over a bit. I'll talk to Mr. Schlombohm at once. By the way, he is one of our board.'

"'A hunch,' I said, laughing.

"He called up Schlombohm on his desk telephone, finding in this occupation leisure and excuse to scrutinize me in detail. His talk and his study seemed to satisfy him, for he said then: 'Our attorney will be in the bank during the afternoon, Mr. Pethick. I imagine everything will be quite all right.'

"'Good,' I said. 'I am sure that we are beginning a relation that will prove permanent and mutually advantageous. You do not see any point in acquainting Mr. Halloran with all our business?'

"'No.'

"'Then he need not know where his money comes from, I take it. And you will so advise your attorney, of course.'

"He let me have a deposit slip and I filled it out and indorsed the twelve-thousand-dollar check over to the Hudson River Bank. He entered the sum in a deposit book and handed it to me, asking me what size check book I cared to have.

"'None at present,' I said. 'I don't propose to use one.'

"That amused him. 'For your peace of mind as a depositor,' he said jollily, 'I can tell you that we don't pay on such checks until they go through.'

"'Agreed,' I said. 'And for your peace of mind, Mr. Hazeltine, let me tell you that I should not accept a penny of that check, nor anything of value based on it. I may be over-scrupulous, but that's my way. In executing the papers prepared by your attorney I shall be vigilant to see that that check is made in no way the basis of credit.'

"'It will not be, Mr. Pethick,' he assured me cheerfully."

Pethick paused to strike another match He looked at his rekindled butt with a sad and patient smile. Pethick is a queer sort in that he holds no grudge against people he has gypped.

"So you put it across, Pethick," I anticipated. "You never told me that you had been in the furniture business."

"I have been, though, Conway," he said. "I was for some time, to all intents and purposes, the owner and manager of Halloran, Son & Son, a small but old and creditably known house.

"Mr. Hazeltine, foreseeing a profitable connection, helped me, so far as he could in fairness, to put Halloran at his ease; he did not vouch for me, whatever Halloran's inference may have been. Had I found him even more eager to do business and to impress his board, I should have asked him to accept my note for five or ten thousand dollars more, holding against my inflated balance a check to the bank that I would give him; such finagling has been done, Conway, but never by bankers of a nice sense of honor, and never, I feel sure, by Mr. Hazeltine. However, he slapped my shoulder when I introduced him to Mr. Halloran, who was watching the unseeable and weighing the imponderables.

"Fongera had arrived; I left my interests in his care when the group went into the board room, trusting that he would tell no outrageous lies in order to cinch his commission, but feeling well assured that he would say all that could be said. I stayed outside for a preliminary word with the local representative of a Michigan manufacturer of furniture. This man had got the wire that there was to be new blood in the moribund Halloran, Son & Son, pepping up the house.

"'Give us a chance at the business, Mr. Pethick,' he urged, crowding me up against a window. 'Halloran, in there, is a fossil, between you and I; he's still playing for the brownstone fronts. People nowadays, and especially in your neighborhood, want light and snappy stuff to fit their kitchenettes and dinettes and apartmentettes, and not kill a hundred-dollar bill twice a year when the rent concession is played out and they got to move again. We got a new gadget out at the factory that's going to be your leader when you stock it. It's a combo bed, bathtub, dining and library table and garbage safe—the very thing to park the dog or put up a guest who can't navigate. As a bridge prize it's the cat's. Let me show you what I can do for as little as ten thousand dollars.'

"'What's your terms?' I asked.

"'Write your own ticket,' he said. 'Let us have, say, 10 per cent with the order, 10 per cent on the bill of lading, 30 in thirty days ——'

"'I'm buying for cash,' I said, 'and I'm not interested in long terms. I'll do better. I'll give you nothing with the order, nothing on the bill of lading, but once I get the goods on my floor you can write your own ticket.'

"'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but——'

"'Young man,' I said stiffly, 'Halloran, Son & Son have been in business for sixty years, and have never failed to discount their bills. If a reputation like that means nothing in the trade, I'm buying wrong. Tell me so point-blank, and then go in and sell Halloran, because he will still be the proprietor. I don't mind confessing that the piece of furniture you have mentioned sounds like a stem winder, or would with a radio attachment to plug in on, either direct or alternating, and I might give you a trial

(Continued on Page 137)

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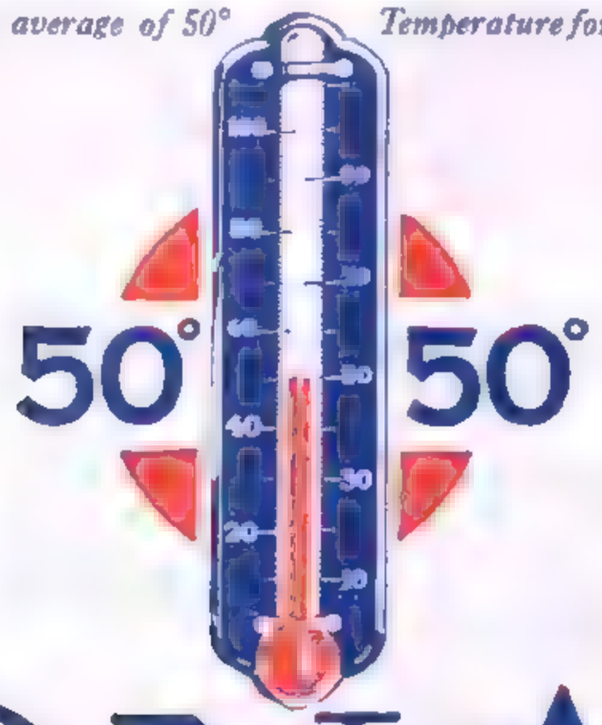

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The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

–goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 134)

order up to fifteen thousand. We're going to open up big, young man, and the people who share the lean with us just now are going to cut into the fat.'

"'Oh, we know the house,' he said, 'and we've been trying to sell it for years. I will throw off the 10 per cent with the order.'

"'You heard me,' I said. 'Goods on the floor, money in the hand. If you can meet that come to see me tomorrow morning.'

"'I would certainly like to land the account,' he said. 'I will shoot a wire and come in to see you. You can let me have a statement, can't you?'

"'Sure,' I said. 'I haven't a cent. The clothes on my back came from a dollar-down house, and they didn't get the dollar. I hate night air, but last night I slept in Bryant Park. Need any more?'

"'Ha-ha-ha!' he laughed respectfully. 'The way you said that, Mr. Pethick, was a yell. Well, you're busy now and I'll see you tomorrow.'

"I knew, Conway, that I would have no trouble in assembling merchandise, once I could sign myself Halloran, Son & Son. Once I was meshed in a web of credit I would be sitting pretty; the people who would be supporting me couldn't afford to let me down, since that would mean filing a petition and getting a lawyer-politician as receiver, with a final dividend of two cents on the dollar. I'll tell you another time about a big loft building I put up with a 100 per cent loan from a bond house, where I lost my nerve three times and lammed off, and every time they hunted me down and brought me back and begged me to go ahead with their money and not to make them foreclose; you'll understand that.

"Halloran's lawyer came out twice and asked me where I got off to require Halloran to lift his lien from the inventory and the accounts payable when I wasn't putting up the value of the stock. Well, I couldn't tell him that, and I didn't attempt to. Talking about such unsound practice would only make it worse, and if Halloran wouldn't do it in hope of grabbing fifteen thousand dollars more than he was entitled to I couldn't show him where he was wrong. They sat around and listened to Fongera's bilingual hysterics, and finally somebody came out and said it was a go, and we could sign up, and the papers would be impounded until my man had O. K.'d the books.

"While the lawyer was dotting the *i*'s and crossing the *t*'s I beckoned to Fongera to follow and walked out of the bank. The deal had been a strain on me, and now that it was cinched I was decidedly in need of a shot in the arm. There was a cigar store across the way with a window dressing that blanketed the interior and made it look like a speakeasy. I went over there and had a look behind the apparent camouflage.

"The place was a bona-fide cigar store and no blind pig. While I waited for Fongera I looked at some cigars and fancied a big after-dinner Havana. In a momentary aberration of the intellect I selected a torpedo-shaped weed, bit it, lit it, and had a fortifying puff.

"Fongera did not come. I said to the cigar man—a starveling who had been embittered against the world by the price cutting of the chain stores—'I'll be right back. I'm stepping across the street.'

"'Let me have a dollar for that cigar, mister,' he said.

"'I'll be right back,' I said, browbeating him. 'You're not worrying about your measly dollar, are you?'

"'Yes,' he said without shame. 'If you're going over there I'm going with you.'

"We walked across the street and entered the Hudson River Bank. I saw Fongera, and I seized him and said offhandedly, 'Fongera, I have nothing but big bills and I owe this man a dollar for this cigar. Give it to him, will you, like a good fellow?'

"'Certainly,' said the broker. 'Come with me.' And he led me to the teller's window and said, 'These gentleman wish to change a bill.'

"'That's what we're here for,' said the teller courteously.

"'Pshaw,' I said, betrayed into a false situation, 'I want a dollar cash, that's all.'

"He hesitated, and the cashier noticed his embarrassment and stepped forward. 'Yes, sir. What was it, sir?'

"'Let me have a dollar,' I said with a trace of irritation. 'Mr. Hazeltine knows it's all right.'

"'One second, please,' said the cashier, heading for the president's room.

"The board-room door was open. Halloran strolled out to find what held us, and asked what the matter was.

"'The matter is,' said the cigar man, 'that this gentleman bought one of my cigars and didn't pay for it. And if it ain't paid for I'll make trouble.'

"'Don't make so free, my man,' I said. 'Halloran, I find I came away without my wallet, and this fellow is annoying me. Let me have a dollar for an hour, will you, kindly?'

"'This is your bank, Mr. Pethick,' said the man who was about to agree to let me owe him fifty-six thousand dollars. 'I'm sorry to seem disobliging, but it's a matter of principle with me to never make personal loans. Lend a friend and lose him, you know. Sorry.'

"'What is it, Mr. Pethick?' asked Mr. Hazeltine, appearing back of the bronze grille. 'Mr. Tyler says you have a note to change, but that there is some difficulty. Let me see the note.'

"'By jingo, I wouldn't have missed this!' I cried merrily. 'Isn't it fun? My chauffeur is outside in my car. Wait, gentlemen.'

"'Not me,' said the cigar man, dogging my heels.

"My boy Jack popped out when he saw me, and held the door for me, standing at attention. 'Jack, my boy,' I said to him bluffly, 'let me have a dollar. Quick!'

"'Let you have what?' he said, standing at ease. 'You want to borrow a dollar from me? Absolutely nothing doing.'

"'There's going to be trouble, mister,' warned the cigar man, fearing that trade was passing his door.

"Well, Conway, what could I do? It was a farcical situation, but I had acknowledged the debt and I couldn't get rid of that confounded nicotine poisoner without getting the dollar. I was wearing an imitation Malacca stick for which I was indebted to the O'Kay people in the sum of seven dollars. I sprang nimbly into my car and said curtly, 'Push along there, Jack, until you see a pawnshop!'

"'No, you don't,' said the cigar man, crowding in after me.

"Jack leaped to his seat and we darted away from the bank. I was trying to talk sense into the cigar man, even offering to buy his miserable store and to put him in there as manager at an immoderate salary, when Jack stopped the car and opened the door and reached for me.

"'But this isn't a pawnshop,' I protested nervously.

"'Come out, you big lobbygow,' he said, closing on my ankle.

"'You're right, chauffeur,' said the cigar man, pushing me. I consented then to descend, and they escorted me between them into the local police station.

"'What's the charge?' asked the lieutenant when we three stood below the desk.

"'This big stiff,' said my boy Jack, 'hired my car out there today for seven hundred a month, gas and repairs. Well, just now he walks out of a bank—out of a bank, I'm telling you—and wants to loan a dollar off of me. The charge is he ain't got a dollar to his name.'

"'That's no crime,' said the lieutenant, 'or half New York would be in here the night before payday. When was he to pay you?'

"'At the end of the month,' said my boy Jack, thinking to make things worse.

"'If you agreed to that, it's your misfortune,' said the officer.

"'All right, but what about me?' put in the cigar man. 'He bought that cigar in my store, and he didn't pay me for it.'

"'Well?' said the lieutenant to me.

"'Officer,' I said hotly, 'I'm a capitalist. I've just arranged to buy a big furniture store—the store of Halloran, Son & Son—and they're trusting me for fifty-six thousand dollars. The Hudson River Bank over here is lending me sixty-five hundred dollars, and has a check payable to me for twelve thousand. Is it likely, I ask you——'

"'Do you want to call any of those people up?' he interrupted. 'It's all the same by me, so long's the man get's his dollar.'

"'I'll withdraw the charge for a dollar,' said the cigar man.

"I thought the chances over, and said, 'No, I won't call them up. It's too late now.'

"'Disorderly conduct,' said the lieutenant. 'I'll book him for the night. Be in the police court tomorrow morning, fellow. But if he raises the dollar I'll turn him out, so give me a ring first.'"

Pethick lapsed into silence.

"So you spent the night in the cooler," I said.

"I did not, Conway," he said. "I saw no percentage in taking five dollars or five days, so I called up the O'Kay people and told Nussbaum to come and get his clothes if they were worth a dollar to him. He came around and hoped to lag me for something serious, but the lieutenant pointed out that it wasn't wrong to buy clothes on tick. He put up the dollar and led me back to the hotel for the rest of his goods, and then he watched me swap over into my old clothes, and I spent the night beneath the stars of Bryant Park. I need not tell you that I have long since discharged in full the petty debts that I incurred during my experiment with the furniture business. I sincerely trust, Conway, that your circumstances will never be so necessitous, but if they are, you will find in my story a precept for you and all other harassed borrowers."

"I'm not waiting," I said satisfiedly. "I see a moral now."

My intending house buyer had just come into the office, leading with him friend wife.

"Meet the frau, Mr. Conway," he said. "She wants to hear about that house."

"Never mind about the house," said the lady. "It will be all right about the house if it is all right about the terms. How do you make out that it is like paying rent, when you are asking for twenty down and twenty in two weeks and us right in the beginning of the summer? And if we don't like the house, how do we know we get our money back?"

"Why, madam, you pay your landlord on the first, don't you?" I protested. "And if you move out, you don't get your money back."

"Oh, no, Mr. Conway," she said. "We don't pay our landlord till the last of the month anyway, and, what is more, this is right in the beginning of the summer and we can get free rent anywheres we move until the first of October. So if your house is in the country we will take it, but we got to have free rent until October and then we will see how we like it. Fair is fair."

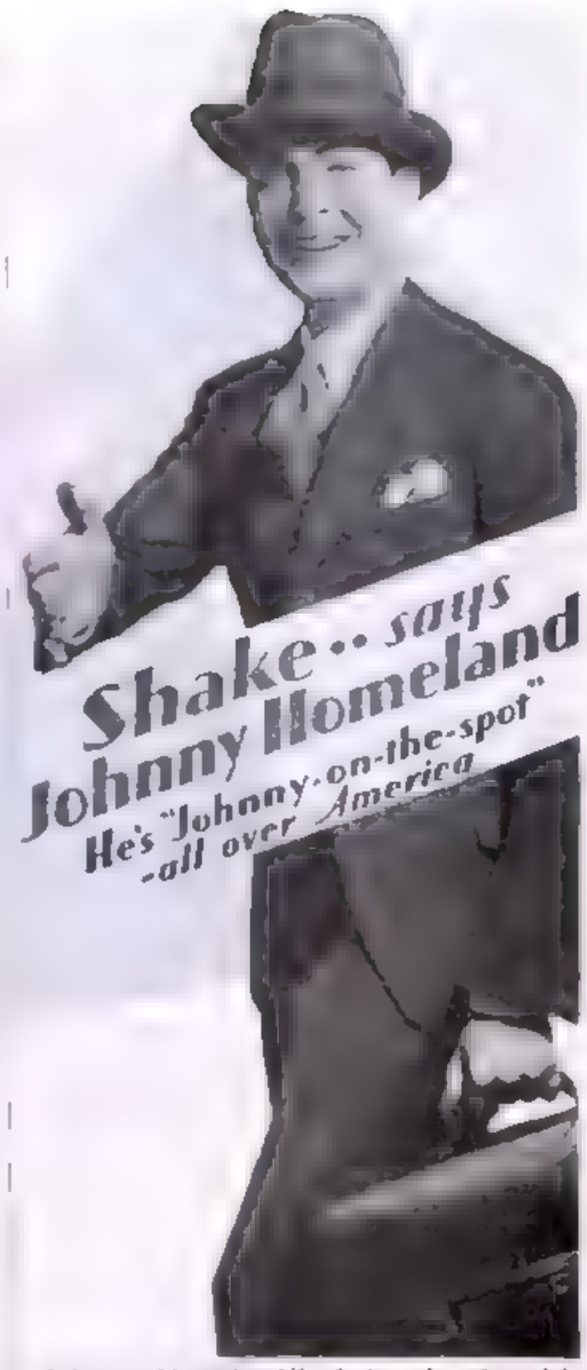
"Absolutely," I said, figuring. "I like the way you talk, madam, and I'll make you another proposition. I'm willing to give you the deed, but I want protection. It would cost me three hundred to foreclose, three hundred for lost rent, two hundred to repair and redecorate, and two hundred and fifty brokerage, to resell. Well, say an even thousand. Let me have a thousand cash and move into home, sweet home."

"A thousand dollars!" she gasped indignantly, getting up. "Of all the crust. You'd think we were buying the house."

"That was my impression," I said, ushering them out. "My mistake."

Pethick winked his indorsement of my harsh terms. "But I must be moving, Conway," he said, rising, "and I might run across a dollar. Can't I tell that Queens builder something to think over seriously?"

"You can," I said, crossing the prospect off the list. "Tell him about the furniture business. Much obliged, Pethick. Good day!"



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TIDE FLATS

(Continued from Page 52)

of sea food as the tides had left stranded. Thousands of crows joined the gulls in this scramble, adding their harsh voices to the screaming clamor of the sea birds. Luckless crabs, scuttling for cover, were seized, their shells crushed by sturdy beaks, and their white flesh swallowed by ravenous birds. Flopping fish were seized and sacrificed by thousands. Clams and other mussels had been thrown up and left stranded there in great numbers. The more vulnerable were disposed of promptly. Some, larger and with more heavily armored shells, resisted the bills of gull and crow. But the wily black crows were quite able to cope with so trifling a matter. Seizing some mussel in its bill, a crow would flap aloft, drop the shellfish upon some expanse of tide rock; swooping down behind it in order to be first to reach the prize after the mussel's shell had been crushed by its fall to the rocks.

Seldom did any bird remain in undisputed possession of any prize save one which it could swallow at a single gulp. Of all the feathered tribes, the fishing folk are preeminently the most quarrelsome of birds. Gulls like, apparently, to unite in screaming battalions to chase one of their number who has secured a prize in preference to fishing on their own account. The frigate bird lives by attacking other birds high in the air, forcing them to regurgitate freshly swallowed fish, then swooping with unbelievable speed to retrieve the falling morsels before they strike the water. The kingfisher will chase with chattering shrieks a fellow or even a mate who has made a catch. The tide flats at the head of Zachar Bay were the scene of a hundred quarrels a minute as the shrieking, feathered hordes followed down in the wake of the receding tide.

High above the clamor, cutting through it as the notes of a bugle cut through the combined tonal volume of violins and saxophones, sounded the clarion cries of a pair of black oyster catchers. And Kreech, as if to punctuate the concert, at intervals gave voice to his high-pitched yelp.

When the flats had been denuded of prey and the last fish had been caught out of the shallow rock basin, the clamor subsided. The scoters rose with a tremendous roar of wings and headed back to rest upon the open sea. The cormorants roosted in numbers on jagged rocks that rose above the surface of the bay. The crows winged back to the timber and the gulls nestled down in great flocks on the rocks, the flats or along the shore, and slept. The gaudy harlequins, too, came ashore to rest; the members of each flock aligning themselves, side by side, in a line as straight as the barrel of a rifle, frequently choosing a stranded drift log near the water's edge or a protruding snag a few feet above the water upon which to line up for sleep.

Kreech flapped his great wings and took off from his perch, circling gradually aloft and gaining elevation until he was but a tiny speck in the blue. Then he rested, soaring in lazy circles on almost motionless wings. From this point of vantage he could see grotesque puffins and little knots of scaup ducks on the waters of the bay. Other marine life was in evidence as well. Hair seals swam lazily about. A whale came up to spout and sounded again. A school of porpoises played and gamboled gracefully down the course of the narrow bay, while several blackfish, or killer whales, those wolves of the deep, cruised up the inlet, their tall back fins cutting the water.

Kreech chose this fisherman's paradise at the head of Zachar Bay as his own. He began to consort with a young female eagle who frequented the spot, roosting near her every night. He mated with Kreechin, the she eagle, in the spring of his fourth year. Mating, with an eagle, means forming an alliance for life. The great American eagle is a devoted consort. Kreechin selected her home site, the triple forks of a mighty cottonwood on the flat at the mouth of the smaller creek. She chose a dead stick an inch in diameter and some five feet long, carried it to the nest site and wedged it in the forks. She inspected it from every angle, shifted it about and at last was satisfied, sailing away to gather more material. The first foundation stone of the new house, so to speak, had been laid.

Kreech joined her on the next trip, carrying a sizable stick and wedging it across the other. The pair of them worked steadily between spells of fishing, and the nest began to take on shape. Eventually a huge affair of sticks some five feet or more across the top and almost three feet in depth had been fashioned. There was a depression in its center, a few smaller sticks and several shreds of bark constituting the only lining.

In this depression Kreechin deposited two great greenish-white eggs and nestled herself upon them. Kreech brought fish to her when she was disinclined to leave the nest. When she did elect to soar aloft for exercise or to take a fishing trip on her own account, Kreech sat upon the eggs until his mate returned. Often he stood perched on the edge of the nest or upon an adjacent limb of the cottonwood in order to be near the mate of his heart while she kept the eggs warm. When the two sprawling, downy chicks came from the shells, Kreech winged high overhead and his piercing, triumphant scream floated among the wild peaks of Kodiak.

McDonald saw this pair of old settlers first when they had been wedded for perhaps fifteen years or more. The nest had been added to from year to year until it had become a huge affair some six feet across and of about the same depth. McDonald was a fisherman who had settled on an arm of a small bay—more of an indentation, perhaps—on the coast near the mouth of Zachar Bay. There he conducted a private cod saltery, salting and curing his own catch. Once in six months the little mail steamer that plied those parts sent a ship's boat ashore to take off the few tons of salt cod that McDonald had accumulated. On that particular winter, McDonald had elected to trap for fox and otter along the stream that flowed into the head of Zachar Bay.

The northern winter had clamped down. The snow had crept down to the water line and still the blizzards raged over Kodiak and all the North Pacific. Screeching gales lashed the waters of the bay into frenzy and the salten spray froze in frowzy and grotesque festoons on the overhanging brush and trees along the shore. The ice king reigned.

The salmon runs had ended long since. Fewer fish came up with the tide to be trapped in the shallow basin or to be left stranded on the tide flat at the ebb. It was the lean season of the year for the feathered fishing clans.

McDonald chose a clear day when the storms had subsided to ascend Zachar Bay in his gas boat, make camp and prepare to string out his traps. Eagle nests were no novelty to McDonald. He had seen hundreds of them. The whole Alaskan shore line and all the offshore islands literally swarmed with eagles. It was not even the fact that the huge size of the nest in the big cottonwood across the arm from his camp indicated considerable age that interested him. Rather, being alone in an ice-bound world, it was the sense of companionship that he derived from watching the activities of the two eagles during his idle moments.

If the majority of feathered fish folk are robbers, then the American eagle is the chief robber baron of them all. During these winter days of famine, every fish that was left stranded upon the tide flat occasioned a most strenuous quarrel as a swarm of gulls contended noisily for the prize. Toward every such turmoil, either Kreech or Kreechin dived at once. In every instance, provided that the scene was reached while a morsel of the prey remained, the eagle came off victor and appropriated the spoils while the gulls screamed their rage. All these matters came under McDonald's observation.

One day a gull seized a sizable herring in the open water of the bay and sought to fly away with it. Instantly, a flock of raucous-voiced contenders formed round it. Into this wheeling, screaming throng Kreech dived and struck at the gull. The fugitive banked and avoided the vicious talons. Kreech wheeled and struck again. In order to save its own life the luckless gull was forced to drop the fish, and Kreech seized the herring as it struck the water. McDonald, watching this robbery and others of similar nature, named the two eagles who owned the big nest the Pirates of Zachar Bay.

Kreech and his mate wintered through by fair means or foul, by their own piscatorial efforts or by practice of piracy, as the case demanded. Spring came again with its days of plenty, and by the time the two young had hatched, early summer had brought the first run of spawning salmon. The streams were packed with silvery hordes of fish struggling upstream toward the spawning grounds. They came in tens of thousands, until the streams were choked with them. The trout followed in great numbers to feed upon the eggs and fry of the salmon hordes. Kreech found life a matter of indolence and easy meat.

When McDonald came to trap again another year there were three other eagle nests in the cottonwood flats. Within five years more than twenty great nests graced the little flat.

"Regular eagle rookery," he commented. "Never did see so many in such close quarters."

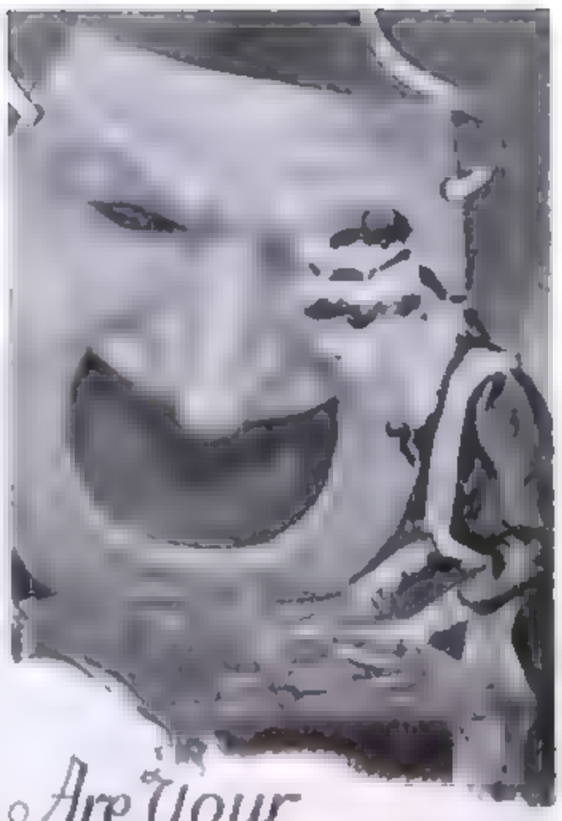
McDonald, in common with the vast majority of residents of the Alaskan coast, was firm in his belief that the American eagle subsisted entirely upon fish. Like others of his kind, he scoffed at the assertions of outsiders to the effect that eagles also resorted to killing game. He'd seen thousands of eagles and never once had he seen an eagle eat anything but fish; wherein McDonald was mistaken.

The food supply determines primarily the life habits of beasts and birds of prey in various localities. Generally speaking, they subsist upon the variety of prey that is easiest to obtain—within certain natural limits, of course. And the American eagle is a versatile bird; one quite capable of adapting himself to any environment, if left unmolested by man. He is, first of all, a meat eater and a bird of prey—and he cares little what sort of meat he eats or upon what variety of creature he preys.

The inhabitants of the plains country—those who have seen the eagle preying upon the jack rabbits and other denizens of the open prairies—would be apt to scoff at the assertion of an Alaskan to the effect that an eagle is a marvelous fisherman; they might even smile, in fact, at the belief that an eagle ever ate fish at all. But wherever you find him the American eagle is a mighty hunter.

On the plains he has been known to slay young antelopes on many occasions. There are well-authenticated instances of an eagle, swooping like a bullet from above and behind, and striking a coyote so savagely in the loins and spine as to be able to kill the surprised and partly paralyzed animal. And the coyote is a doughty warrior himself. He kills the bobcat with ease. It is evident, therefore, that the eagle is a fearsome hunter. Those who live in the sagebrush country and who have looked up at the hissing screech of wings to observe a pair of eagles riding down from above with tremendous speed upon a fast-flying sage hen, one eagle behind the other, so that if

(Continued on Page 143)



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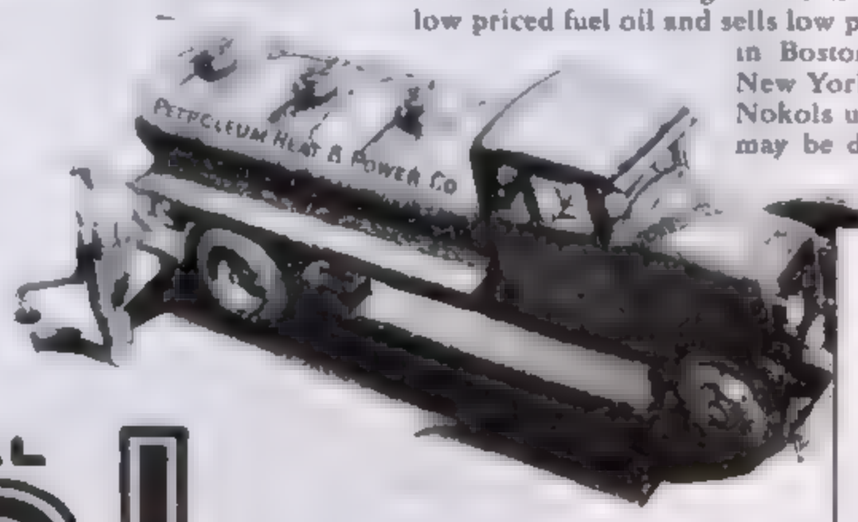

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WARDWEAR is a companion to the nationally known RIVERSIDE tire. We do not claim that it is the equal of RIVERSIDE tires. Obviously, when any concern manufactures or sells three different qualities, its lowest-priced tire should not be compared for quality with the higher price classes. Too much confusion already exists as to what constitutes the different *qualities* in tires . . . and so far as Montgomery Ward & Co. is concerned, that confusion need not exist.

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(Continued from Page 139)

the leading bird missed its strike the following one might score—those who have witnessed such a sight will testify to the fact that the eagle is a mighty hunter of the air. Those dwelling in the Rockies who have seen an eagle strike a fawn or the lamb of a bighorn sheep know him for a hunter of the peaks. In the tundra country of the Northland he slays enormously among the parka squirrels, marmots and other rodents.

Those who know the eagle's ways in such countries no doubt would scoff at the idea that he is the prize fisherman of the Alaskan coastal waters and the fish creeks. To know the American eagle well, one should have known him in many localities.

McDonald, peering one winter day from the frosted window of his cabin, looked out across the sheltered waters of the inlet before his home. Two big eagles wheeled down suddenly from above and the leading bird struck at something in the water. The other bird backed up the first, hovering aloft while the lower eagle followed along a few feet above the surface, apparently peering down into the water. After an interval of two minutes the lower bird struck again and missed. The upper eagle swooped and struck some ten seconds later, as the first climbed to gain elevation. They had changed places, but the tactics were the same.

Kreech, watching from above and behind his mate as she traveled just above the sea, could see the dark streak in the water a few feet below the surface, its course marked by a brilliant trail of bubbles. The quarry dodged and doubled, but Kreechin kept just above it. The harried creature was in evident distress. It rose to the surface and for a split second thrust a head above it, only to dive again as Kreechin struck. She missed, and the quarry darted again toward the surface. Kreech swooped and struck his talons into it and flapped aloft. The two eagles headed back toward the interior of the island.

McDonald grunted with surprise. The quarry was not a fish, as he had supposed, but a sea fowl of some sort. Whether it was a puffin, scoter or sea pigeon he could not determine. But there was no mistaking the fact that it was a diving bird. It was a hard winter and the feathered fishermen were pressed for food. It occurred to the man that an eagle—able fisherman who drops from the sky and strikes an unwary fish that has risen too near the surface before it can submerge again—would have small difficulty in capturing a diving bird. A fish, if missed on the first strike, could go down to the depths and stay down. A sea fowl might dive and swim beneath the surface for minutes, but eventually it must rise for air. When relayed by two eagles and never given opportunity to snatch even a breath of air, being driven below by a vicious strike every time it sought to break water, it very soon would become exhausted and fall an easy victim to the big pirates of the air. These eagles, unquestionably, had discovered the fact that diving birds were easier to secure than fish and had taken to supplementing their diet with sea fowl during the lean winter months. The waters of the sheltered nook before his cabin were particularly clear and unruffled; an ideal spot in which to carry on the hunts for diving birds.

Daily, the pair of eagles appeared and pounced upon some luckless sea fowl. Never did they fail to secure their quarry in the end. McDonald did not know then, of course, that the eagles were those of the big nest on the flat—the ones he had named the Pirates of Zachar Bay. But he discovered it later.

The following winter, as he made camp at the head of the bay preparatory to stringing out his traps, he saw two eagles winging back from the sea. One carried a dead scoter. The pair landed upon the big nest and proceeded to tear the victim apart and make a meal of it. McDonald crossed the inlet and examined the ground beneath the nest. Feathers of many sorts were scattered there.

"Well, the Pirates of Zachar Bay have taught me something new," he said.

Eagles now swarmed at the head of Zachar Bay. Frequently, McDonald saw from fifty to a hundred, old and young, repair to the rocky fish trap at low tide, along with the rest of the feathered horde.

But despite the fact that the eagle is the great American bird and so considered in the eyes of the world, his predatory habits have centered the persecution of man upon him. The farmer shoots him down under the impression that he destroys his lambs and poultry. The hunter shoots him because he is destructive to game. The coyote trapper kills him on sight because of the fact that the eagle, noble pirate that he is, does not hold himself above eating carrion on occasion, and he descends from on high to feed upon the meat bait of the trapper, imprisoning himself in the trap and flapping round until a carefully made coyote set is ruined.

But while the eagles, both bald and golden, had almost disappeared from the States, they still persisted in great numbers in Alaska. The fishermen insisted that a bounty be placed upon them on account of the amount of fish that the birds consumed. Only desultory warfare had been practiced against the eagles of Alaska; but now, upon the passing of the bounty law, it became organized and destructive. Many men began to hunt eagles for the bounty.

Even so, once his fear of man is roused, the eagle is no easy bird to bring to bag. The two-dollar bounty was too small to permit of expensive expeditions. Fishermen and trappers, cruising alongshore in their gas boats, kept their shotguns handy and shot down all eagles that allowed them to draw within range. For more than a thousand miles along the Alaskan coast this bounty hunting was in progress. Many thousands of the big birds were slain. Still, there were tens of thousands left, their numbers apparently undiminished, and the eagles grew more and more wary as time progressed

McDonald shot eagles for the bounty when he had the chance, but he knew the futility of making a business of it. If he were to invade the nesting ground at the head of Zachar Bay, for example, he might secure one good shot and the rest of the birds would depart. It would then involve a long and tedious process of waiting for them to return, warily, one by one, and soon the survivors would decline to return at all. But he welcomed the extra two dollars that was added to his income whenever a lucky chance brought an eagle within range of his shotgun as he went about his business of fishing for cod of summers and following the trap line in the winter.

Kreech recognized the fact that eagles were more and more wary of man. He had been wary of men since those first early experiences, so this new bounty law made no change in his mode of life. Occasionally, some eagle of the colony winged away, never to return. But for the most part, those who resided in the cottonwood flat at the head of Zachar Bay also confined their fishing operations to that same vicinity and, as men seldom came to that isolated spot, the colony suffered but little

The bounty law had been in effect several years when Kreech celebrated his silver wedding anniversary. Just a quarter of a century had passed since he had mated with Kreechin. So long had they been dependent upon each other that both had become almost as one being. Either, without the other, would be but a part of a thing, like a living organism with some of its vital parts removed.

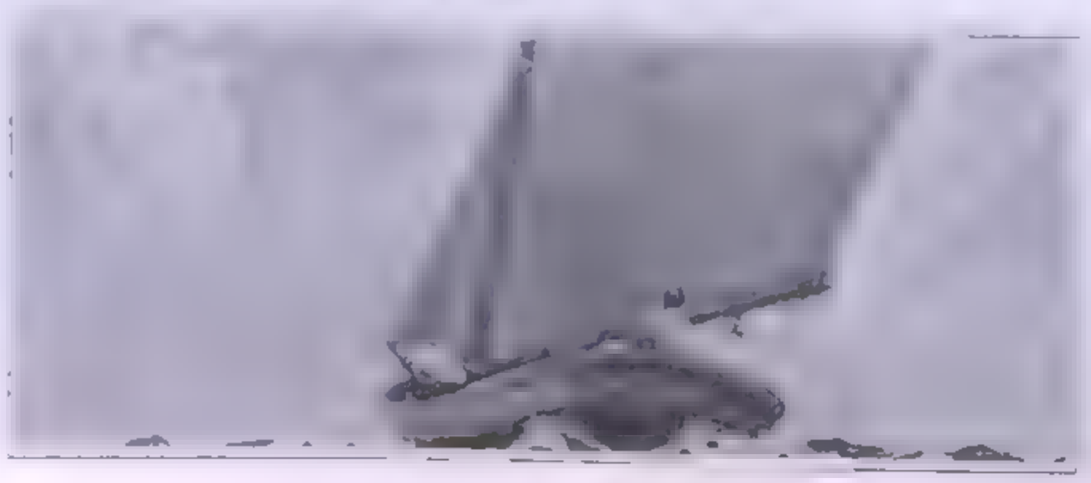
Kreech sailed aloft one winter day. Prolonged storms and raging blizzards had brought about a serious food shortage among the feathered fishing clans. Even the usually placid waters of the sheltered inlet before McDonald's cabin were lashed to continual frenzy and rendered impossible the customary relaying of diving birds by Kreech and his beloved mate. Some distance away a wheeling throng of birds drew Kreech's attention. They clustered in eager swarms about a huge black object on the beach. A raging gale had cast a huge dead whale upon the beach and left it there, high and dry. Here was meat in abundance for all the feathered folk.

Kreech swooped down slantingly toward the spot. Gulls wheeled there in thousands, almost covering the sixty-foot carcass of the deep-sea monster. Not an eagle was to be seen. Ordinarily, there would have been a score or more of them tearing at the whale. The gulls rose in screaming protest as the eagle planed down.

Just as he dropped his forward-thrusting feet to make a landing, some premonition that all was not well assailed Kreech. Perhaps it was the complete absence of other eagles at this banquet of the feathered hordes that occasioned his alarm. His keen eyes swept the edge of the brush behind the narrow strip of beach. The least movement of brightly polished metal caught his eye. Even as his feet touched the whale, he thrust with all his power, propelling himself aloft. The sharp crack of a rifle assailed his ears and the spitting snap of a bullet sounded from just beneath him. That upward spring on the instant of landing had saved his life. As he climbed on flapping wings, the uproar of the startled gulls drifted up to him. They wheeled in shrieking clouds, only to settle again to the feast.

Before he had climbed half a mile, Kreech saw another eagle planing down from the sky to share the feast that Neptune had provided for the feathered tribes. The eagle made a landing. The thin crack of a rifle reached Kreech's ears. He saw the eagle fall from the whale, a limp mass of feathers, and again he heard the startled outcries of the gulls. He winged his way back to the nest and Kreechin, who had been his beloved mate for a quarter of a century.

Because of that dead whale, McDonald had made a stake hunting eagles for the bounty. When he returned from his trapping he found it there, a mile from his cabin, freshly deposited by the recent gale. Already it was covered with meat-eating birds, among them a score of eagles. The possibilities were apparent to him at once. Under cover of darkness, McDonald constructed a comfortable blind at the edge of the brush sixty yards from the dead whale. He roofed it over to protect him from the elements and to hide him from the keen eyes of descending eagles, leaving only a loophole in front through which he might thrust the barrel of his rifle. As each eagle came down from on high, disturbing the gulls and making a landing on the whale, McDonald drew a bead on him. An expert rifleman, he seldom missed at such close range.



An eagle could see the whale for many miles. Also, an eagle is an adept at interpreting the flight of other meat-eating birds. Wherever they head in numbers, there is meat. Day after day, from far and near, the eagles came, and McDonald reaped a harvest.

Before Kreech's visit, which so nearly resulted in his death, McDonald had bagged almost three hundred eagles from his blind near the whale. He had been hunting over it for more than a month. He decided to round out the full three hundred and quit, for the eagles were growing wary and very few now visited the torn and wasted carcass of the whale.

Kreech and his mate eked out a livelihood at the head of the bay. Then one day as Kreechin soared out toward the sea she saw the wheeling flocks of gulls round some dark object. The scene was many miles away, but she sailed swiftly to investigate, then slanted down and made a landing on the whale. A rifle cracked, but Kreechin did not hear it. The high-velocity bullet had struck her full in the breast and shattered her entire body.

"That's the last," McDonald said. "Three hundred even. Some kill. It'll be a long day before it's equaled. And six hundred dollars for a grubstake."

He noticed the great size of his last victim; her mighty spread of wings.

Kreechin did not return to the head of Zachar Bay. For days Kreech soared abroad, above the ragged peaks and far out over the storm-bound sea, repeatedly voicing his piercing scream. But he could find no trace of the one who had been his constant companion for a quarter of a century.

Not until well along in the spring did McDonald head up Zachar Bay in his gas boat to retrieve the traps that he had cached there.

"I'll have a look at the Pirates of Zachar Bay," he decided, and turned his glasses on the giant nest. It was ebb tide and the screaming hordes of birds were busily fishing, a score of eagles among the others. But above nearly every nest in the cottonwood flat a white head was visible. One parent eagle must keep the eggs warm while the other fished. Several nests—not many—were untenanted.

"I reckon I got them over my whale bait," McDonald said. "Hope I didn't get the old pirate or his mate."

No white head was visible above the giant nest that McDonald had known for so long a time. As he watched, a great bird slanted down and landed on a bare limb near the nest and peered at the structure as if searching for something.

"The old emperor himself," McDonald said.

When he came back two days later from gathering the traps cached at various points along the stream, Kreech was still haunting the nest tree alone.

"I must have got the wife over my whale bait," the man decided. "Sorry, too. That's one two-dollar bill I could have got along without, if only I could have knowed which one she was when she landed."

He knew that the eagle, wrestling and trumpeter swans, the Canada goose, the whooping crane and a few other long-lived and magnificent American birds that are rapidly vanishing were reputed to mate for life. Also, he had heard somewhere that when one of these birds loses the mate it will never remate again. He recalled occasional small flocks of very big Canada geese, "hutch geese," the market gunners had called them in the early days. The market hunters had contended that these small flocks of hutch geese consisted of very old ganders who had lost their mates and consorted together for company, refusing to mate again. He guessed maybe it wasn't true. Hoped so, anyway, in the case of eagles.

"Yes, sir, I'd give that particular two dollars back," he said to the distant bird.

As his gas boat chugged off down Zachar Bay he looked back and could still see the ancient white head of the great bird who sat alone above the deserted nest.

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75 handsome Socks keyed to the latest styles

Here you have 'em! The rich, soft colors that are the newest trend. The small, unobtrusive patterns that are the new standard of good taste.

We've room to show only a few—embroidered-clock silks and some of the wools on this page; a few of the fancy silks on the page opposite. But there are *seventy-five* distinct patterns for Fall. The widest choice in Realsilk's history. And, taken together, they're *the style in men's socks for Fall!*

The illustrations suggest the smartness of the complete line. They show, too, a new and exclusive Realsilk feature—*the longest silk leg of any men's sock in America.* And that, together with the patented form-fitting foot, means better appearance, more comfort . . .

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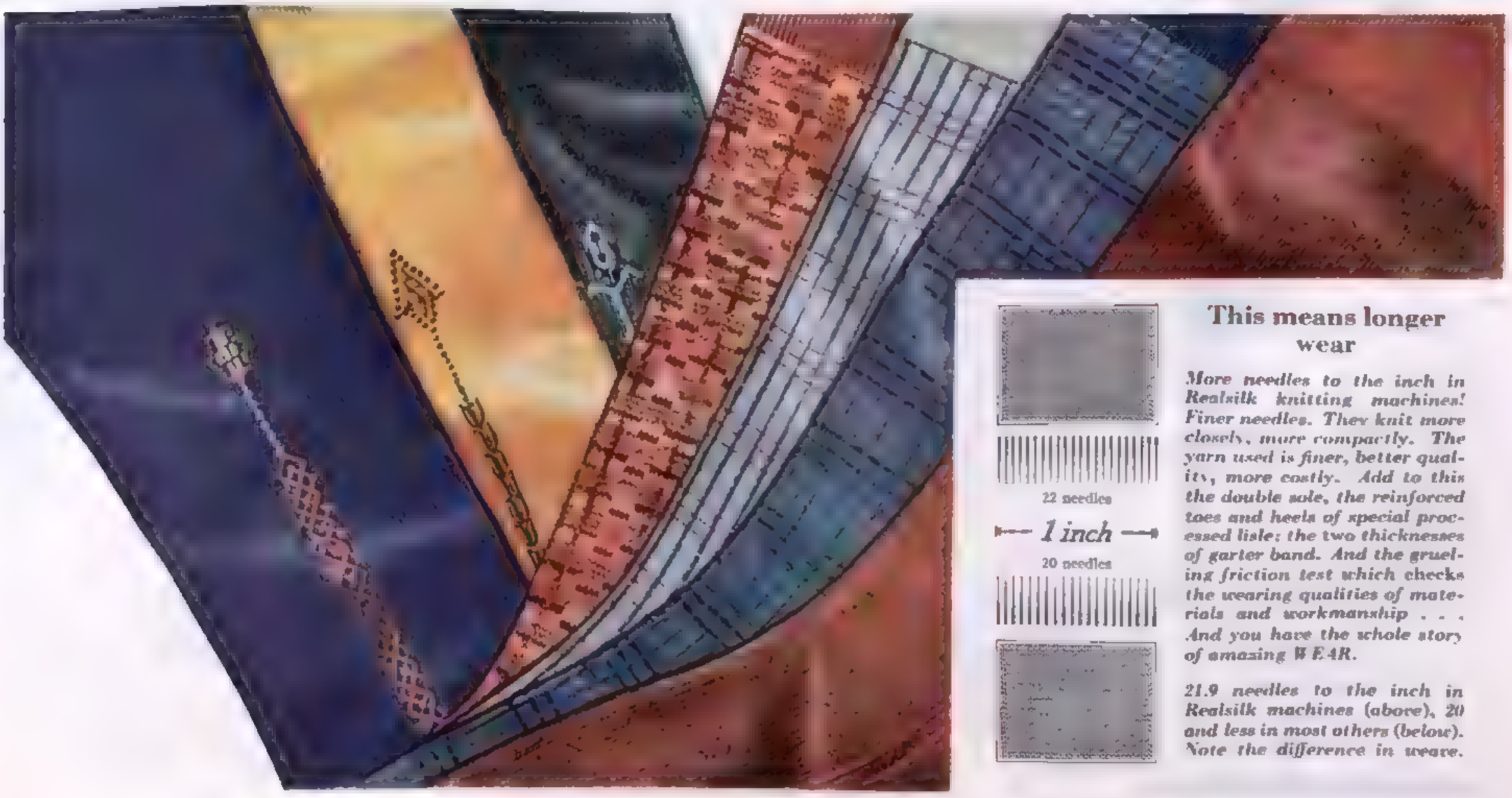

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THE DEVIL ON THE DEEP SEA

(Continued from Page 21)

No doubt, Cartmel, with the future in mind, had given her careful instructions how to behave. Perhaps also, being conscious of the disparity of their ages and aware of the emotional dangers of life on shipboard, he was anxious that no man should run the risk of falling in love with her. In any case, while her manner toward the men in the ship—myself excepted—was extremely stand-offish, she was quite prepared to accept the friendship and, I fear, the flatteries of most of the women.

That, of course, made my performance of Cartmel's request to keep an eye on her much more easy; for female society, even though it mightn't be desirable, couldn't be considered dangerous in the sense that Cartmel feared. Still, among the multitude of friendships with women that Miss Druce made, there was one which rapidly reached an extreme degree of intimacy. Its object, or subject, was a stranger to me; I didn't inquire her name; but, in any case, I couldn't help approving Miss Druce's taste, for her friend was by long chalks the most attractive woman on the ship.

You might almost have imagined that each had chosen the other as a perfect physical foil to set off her own attractions; for, though they were equally well dressed Miss Druce's clothes were "trousseau"—and easily the smartest pair aboard, the sanguine, dark and cameolike perfection of her new friend made a marvelous contrast to the bride's diaphanous charm; she was like a dahlia, all flaming dusky velvet, beside a tender sprig of love-in-the-mist.

The friendship progressed so rapidly that by the time we had entered the Mediterranean these two were never separated. They had such an obvious crush on each other that I chaffed Miss Druce in a friendly way about it.

"But she's charming," she said, "and terribly useful to me. She's given me all kinds of hints about living in Africa. You'd like her. I must introduce you."

"Why, is she East African?" I asked in surprise. You see, on a run like this you soon get to know almost every woman in the colony.

"No, she isn't East African," Miss Druce told me, "but she knows the country right through. Big-game hunting, you know. As a matter of fact, she happens to be an Australian. A widow, poor dear! Her husband's name was Haskard."

"Mrs. Haskard?" I gasped.

Miss Druce looked up quickly. "You've heard of her?"

"Yes, her name does sound vaguely familiar," I told her.

"Well, you'll find her enchanting," Miss Druce said. "You'd better be careful," she added archly. "If I were a man I should just fall desperately in love with her."

As a matter of fact, there wasn't any risk of that. In spite of Mrs. Haskard's undeniable allurements, I should have jibbed, as Cartmel had done, at the Australian accent, which was one that you could cut with a knife, as the saying goes. Besides which, from the first Mrs. Haskard was clever enough to spot me as a potential enemy.

Miss Druce innocently gave me away when she introduced me as "a friend of my future husband's," and that put her on her guard. Still, in spite of all this, I felt that Mrs. Haskard respected me as a foe worthy of her steel. We met pretty often—I made a point of this in view of the watching brief I was holding for Cartmel—but though we were studiously polite to each other, there was always a sense of drawn swords.

You see, I couldn't be certain just what Mrs. Haskard's game was, and I had to go warily. To attempt to separate them, I knew, would be disastrous, and I couldn't attach myself to them so constantly as to be able to know for sure what line Mrs. Haskard was taking. One day, on a rare occasion when I caught Miss Druce alone, I asked her if Mrs. Haskard, in her African adventures, had ever run across Cartmel.

"I don't think she has, or she'd have told me," Miss Druce answered naïvely. "Of course, she's heard of him."

Whatever the game might be, I decided, it was certainly a deep one, unless—and this seemed most improbable—she was playing fair. I determined, in the end, to take Mrs. Haskard for a walk on the boat deck. We talked about the bride and agreed how sweet she was. Then I broke in abruptly: "Would you mind telling me," I said, "just what you're after?"

Mrs. Haskard's hard eyes cut through me like blue diamonds. Then she laughed softly.

"You've been wanting to ask me that question a long time, haven't you?" she said. "What, exactly, do you mean?"

"Well, I know about you and Cartmel," I said. "And Sybil Druce doesn't."

"No, she doesn't," said Mrs. Haskard musingly. "Don't you think that's rather nice of me?"

"Provided you keep her in ignorance," I agreed, "but I'm not at all sure of you. I'm quite candid. Be candid yourself. What is your game?"

"Big game!" she said, with a laugh. "It's quite chilly up here, doctor. I think we'd better go down. I promised to sit with Sybil."

Of course, from that moment I knew it was war to the knife, though I couldn't anticipate what Mrs. Haskard's next move would be. For the present she seemed to be content with our heavily armed neutrality. That evening we went on talking gayly together as if nothing had happened. I danced with each of them several times. Mrs. Haskard was far and away the best dancer aboard the Ismailia; her graces made the poor little Druce look positively hoydenish. Next morning, however, I knew that she had taken the offensive. Mrs. Haskard herself had never been more brilliantly gracious, but when I found Sybil alone, and sat down to talk with her as usual, I found myself faced by a manner as hard and glacial as the Antarctic Barrier. If I had ever hoped to gain her confidence, I realized now that such hopes were a waste of time. She was studiously polite—no governor's wife can be otherwise—but even if I had insulted her, she couldn't have been more remote. She set herself deliberately to freezing me out, and succeeded in doing so within three minutes. There was a malicious joy in Mrs. Haskard's eyes as she took my place.

"What? Must you leave us so quickly, doctor?" she said with sublime impertinence. And Sybil Druce looked at her admiringly, as though that mocking sentence were a proof of her friend's good nature and generosity. What Mrs. Haskard had told her I couldn't guess. I thought probably she had hinted at some monstrous impropriety on my part up there on the boat deck, at something that was too unpleasant even to be defined; or that she might even have suggested that I had made some disparaging remark about Sybil herself. I didn't know until we were almost at Aden. Whatever the cause the result was the same: that while Mrs. Haskard forgiving soul, became more friendly to me, superficially, than ever before, from that moment onward Miss Druce would barely acknowledge my existence. Whatever she had said, it was a first-rate shot, a bull's eye. I was down and out in one! My watching brief for Cartmel was now about as much use as a sick headache.

Once having eliminated me with such easy accuracy, Mrs. Haskard continued to have the field to herself. For the rest of the voyage she kept Sybil Druce in her pocket so thoroughly that the poor child hardly spoke to another living soul. When we went through the Suez Canal, Mrs. Haskard took her up to Cairo. It was a daring venture—to challenge comparison with Sybil's last visit there in Cartmel's company. I suppose she thought that if she could carry that off she need hardly fear anything else. Her enormous vitality mastered and absorbed Miss Druce as completely as a python ingests a dead gazelle. The girl was completely subject, hypnotized, till she seemed incapable of moving, speaking, thinking, independently of Mrs. Haskard. Indeed, as I noticed, she began to look quite ill, with black rings round her eyes, a puzzled expression, and nervous, hesitant movements. As her stewardess told the chief steward, she was sleeping badly. By her appearance I should have said she was heading straight for a nervous breakdown, but her distaste for me was so great that I didn't dare to suggest it. I knew that whatever I said, Mrs. Haskard had the whip hand and would put a spoke in my wheel.

Of course, though I couldn't guess what it would be, I knew that a climax must come. It came, unexpectedly, within twelve hours' steaming of Aden. Mrs. Haskard, most sweetly—too sweetly—solicitous, came to my cabin to consult me.

"Miss Druce is in bed," she said. "She's terribly upset; you could almost call it hysterical. The thought of her marriage has been getting on her nerves. I can do nothing with her myself, so I think you had better see her. Perhaps you might give the poor child a sedative of some kind. I don't think it's really serious, but you never know."

"You might have told me this before, Mrs. Haskard," I said. "You must have known it was coming."

"I wanted to do so," she answered seriously, "but it wasn't so easy as you think. You see, for some unknown reason Sybil has taken a dislike to you."

"Some unknown reason!" I said. "Mrs. Haskard, you know what the reason is as well as I do."

"Oh, well, if you know it, doctor," she said, with a laugh, "I needn't tell you, need I?"

I couldn't help smiling at her effrontery. "You're a clever woman," I said.

She gave me a mocking curtsy. "Thank you," she said. "Shall I tell her you'll come at once? Would you like me to be there?"

"I'd much rather you weren't," I said.

"So would I," she replied.

I found Cartmel's fiancée in a state of violent hysteria. Mrs. Haskard had evidently done her work to some purpose! The girl was no more than a mass of quivering nerves. And my appearance hardly improved matters; it isn't exactly easy to ask favors of a man whom you've treated like dirt for the best part of three weeks. However, Mrs. Haskard had advised her, and that was enough for Sybil.

"I've sent for you, doctor," she said, "because of that letter which Jimmy wrote you and because I know you're his friend. I want to explain to you what I'm going to do, and why I have to do it. I've decided to leave the ship tomorrow at Aden."

"At Aden?" I couldn't believe it.

"Yes, Aden," she said. "You know that my uncle is stationed there. I was staying with him and my aunt when I joined the ship last voyage."

"Yes, I know. But your marriage? The date of the wedding is fixed; the bishop is coming up from Zanzibar on purpose."

"I'm sorry," she said quite calmly. "I'm afraid the wedding is off."

"My dear girl, you must be mad," I told her. "You can't possibly do things like this. If you're not feeling fit, you'd better keep quiet till we get to Mombasa. I'll give you a few doses of something that'll soon pull your nerves together."

She shook her head. "My nerves are all right," she said, "but I've made up my mind. I can't marry Jimmy at all."

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At this point the nerves which were "all right" gave way entirely. "I'm frightened," she said. "Oh, doctor, I'm frightened to death. I've made a most ghastly mistake and I can't go through with it. I'm terribly sorry, but I can't—I simply can't!"

"Why, you're just overwrought," I told her quite gently, though my mind was furious. When I tried to reason with her, it all came out in a spate—all the poison which that devil of a woman had poured into her ears.

"It was a ghastly mistake from the very beginning," she repeated. "I didn't really love Jimmy, doctor, I was only flattered by him—by the thought of being his wife, you know, and all that. But he's twice my age—nearly old enough to be my father. By the time I'm forty, he'll be sixty-three—an old man! And apart from that, you know, we have nothing in common. He's so serious, so wrapped up in his career—things I don't understand. I like dancing and parties and theaters. I'm terribly frivolous, really. And I can't—I can't face the idea of living in Africa, among a lot of horrible savages and snakes and lions. It just frightens me to death! Then there's fever, malaria, sleeping sickness—all those loathsome tropical diseases!"

"But Nairobi, my dear child, is a health resort," I tried to explain.

"Yes, Nairobi's all right, I suppose," she admitted tearfully. "But suppose he got moved to some other horrible place? Even as a governor he might be appointed to some place like the Gold Coast. The White Man's Grave, don't they call it? Imagine going there, being buried there—that's what it comes to—with a man you don't really love, who's twice your own age! Oh, I know I couldn't stand it. I'm not made for that sort of thing. I'm sure I should go off my head. No, the thought is too terrible!"

"Incidentally, you've given him your word," I told her. "Remember that."

"I know. But I was mad when I did it. It was wrong of him not to explain to me what it implied. Jimmy took advantage of my being so young and ignorant. Thank heaven I've realized the folly of it in time!" She dried her eyes with a crumpled handkerchief and became almost businesslike. "That's why I sent for you," she said. "You're Jimmy's friend. When you get to Mombasa you'll be able to explain all this to him. I've written a letter as well; it's over there on the dressing table."

I made one last effort to persuade her. She wouldn't listen to me.

"You may talk for a month," she said, "but my mind's made up now. I can never, never marry Jimmy Cartmel."

"Look here, Miss Druce," I said. "I'm going to be brutal. You've not said one word to me that hasn't been put into your head by this Haskard woman. It's she who's poisoned your mind."

At this she flew off in a fury. "Mrs. Haskard's an angel. The only real friend I've ever had in my life. Understand, I won't hear another word against her. My decision has nothing whatever to do with her—nothing!"

"I suppose she didn't happen to tell you," I said, "that she was in love with Cartmel, that she pursued him all over Africa, and that he turned her down."

For one second Miss Druce's eyes looked puzzled, doubtful. Then she laughed out loud.

"How you hate the poor woman!" she said. "Of course, I know why. I happen to know how you behaved to her that night on the boat deck; and this, I suppose, is your chivalrous way of paying her back. She was right when she said you were a cad! But that makes no difference. Why, even if this fantastic story of yours were true—and I'm sure it isn't—if there'd been anything of that kind I'm positive she'd have told me—it wouldn't make any difference to my not marrying Jimmy. It only shows," she added illogically, "the sort of man Jimmy is and the kind of thing I should have to expect if I ever married him. In any case, doctor," she added, "I'm wasting your time. My mind, as I've told you, is made up. I merely wanted to give you a message, to tell you everything so that you can explain when you get to Mombasa."

"I think you might have the decency," I said, "to give him some warning. You might let the poor fellow down gently by sending him a wireless to say that you're getting off at Aden. Then the shock won't be quite so abrupt."

"Oh, we've done that already," she answered cheerfully. "Mrs. Haskard sent off a message three hours ago." She held out her hand to me. "Good-by," she said, "and thank you."

I left her in a state of cold fury. The whole thing was abominable. It wasn't as if Jimmy Cartmel were a particular friend of mine—to be exact, he was nothing more than a traveling acquaintance—but the thought of that poor devil waiting for his bride in Mombasa, with all the useless silver wedding presents that his colleagues had subscribed for, a new house, ready furnished in Nairobi, and a full-blown bishop coming up in state from Zanzibar to marry him, filled me with something more than pity. It wouldn't have mattered so much, you know, if Cartmel had just been a junior official. But there he was, apart from the governor and the chief justice the most important man in the colony, and his wedding the social event of the season! It wouldn't bear thinking of. And besides all that, I thought of Cartmel's career. A career, in these days of intense competition, is a deuced delicate plant; and nothing in the world is more likely to blight a career than ridicule. Of course, you might say that he'd made such a fetish of it that he'd only got his deserts, but that, after all, didn't alter the human side of the business. The human side, I might add, in which, thanks to Miss Druce's confidences, I was now involved. I was in for a bad quarter of an hour—and that with a vengeance! -explaining to him, in Mombasa, just why he'd been jilted. As a matter of fact, I could do it in one word, or two, rather—Mrs. Haskard. That devil of a woman had obviously followed him to England, heard of his engagement, and taken the trouble to find out on which boat Sybil Druce was sailing. The rest, thanks to her diabolical cleverness and the Druce's innocence, had been just a walk-over. But that didn't exactly mend matters from my point of view or Cartmel's.

When we dropped anchor in Aden, Miss Druce's aunt came off to meet her. That hard-hearted young lady seemed in the best of spirits; escaping, I suppose, from the horrible prospect with which Mrs. Haskard had filled her. The secret had been well kept. When the launch steamed ashore, all the passengers imagined that she was merely landing for luncheon. Just before they swirled out of sight, she stood up in the boat and threw a kiss toward me. An extraordinary thing, I thought, considering how we had parted. As I raised my hand to salute, I heard a low laugh by my side. The kiss had not been intended for me but for Mrs. Haskard, who was standing at the rail by my elbow. I turned angrily, to meet her smiling face.

"Aren't you going ashore with her," I said, "to finish your work?"

"Ashore? Why, of course not," she replied. "I'm booked to Mombasa. Don't you realize, doctor, that I'm going out on a hunting trip?"

"Well, I hope you're satisfied now," I said rather bitterly.

She looked me full in the face. Her eyes glowed—positively glowed—with triumph and mocking amusement.

"Satisfied? Oh, no, not yet," she said with a provocative smile. Then her tone changed; it was as if the real woman were speaking. "Do you think it wouldn't have been a crime," she went on intensely, "to have let a faint-hearted little fool like that marry a man like Jimmy Cartmel?"

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"Mr. Editor, meet our friend, the ENEMY"

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Well, perhaps the devil was right. For myself, I could only think of the ghastly difficulty of the commission with which Sybil Druce had charged me. Four days later I had to go through with it. I'll say nothing of that, only that it was no joke, as you can imagine, to see a man so successful and confident and proud as Cartmel crumpled up by the biggest and first humiliation he'd ever known in his life. We had it all out in a darkened room in the Metropole Hotel in Mombasa. The heat was terrific, the whole room stacked with wedding presents. When I stepped out into the white-hot sun glare and went down to the ship in a ricksha between the great baobabs and mangoes, I felt I'd been witness at the breaking of a strong man's life. "I'm thinking of the poor bishop, you know." Those were the last words he said to me. Most pathetically.

Of course, as a matter of fact, Jimmy Cartmel's life wasn't broken. I didn't set eyes on him again until six months later, the next voyage, homeward bound. He came aboard at Mombasa, with great pomp and circumstance.

He had got his promotion and his knighthood and had just been appointed governor—of Antigua, I think. He was right on the top of his form, very much His Excellency. When he caught sight of me, standing at the gangway, his face fell momentarily. No doubt it brought back to him the memory of our last meeting. But that only lasted a second.

"Hello, doctor," he said. "Are you still here? How perfectly splendid! I believe," he went on, "that you and my wife are already acquainted."

"Why, of course, we're old friends," Lady Cartmel answered graciously—in an Australian accent.

ON THE SQUARE

(Continued from Page 25)

Five years—in which, after a life of patient and conservative plugging, old Susky Steel had gone on a spending spree, throwing money around for new blast furnaces and rolling mills and such—had seen as fine a gang of construction roughnecks gathered together on the plant as any man might want to work with. And in that gang no finer specimen ever showed than Samuel H. Hefton, then late C. E. at Valley Tech, known to such folks as knew him right as Hefty Sam.

Sam took a reputation with him out of Valley Tech. Sam, so this reputation hinted, when he wanted something, went right in there after it. One thing that Sam had wanted, for example, was the intercollegiate wrestling championship for old Tech; and it is said that his endeavors toward that end kept seven surgeons busy untangling knots in arms and legs and necks for weeks after the grappling season ended. And when Sam felt as though old alma mater had a touchdown coming, then such folks as intervened between Sam and the posts had better than an even chance, according to this reputation, of being met, on waking, with the smile of a beautiful, white-capped nurse. And Samuel looked the part. He wrestled at a hundred seventy-five. But looking at him in the showers, this was hard to believe. The only explanation was that the good Lord had somehow packed two hundred pounds of man into a hundred-and-seventy-five-pound package. This weight, of course, was on the mat, where wrestling rules and splendid sportsmanship hold down a fellow's tonnage But judging from the eye of him, I'd say that Samuel's fighting weight in some tough free-for-all would be about the same as that of a box-car load of wild cats. I certainly was glad I liked 'em slimmer even than Mike's daughter, and that I had succeeded, after long, painstaking search, in finding one. I certainly would not have cared to be in love with any girl Sam Hefton wanted.

First time Sam ever saw her, she was walking down Front Street in Ironville, coming to work. I was just leading big Sam to the slaughter. We were on the street-car tracks on Front Street, crossing toward Swatara gate The girl was half a block away, but I judged Sam's eye was good at many times that distance. So I said:

"Sam, you're new around these parts, so as we move about I'll show you all the points of interest. Now up Front Street there, three or four chain lengths, you will see "

But Sam already had the transit off his shoulder and the tripod spread, fair in the middle of the street. A trolley car bore down on Sam, the motorman stamping vigorously on his gong Eye to his instrument, Sam put up a hand. Fender almost against a tripod leg, the car came to a stop Sam kept right on surveying He swung his telescope, down-tilted just a trifle, to match the progress on the sidewalk of a dazzling pair of tan silk stockings.

There came impatient clanging on a gong.

Sam took his eye from his telescope and looked at me

"Who," inquired Sam, "are those?"

"Pull up, you nut," I said, "and let that car go by Those, with respect, young man, are entitled Paula Paula Bukoski And as fine a piece of work from the neck up, inside the skull and out, as from the knees down. . . . Hey, that's not the way we go to work!"

Sam had gathered in his transit legs and was headed back toward the general-office curb.

"Stick with me, captain," Sam said. "I shall need a friend."

He stepped up on the curb. He leaned his transit up against his chest. He took his hat off. And he spoke to Paula Bukoski, who had just come up.

"Pardon me, Miss Bukoski," Sam said, "but the boss here was just about to introduce me anyhow, and seeing that life is so dog-gone short, I couldn't see the sense in wasting time on dumb formalities." And Sam put out his hand.

"Please," Sam said, "so I'll know you're real!"

The thick, tanned arm that was hooked around Sam's transit had made more good men than one say "Uncle" on the mat. A picturesque and battered undergraduate hat hung from one hand, and the morning sun was warm on Sam's brown hair. Sam standing thus, with an honest hand held out, and a look in the fighting eye of him, and a smile of frank enchantment on his wide, good-humored mouth, was no distressing sight to any feminine eye.

Paula Bukoski took in all the scenery before she turned a puzzled grin toward me.

"Name's Hefton, Paula," I explained. "Sound in wind and limb, and perfectly *compos mentis* till within the last few minutes. But he'll come around all right. His brain, or what he has, is doing fifteen hundred R. P. M. right now. I should have warned him, but we fellows that have known you for a while forget just how hard you hit 'em at first sight."

The grin on that delicious Slavic mouth grew lovelier.

"Would you shake hands with him?" she asked me.

"As a favor, no," I said. "The lad is starting in with me today and I'd like to get a line on what he's got. Mind on the job and all that sort of thing."

"Job?" said Sam Hefton, turning to me blankly. "What job?"

"Hopeless," I said. "You might as well give him the old lodge grip and let him suffer, Paula."

She put her hand in Sam's.

"Good morrow, young engineer," she said

"As sure as I'm two inches high, you're real," said Sam.

Paula Bukoski looked away from Sam.

"Good-by," she said to me, and smiled. Her teeth, as we were saying just a little while ago

"Good-by," she said again, turning that devastating smile on Sam. "The number is Ironville 0731."

And she left us, going up the general-office steps to work. Sam stood and boldly stared. I stood and waited for him patiently till the girl went into the building. They are nice general-office steps.

"Say," yawned Mikeangelo Bukoski, one day not long after, when I made a special trip to the drafting room to check up with him on the last two stories out. "Sa-a-a-y, what have you got behind a transit over at the eyebar shop? Seems like the company would do better to lay off a couple engines and use that buck to shove ore drafts up the blast-furnace trestles Some horse! What kinda man?"

"Clean," I told Mike. "Who wants to know?"

"The cops," Mike said. "He's buzzing round my daughter. How would you like to fire him as a favor to a friend, or push him into a blast-furnace skip-hoist bucket?"

"And for what?" I asked. "This guy is good. Not only does he hail from Valley Tech but he got three letters there besides C. E. He made lacrosse and football, and he was light-heavy wrestling champ his last two years. Just what the devil are your requirements for a son-in-law, anyhow?"

"I do not give a hoot in Tophet," Mike declared, "if he's got every letter in the Chinese alphabet. I don't want no construction men. With you today, next month in Timbuktu. Ain't it my luck? Dozens of husbands for that girl all round, with steady jobs in Ironville, Pennsylvania, and along must come your blasted transit squinter. Say, I'd be lonesome if she only moved across the street when she got married. You say this egg is on the square?"

I knew what kind of information Mike was after.

"With everybody on the lop-eared world," I stated—"masculine, feminine or neuter. How far along's he got with the Lochinvar stuff?"

"Oh, not so far," Mike said. "Leave that to her. Even if she got to love the C. E. bum, she'd make him step."

"He's still just one of the earnest mob, then, eh?"

"Yeh," Mike deplored, "but the earnest mob is thinning."

"Don't let that worry you. It'll stop thinning soon enough," I prophesied, "when it thins down to one. But there is hope, at that."

I leaned toward Mike.

"Lend me your lug," I said. I dropped my voice to a dirty-work whisper. "Just how good are you with the gypsy curse?" I rasped.

Mike was with me every step.

"Brother," Mike rasped right back, "when I curse 'em they stay cursed. I learned it from my good old Balkan papa. Gimme a weak spot and I'll put one on him that will rot his bones!"

"No got weak spot, dot fellow," I told Mike. "At least I've never found one. But there's this: You know how the chief stands on drafting errors. Properly checked, there can't be any. Fire the man that makes one. Well, yesterday he lined me up about the survey work. Told me to warn the boys that the first man who makes a jimmy gets the air. So you can work on that. Get a few of Sam's nail parings or a wisp of his hair, and do your worst next time the moon gets humpbacked; and I wish you rotten luck."

Mike must have done it. What Mike's old Balkan papa had passed down to Mike must have been potent business. Only a few days after that last talk with Mike, who should come to me, utterly downcast, but Tubby Klinelein, head surveyor of the three corps which were trying to keep ahead of the construction gangs on the new work.

"I got sweet tidings for you," Tub made moan.

"Shoot and be damned!" says I. The day had been right jolty. Another joint or two unhinged would pass unnoticed.

"The foundations for the eyebar shop are out of square," groaned Tubby.

Indifference left me.

"Great jumping blanks and holy sweet suffering dashes!" I orated. "By how much, and who gets fired for it?"

"Over an inch, and I guess Sam's out of luck."

"How in the name of John did he ever do it?"

Tub explained: "A draft of cars was standing in between the two pier lines when Sam's gang laid them out. Sam located each line from a different base. He checked across between extended center lines, but when the draft was moved he didn't square between end piers. Do I have to let Sam out?"

"On his ear!" I said, trying to be hard-boiled about a thing I'd just about as soon have done as beat my grandma up.

"He's a good man," said Tubby.

"Doesn't help. Off goes his head!" Tough biscuit—that was me all over. "Chief's orders all around. He told High Bill to fire the very first draftsman, too, that lets an error get through to the field. Got to do it. Unless we make examples this terrific pressure will have us doing hurried, slipshod work. Sam is out. You check this error yourself?"

"No. Sam just reported it himself. Showed up when the boys were laying out foundations for equipment in the mill."

"Well, get a transit on your back first thing tomorrow, and run it down. Take Sam to help you. If it's like you say, then send Sam in to me."

Then I went over to the drafting room to visit black-art Mike, the demon caller-down of curses.

"Here's one you can tell to your class of Sunday-school girls," Mike started off: "There was a fellow ——"

But I wasn't in the mood.

"Hold everything," I said. "I heard that one. Listen to a tale of Ironville, home of the doleful. Could the bolt holes be changed in the eyebar-shop column bases?"

Mike looked at me. He put aside his story for a better hour.

"How much?" he asked.

"Inch and a quarter upriver."

"It can't be done," was Mike's decision. "Rotten luck. What poor goat made this mess for you?"

"Friend of yours," I told Mike. "You certainly did that thing with papa's ancient recipe. Old Father Balkan brews big medicine, if I'm a judge. Gave him the whole works, eh, bell, book and candle? P. Bukoski, plain and fancy imprecating done! I got to hand it to you, boy!"

"Not Hefton?"

"Looks like."

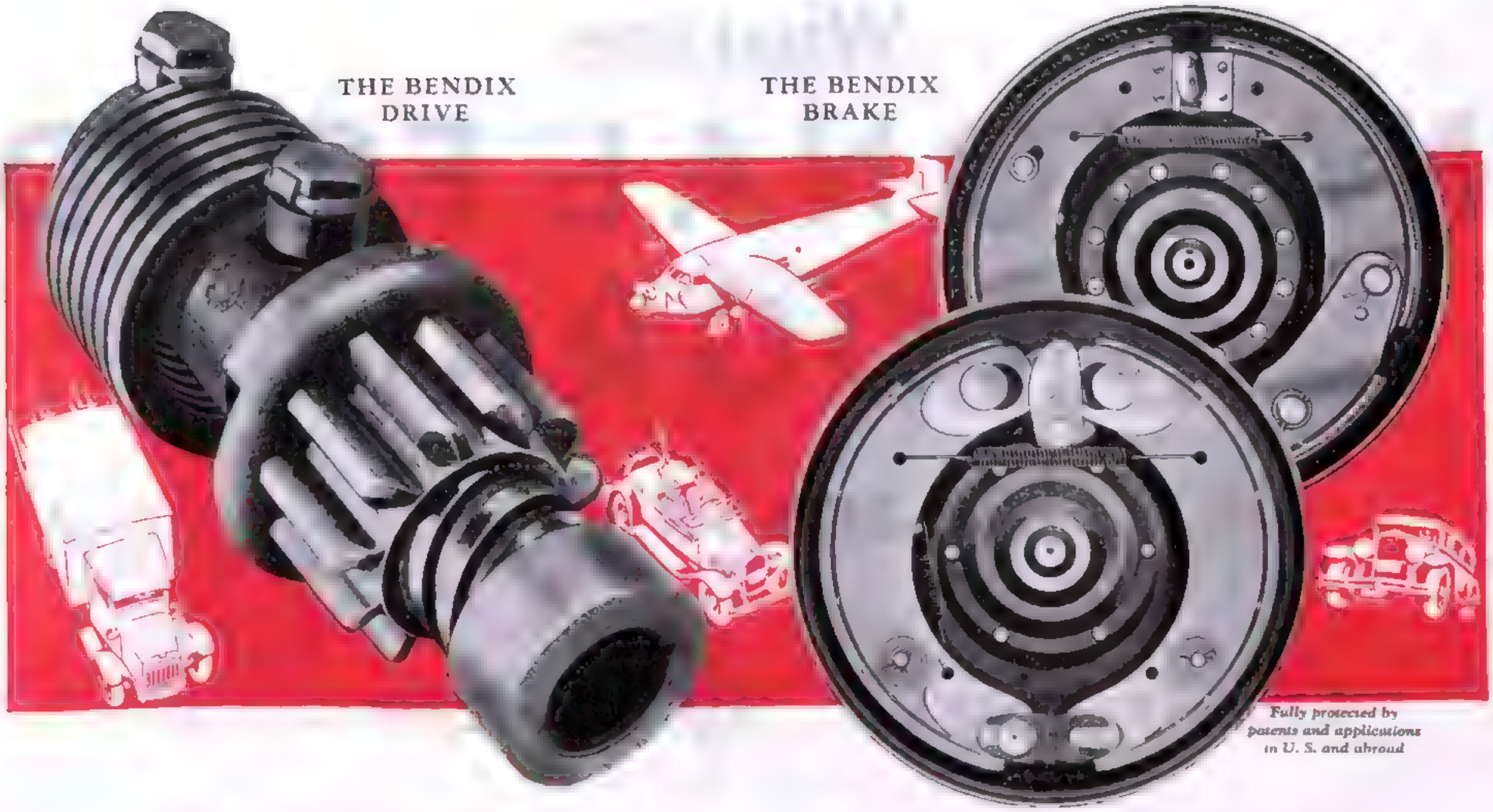
"Well, well!" Mike licked his whiskers like a cat beside an upset goldfish bowl. "What could be sweeter?"

"Lots could," I said. "He's one he horse, that Sam. He's absolutely on the up and up. The devil fly off with that jinx that you've got working for you, and with that ukase of the chief's. The day when Hefty Sam goes up track talking to himself old Susky Steel is losing white folks."

Mike gave a shrug—the only outward Slavic trait America had left him.

"That'll be just too bad for Susky," Mike said, "but it won't spoil my good time any, waving him good-by. Listen, fellah: If my girl marries one of you constructioneers, she'll never have no more

(Continued on Page 155)



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IT'S a long step from the old-time method of cranking a car by hand to the present day when starting a car is easy as ringing an electric door bell.

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BENDIX

What the NATIONAL FOOD PROGRAM Means to you:

1. IN HEALTH

2. IN GOLD

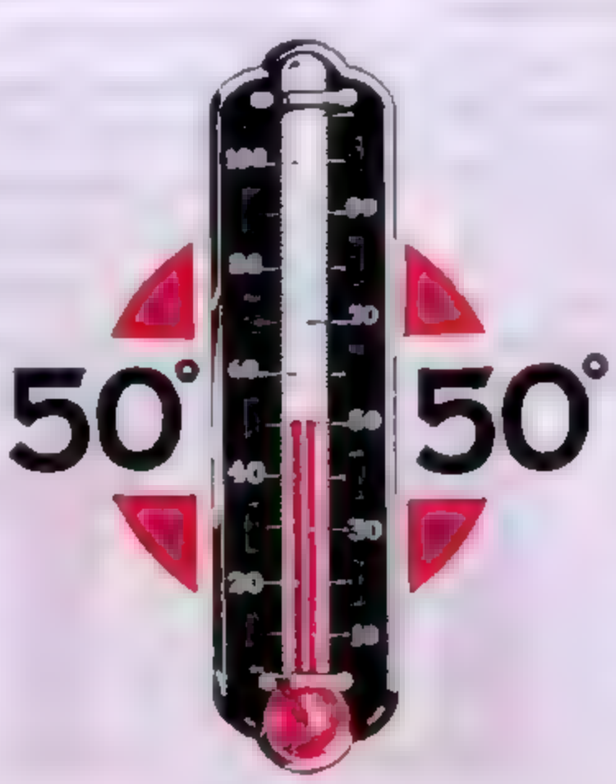
IN HEALTH

Thirty-eight cents out of every dollar of average family income goes for food . . . Quite a staggering sum in the course of a year. Yet a fifth of that food is wasted. Not through any fault of the thrifty home manager; not because she doesn't skimp and scrape to make every dollar do double duty—but because perishable foods spoil so quickly.

How can we preserve these foods without sacrificing a particle of their body-building value? How can we check the dangers that lurk in perishable foods even when they "taste all right"?

The United States Government found the answer. Experts from the Health and Agricultural departments, aided by universities, studied the problem, and made some startling discoveries.

These specialists learned that perishable foods best retain their health-giving properties when kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.



When the temperature creeps above 50 degrees, bacteria multiply at a startling rate. Cold—alone—can safely conquer and retard the growth of micro-organisms which cause food spoilage.

But when the temperature goes *below* 32 degrees another danger looms. Doctors long have known that these perishable foods, when frozen or frost bitten, lose much of their nourishing vitamin qualities and become mere bulk. Also, if the temperature rises even a few degrees, frozen foods quickly spoil.

Because it is "always Summer" in the kitchen—72 degrees or over—the home manager often resorts to the cellar, the back porch or the window box for makeshift refrigeration. But we quickly see how unsatisfactory, how insanitary these methods really are. By actual study of U. S. Weather Bureau Reports there are only 19 days a year, on the average in the United States, when outdoor temperatures are safe for food preservation. Cellar temperatures seldom go even as low as 50 degrees.

Then, too, there is your health to consider. Going from a hot kitchen to a zero back porch—or opening a draughty window many times a day, is an exposure that means decided danger to even the healthiest of women.

Thus, the Health Authorities found only one *safe*, satisfactory solution. Their recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is *your* solution of the problem of proper food preservation—a solution that means not only the saving of money, but the safeguarding of family health and welfare.

To set the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation—to glean new ideas, new facts and figures

PRESERVATION

Share in 835 Prize Contest
Awards Totaling

ENTER TODAY!
Contest Closes Sept. 30, 1929

$25,000.00 CASH VALUE

For Writing Best 400 Word Letter Telling:
"WHY 50 DEGREES IS THE DANGER POINT"
YOU CAN WIN FIRST PRIZE

MODEL HOME

costing more than $10,000.00, to be built in any community in the United States designated by the winner; or $10,000.00 in gold. The home location and its specifications are to be agreed on by the winner and the National Food Preservation Council.

IN GOLD

concerning food preservation in guarding health and preventing economic waste, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best essays in a national Idea Contest.

The capital prize is a Model Home, costing more than $10,000.00; the second prize a new five-passenger Cadillac Coupe, selling at $3,595 F. O. B. Detroit; the third prize $2000 in gold—and so on down the list of 835 awards for essays on the subject, "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."

Turn to the next column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How To Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Local Food Preservation Council in your city (*see announcements in your local paper*), or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for a free copy.

But don't delay! The contest closes September 30, 1929. It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!

Second Prize
1930 CADILLAC

Five-passenger coupe, list price $3,595 F. O. B. Detroit, delivered anywhere in the United States; or $3,500 in gold

833 OTHER BIG CASH AWARDS

Third Prize	$2,000
Fourth Prize	1,000
Fifth Prize	500
Sixth Prize	400
Seventh Prize	350
Eighth Prize	300
Ninth Prize	250
Tenth Prize	200

Twenty-five Prizes

Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive ..... $100 each

Eight Hundred Prizes

Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive ..... $5 each

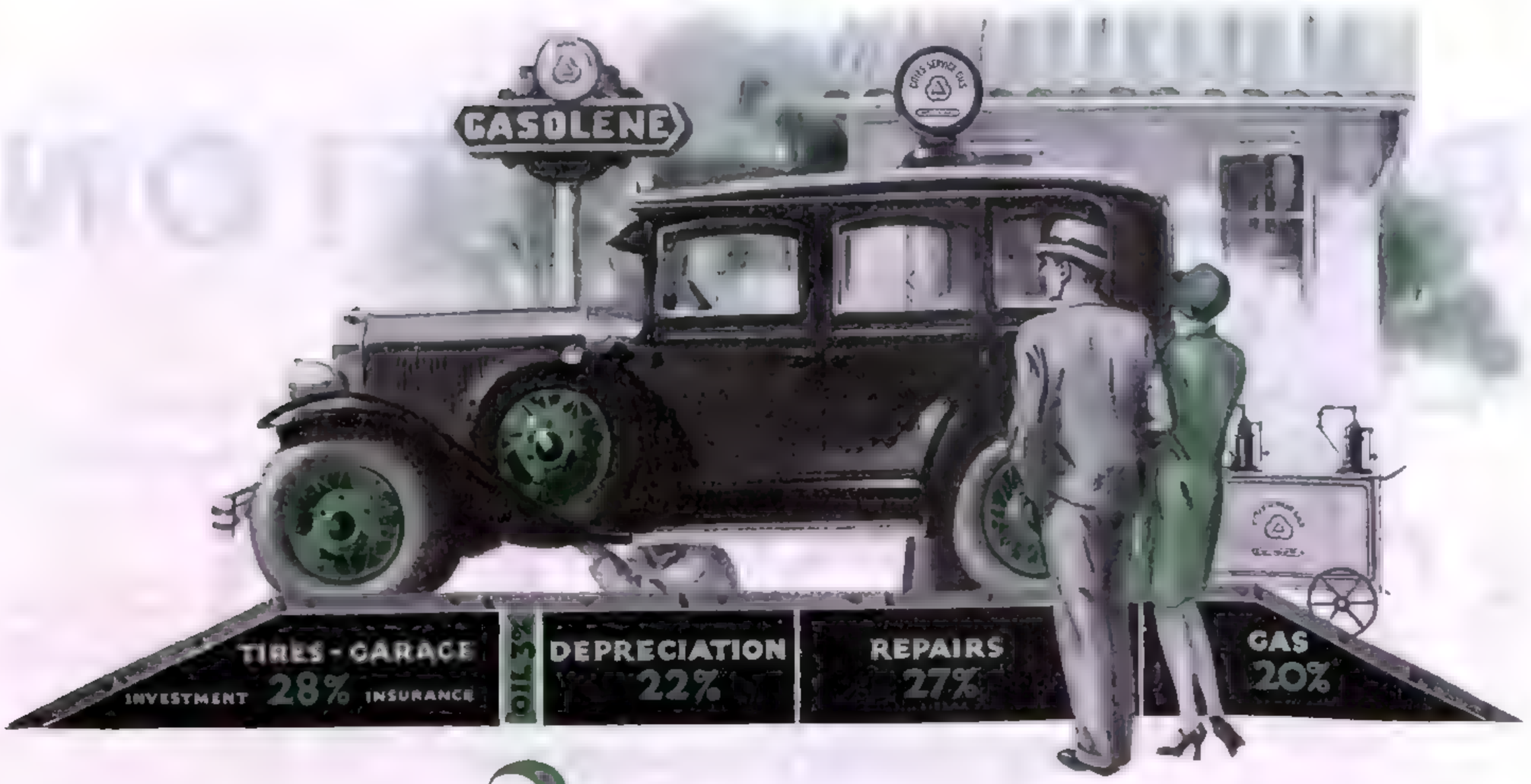
In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize

CONTEST JUDGES

MERLE THORPE, *editor* . . . . Nation's Business
B. C. FORBES, *editor* . . . . . Forbes
DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, *professor of physiological chemistry, Teachers' College, Columbia University*

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry.
2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only
3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."
4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction
6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject entries that are illegible
7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council
8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to Contest Department, National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y
9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the Council sees fit.
10. The contest closes at midnight September 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after midnight of September 30, 1929, will not be considered



3 lubrication pennies...

wisely spent...will save many repair dollars

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When you buy Cities Service oils and greases, you are spending your lubrication pennies wisely. You are really investing in a longer life for your car. You are insuring smoother and quieter performance. You are protecting your purse against unnecessary repair bills and costly depreciation.

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The manufacturer of your car urges you to keep it thoroughly and frequently lubricated with only the highest quality lubricants. He realizes that quality lubrication is just another way of saying "smooth, economical, trouble-free performance."

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 150)

home than the Easter bunny. And there's white folks, plenty of 'em, working steady right here on the plant."

"Plenty?" I said. "Plenty that measure ninety degrees all round, like Sam? On the square all ways in a world that's got cockeyed standards old as the race? Point 'em out, Mike, old son. I'll count 'em up—on my thumbs."

But Mike only rubbed his hands.

"With that egg off the lot," he gloated, "some good, square, anchored-fast, blast-furnace man will have a chance, and the girl won't be living out of a couple trunks in Borneo, Mongolia, Madagascar and way stations. And Mike will have small brats in plenty pulling his strawberry beard!"

Well, maybe, Mike. And maybe not. It all depends. What you don't know, what Paula hardly knows herself, is just how far this Hefty Sam has traveled on the road to a certain Slavic-mouthed young lady's favor.

That evening Sam went round to say good-by. Sam tried his hand at humor. Not that Sam felt especially comical that evening. Going away from a girl like Paula Bukoski is not a particularly hilarious job. I know. I was in construction work myself for years.

"The coroner will be following shortly," Sam announced. "No objection if we hold the inquest in your living room, miss?"

"None, to be sure," said Paula. "Anything for a rollicking evening. And what, may I ask, was the name of the late lamented?"

"Ah, lamented!" exclaimed Sam, brightening. "I'm a son of a gun, that's all I hope! The vital statistics say Hefton, Samuel H. Occupation, rising young engineer. Cause of demise ——"

"Sam!" There was sudden apprehension in the word. "No fooling. Nothing happened?"

"Alas, far otherwise, fair lady," stated Sam. "Rising young engineer, if you will overlook the halting and grief-stricken French, has made one hell of a swell botch on the eyebar-shop layout."

"Oh," breathed the girl, "is that all? Why take a thing like that so hard? All of us make mistakes. Excelsior! and other do-or-die expressions! The bearing on and up through snow and ice is still good, isn't it?"

"Not on the great steel plant at Ironville, Pa., this state, it isn't," Sam said. "Not with the big chief marching as to war. Rising young engineer will, ten-to-one shot, on the morrow morn receive an envelope inclosing stipends and emoluments accrued, and a bright pink slip of paper telling him that the bearing on and up through snow and ice, as far as he's concerned, is off!"

Paula Bukoski caught a little breath.

"They'd never do it—never," she protested. "They'd never let you out for one mistake, after all the fine hard work you've done for them."

Which shows two things: First, that a job as clerk in the timekeeper's office gives little chance for insight to the benign spirit that motivates a steel-mill erection force; and second, that Hefty Sam had got ever so much farther along on the road to Paula Bukoski's regard than anyone suspected.

"Just the same," Sam said, "they are at this very moment making gay the well-known can with pretty bunting, and tomorrow they will tie it, with appropriate ceremonies, to the rising young engineer. Whereupon young engineer will go away from here. A classmate writes from Arizona that the Apache dam is one sweet job, and that they'll take on any man as labor foreman who can lick ten spiggoties. Me for that."

Sam Hefton was as square a shooter as I ever hope to meet. But he was dumb sometimes. Talking about a place as far as Arizona, and right before him such a light as shone in Paula Bukoski's eyes. Then the girl herself seemed to realize for the first time that such a light was there, for she suddenly veiled her eyes with drooping, long, fair lashes. When she looked up presently, there was nothing in her glance but splendid comradeship.

"Try a new hold, eh, champ?" she said. "At-a-boy! Maybe a job will throw you now and then, but in the end you'll be on top a big one. What was it Galahad said? 'My strength is as the strength of ten because I'm on the square.' Something like that. Not boasting. Stating fact. It applies. Will I see you again before you hop it, Sam?"

Sam gave his head a funereal shake.

"Guess not. I muffed it here. I'm pulling my freight the minute I get my dough. Sure hate to do it. I've met some folks around this town I like a lot. Good-by."

The girl put a firm, warm palm against the one reached out to her. She closed her soft, strong fingers in a friend's handclasp. And suddenly found a lover's lips upon them

"I didn't want to tell you," Sam was saying. "I meant to go just friends. I couldn't even swing the little job I had; and loving you as you deserve is such a big one. I have no right to tell you now, but you're too beautiful. Your red mouth is too beautiful. And it's mine!"

Oh, she fought. There was wild Slav blood in the girl that might wisely fight off kisses as intense as Sam Hefton's; warm American blood, too, unafraid, eager, but spirited, difficult, hard to attain. She fought, but at holding folks helpless Sam Hefton had been an intercollegiate champion; and so that red Slavic mouth got kissed, though never a one was given. All the kisses Sam got, Sam took. Girls like Paula Bukoski are not to be won by sudden tempestuous wooings.

"Good-by," Sam said when he let her go at last. "I'll be back for you, first big job I pin to the mat. I'll be back so fast that the whole countryside will be covered with dust a foot thick. But remember, meantime, that you're mine, you beautiful Slav!"

Tough going. Sam never had known what was meant by that phrase. But he knew when he strode off at last, with his broad back turned on Mike's little white house on the hill and his broad chest turned toward far-away Arizona. And what made the going toughest of all was this—that he wasn't dead sure, as he went, that the beautiful thing which stood in Mike's doorway was his. Which is excellent young men's medicine, though not just so easy to take.

Well, it's hard to administer too. When the door of Mike's small white house went shut and the beautiful daughter of it went upstairs to her bed, her dad, going very quietly past her room, heard weeping—an exceedingly beautiful soft sound of weeping.

That night it was almost twelve when I finally left my desk. Passing its open door, I saw a light at the far end of the drafting room, and under a green eyeshade, Mike Bukoski burning the midnight kilowatt.

"What ho, galley slave!" I bellowed.

"Pretty bum ho, tonight, O king!" Mike bellowed back. "Come on in. Look here what I got." He had before him a number of eyebar-shop tracings.

"Been trying to figure out some way to change the steel in the column bases to meet that error," said Mike, "but it looks like it can't be done."

A glance showed me that it wasn't in the book. There was only one way out. Bull points and blow torches. Cut concrete and bend over all the foundation bolts to their proper position—with the world looking on. You know that Sam Hefton was one good man when I didn't want to fire him after a mess like that.

"Thanks, Mike," I said, "for losing your beauty sleep trying to figure a way out for me. Come on. We got a day in. Let's go home and leave the steel business flat on its back."

But Mike, so it seemed, hadn't got a full day in yet. At the Swatara Street gate Mike turned in toward the plant.

"Hey," I asked, "did the installment man come today and take back your bed?"

"Not this month," Mike laughed. "So long, fellah. Just running over to the slab mill for a minute. Want to see how the roller boss on night turn likes the new manipulator I drew up for him."

And so we parted, just as the short low toot of the midnight whistle ended the gloomiest day in months.

But the next day dawned bright and fair. Early in the morning Tub Klinelein came to me all smiles. He opened before me a brand-new print of the eyebar-shop foundations.

"Well?" I demanded, cheery as four thousand board feet of rough-box lumber.

"You betcha, well!" beamed Tubby. "All's well as pay day with us survey laddies. See that print?"

Only too well, I saw it.

"See anything on it which says that the foundation piers are absolutely square across the building from each other?"

This was getting too much.

"Of course not," I snapped. "I don't have to. I don't expect to see a ninety-degree angle marked off between the sides and the ends. Any fool knows that shops aren't put up off square!"

"No fool knows it about the eyebar shop, captain," came Tubby's startling reply. "Figure it. It's off square on the drawing. See here. The east-side line of columns is located from the end of the machine-shop building. But the river-side line is shown in relation to the end of the machine-shop, yard-crane runway. Just a check-up measurement, like as not, for some future steel connection. Sam used those two different sets of figures, for a draft of cars was in his way the day he placed the pier forms and the anchor bolts. Those figures were there for him to use, if he chose. But they don't make a square eyebar shop. You work it out for yourself."

I worked it.

"This print is off the tracing on file in the vault?" I asked, when my pencil at last slowed down.

"Brand-new print. I needed it in a hurry, and followed it through myself. Saw the boy get the tracing out of its drawer in the vault. Took it up to the blue-print room and waited there for it. Had to. I couldn't find a print of it in the field file."

I worked it again. It came out the same. It was just as Tubby had said. But strangely, I felt no elation that the error was not on the field—no special joy that I did not, after all, have to fire Hefty Sam. Sam was just starting out. What did a few kicks in the pants matter to a young buck like Sam? No man is properly seasoned to do good construction work, anyhow, until he has had the can tied to him a half dozen times. But the big chief's orders regarding mistakes had been the same to High Bill Mallard as they had been to me. The blue print Tub and I had checked should have been right to thirteen decimal places. But it wasn't. It was wrong one and five-thirty-seconds inches. And it was signed on the bottom line of its title square with the good scrawl, P. Bukoski.

On the plant at Susquehanna Steel stands a huge structure which is not on the square. One row of its towering building columns is not opposite its fellows on the other side. For the foundations of the eyebar shop were never changed. The eyebar shop went up askew; no fiction. Set up a transit at the corner nearest the Swatara Street gate and check it with a turn of ninety, and you'll see. But that's the only way you'd ever know it. What's an inch out in a building almost eighty feet in width? Even old Clarence Wilmer, who is about as foxy a steel raiser as ever gloated over a drafting-room mistake, never noticed it when he set up the job. Steel is flexible, even stretchable; and if here and there a hole doesn't come up exactly, what are drift pins made for anyhow?

So we didn't have to fire Hefty Sam; although Sam's far away now, just the same. Sam's an incurable construction man, and the last I heard of him he was in Tatta, in

(Continued on Page 157)

your hair
can't stand this daily abuse

THE almost universal habit of slicking the hair with water is part of our modern craze for speed. A dash of water—a few strokes of the comb—and we are ready for the day.

But it's bad—bad—bad for the hair, as many a bald-headed man can mournfully tell you.

The Wildroot method is just as fast—and it's healthful! Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Massage vigorously . . . then comb while wet. No dandruff . . . no itching . . . no unnatural dryness. Keeps your scalp healthy . . . invigorates the hair roots. Get this safe, reliable Hair Tonic at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. Beware of substitutes. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Try Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. A free sample bottle is enclosed with each regular size bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

LIGHT

In early days men and women found their first leisure—a leisure of the day that was not sleep or indolence, but time to wonder, to think, to experiment blunderingly. When days were no longer long enough —then days were extended by the fire's light . . . And all things worth having in life today are products of this leisure—this thinking—

throughout successive generations—throughout days ever-lengthened by some kind of artificial light. : : : Fifty years ago next month the incandescent lamp was invented by Thomas A. Edison. What a tremendous effect it has had upon the welfare of humanity! How many inventions that have lightened woman's burdens—that have given her greater personal freedom—greater safety—more leisure—were made possible by the electric light . . . through the greatly *lengthened day* it provided . . . through its *practical pioneering* which resulted in hundreds of other labor-saving electrical devices.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

We like to think that McCall's has each month for its 2,400,000 women readers something to assist them in lengthening their leisure—*that leisure which they devote to making life happier.*

(Continued from Page 155)

Bombay. Sam likes steel-mill construction, and he has charge of a monster open-hearth and rolling-mill extension for the native steel moguls of Sindh. Sam took a lovely wife with him to India—a lovely wife and a sturdy little son who more than once got taffy fingers into his granddad's beard before he left for the Far East.

And thus it is that the smile which gets through old Mikeangelo's pink whiskers, as he sits and dreams above his drawing board, is a bit wistful sometimes—wistful as men's smiles get who have loved little daughters and little daughters' children, and have seen them go away with rambling Valley Tech construction engineers.

On whose time does Mikeangelo now sit and dream? On Susky Steel's; whose else? He may sit, idly dreaming, puffing intolerable tobacco for a stretch of two days, maybe three days at a time, under the very eye of High Bill Mallard. But High Bill never says a word to Mike; for High Bill knows that after two or maybe three days of this *dolce far niente* there will appear on Mike's work sheet, beneath a brown drift of tobacco snow, as though by sudden magic, Balkan medicine or something, a rolling-mill layout so sweetly dreamed that not a draftsman in America could better it.

No, sir. They never fired Mike, in spite of all strong edicts from the chief regarding errors in the field and drafting room. The chief could get as crusty as the hardest-boiled, coldest-nosed steel-works construction engineer that ever bucked a fifteen-million-dollar program of improvements. But there was one fine thing about the chief—he would sooner have square men about him than square eyebar shops!

That's why that building got put up askew; for up askew it went, while old Mike sat and watched it out of his high window, wondering and waiting to get fired. That's why it stands there, out of square today, and scarcely half a dozen men in all the plant the wiser. That's why a tracing showing it one and five-thirty-seconds off rests in the vaults at Susquehanna Steel. It is the tracing off which was made that brand-new blue print which Tub and I had used in checking up. And here I will admit it. It had seemed most peculiar at the time that all the prints of E-B-714-F had disappeared from the field-office files.

Down in the fireproof vault it lies now, E-B-714-F, in its proper drawer, all orderly, correct and free of guile; a picture of things as they dog-gone are! But shrewd, wise eyes, like those, let's say, of High Bill Mallard and the chief, could still detect upon it evidences of erasure, although so craftily performed by someone who was master at the drafting trade as to be almost indiscernible. And shrewd eyes might still suspect a change in one dimension, so altered as to fit the eyebar-shop foundations as they stand today—to a red whisker—to a strawberry-roan one, even, if you ask us to be accurate to thirteen decimals.

EUROPE BROADCASTS

(Continued from Page 9)

These small local receivers, chiefly German made, are unique; they would draw a curious crowd to any American shop window. No bigger than a cigar box, they have a single, very large, multipurpose tube—it is more than four inches from base to tip—sitting up on top in the open. This is actually three tubes in one, in both construction and amplifying power. Beside it are two bright green plug-in coils, while on top of the box is a single dial and a push-button switch; a light socket or other form of indoor antenna is usually used. The set is nonregenerative. It will receive the local program over two-thirds of its dial, and bring it in at all the volume a loud-speaker will stand, with excellent quality. The cost, installed complete with tube, a very good speaker, storage A and dry B batteries, and the antenna, is only twenty-five dollars, payable on time.

This or some other simple tube receiver is Mr. Ordinary European Citizen's set. The crystal detector and head phone lasted little longer abroad than they did in America. In the higher-price classes the radio shops show the European equivalent of everything available on this side of the water—dynamicspeakers, screen-grid tubes, fancy consoles, all-electric sets, eliminators and the rest. These cost just about what they do in America, but are neither as pleasing to look at nor as perfect in tone quality and performance. However, with growing prosperity in Europe, the trend is all in the direction of more elaborate apparatus, and it may be expected that within a very few years these inequalities will vanish.

From the Towers of Babel

At the moment they are least evident in France, where many of the 1929 models compare favorably with our own. There, under commercial auspices—backed, by the way, by the radio-manufacturing industry—there is duplication of stations—Paris has six—that makes the simple radio apparatus of the rest of Europe unavailable because it is not sufficiently selective; France, like America, must dig if it wishes to listen. She uses, chiefly, some form of the superheterodyne with from five to eight tubes and a loop antenna; a favorite model looks rather like the old Radiola 28, but has its antenna underneath instead of on top of the cabinet. Another incloses everything—set, batteries, and a loop with double windings—inside a huge cabinet about five feet tall and as graceful as a casket; it costs one hundred and eighty dollars complete, and is the pride of its owners' hearts. The loud-speakers offered are ridiculously cheap in price, but sadly deficient in tone quality, judged by American standards.

But perhaps the need for selective apparatus has been a boon to France's listeners—though its higher cost has kept their number relatively low—for most French sets will bring in the best that Europe has to offer, and all France can indulge in the international listening that is so enchanting to American ears.

"Huomio! huomio! täällä Suomen yleisradio, Helinski. Giv akt. Giv akt. Har Finlands rundradio, Helsingfors."

"Achtung! Achtung! Hier Berlin, Stettin, Magdeburg und Kœnigswusterhausen!"

"Allo, allo! Ici Radio Paris!"

"Eh-ah-hola-fress-Caddith!"

"Stazione Radiofonica di Milano!"

"Hallo! Govorit Komintern."

"Hallo! Hallo! Polskie Radio Raadjo Varschava!"

South and north, west and east, the voices of the Old World come in, some of them sharp and hard, some soft and musical. In Italy all the announcers are women; their purling, fluid syllables sound like flute notes. The Prussian, speaking precise university German, has the ring of a drill-master as he barks at the microphone; the Bavarian slips easily into good-natured dialect, while the speech that comes from Vienna has a brogue to it as rich as County Cork's. Swedish, Dutch, Latvian, Swiss, Hungarian, Rumanian, Finnish, Czech, Slav, Lithuanian, Flemish, Danish, Serbian, Croatian, Russian, Estonian, Norwegian, Spanish, French, English, Italian, Gaelic, German—what a long time it must be before all these lands can have a common tongue!

It is particularly fascinating to tune from one nation to another on Saturday nights, when all the people are taking their week-end ease and station after station is broadcasting outside pick-ups from places of entertainment. The whole-souled laughter of Europe is a heart-warming thing. Here is Frankfort-on-the-Main, which identifies itself—as many of the German stations do—with the tick-tick-ticking of a metronome during pauses, with its microphone at a variety show. The theater orchestra is playing the soft, monotonous accompaniment to what is obviously one of those troupes of acrobats so dear to the German heart; the loud-speaker actually brings in the "hups" and thumps as their pyramids break up into rows of bowing, earnest, strong men who have earned their storms of applause. After them comes a comedian with an accordion and a song about the effect of springtime on his little dachshund.

In Paris the government post-office station is picking up the symphony concert of the Pas de Loup Orchestra, doubly attractive to American ears because it is playing the New World Symphony of Dvorak, and its guest conductor is Mr. Sandor Harmati from the New World itself—he is regularly conductor of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra. A critical French audience finds the concert splendid, and says so with a burst of clapping and cries of *"Bis! Bis!"* *"Bravo!"* and *"Encore!"*

Stockholm is giving a musical comedy in its studios and putting it on a network of thirty relay stations that involves three thousand miles of wire and carries the program far up to the north.

Stuttgart is at the opera, broadcasting Rigoletto, sung in German. It is well done, but more than meets its match in the broadcast from Milan, for Milan is at La Scala, most famous opera house of them all, and Italy's opera has a worthy champion. As the evening wears on, the latter station comes in more and more perfectly—it must cross the Alps to reach Central Europe—and its music has a passion and a fire to stir the pulses; the applause is tremendous. These operas, and likewise all symphonies and other concerts, are always broadcast in their entirety abroad, the broadcast lasting from two to three hours.

Wave Warfare in Europe

From Barcelona and from Langenburg—Western Germany's high-power relay of the Cologne station—come programs from vaudeville theaters. European vaudeville theaters are often restaurants, too, and that is evidently the case with these, for the faint chinkle of knives, forks, dishes and glasses is plainly audible in the background as from the two widely separated stages comes the wise-cracking dialogue of comedy teams. Without understanding a word of the rapid speech, one can be sure that what he is hearing is the rise and fall, give and take, point and counterpoint of hot marital debate; it all takes place to the vast Teutonic and Catalonian delight of the respective audiences.

Budapest is singing jazz in Magyar. And follows it with a gypsy orchestra that swings into *czardas* and rhapsodies fierce enough to make the listener feel half gypsy too.

This new and splendid station is worth stopping to consider for a moment; it represents a very real progress in the evolution of Europe's affairs. Broadcasting in Hungary and its neighboring states had no such placid growth as took place, for example, in the Scandinavian nations. The latter, with long-established homogeneous populations, had merely to overcome physical barriers to set up the splendid systems that mark each one of them. But the turbulent, newly born states between Mid-Europe, Russia and the Balkans were torn by self-determinative convulsings that not only affected their relations with one another but led to troubles with large minority groups of extra-nationals within their own borders. Radio came to them early, but it was used for more than simple entertainment; propaganda took the air, and was followed by wave warfare. They became exponents of

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"Will be of much service in all our departments" . . .

writes a California baking company of this practical chart

Fitting each pencil to its job . . . ending pencil dissatisfaction . . . increasing pencil efficiency . . . reducing pencil waste . . . that's what the new Eberhard Faber Pencil-Selection Chart is doing for a well-known California baking company, from whose letter we quote above.

Hundreds of businesses, large and small, now select pencils with the new chart before them. Purchasing agents find the chart a time and money-saver. Employees . . . using the right pencil for each task . . . work faster, more efficiently.

Business men, professional men, artists, students, have been quick to recognize the value of this new common-sense method of selecting pencils according to their uses.

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SILENT VISUAL TUNING

A REVELATION IN RADIO

Presenting more advantages than any previous Receiver has ever offered, the new No. 846 Screen Grid Stromberg-Carlson represents the farthest point of progress in the development of broadcast reception. It has:

Three Screen Grid Radio Frequency Stages, "Totally Shielded", affording high amplification, improving Selectivity and Sensitivity, adding new brilliance to Tone.

Linear Power Detection, assuring maximum results from the new Modulated Broadcasting, giving purer tone at all frequencies.

Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker, scientifically baffled, giving accurate response on low as well as high and intermediate tones

Automatic Volume Control, regulating amplification to strength of carrier waves, minimizing "fading" and maintaining volume.

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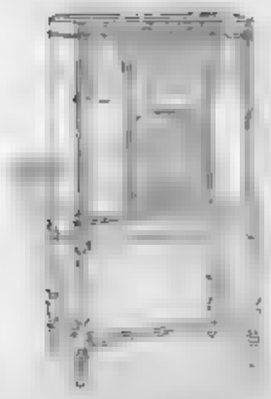
Half Octagonal Cabinet, with six legs, giving the massive effect of a rare old piece.

No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses 3UY-224 Screen Grid, 3 UY-227, 2 UX-245 in "push-pull" and 2 UX-280 Radiotrons. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies . . . $347.50



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MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY FIVE YEARS

high power. Some of them erected stations literally on top of their border lines.

Yet today these are the very nations that lead the way in international program exchanging; a fortnightly network links Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Austria, and the Berlin district of Germany in a radio bond that makes them all appreciate rather than hate one another Radio Budapest, whose interval signal is a quaint, tinkling phrase played on an old-fashioned music box, makes all its announcements in three languages for the benefit of foreign listeners, and has introduced some experimental innovations in studio construction that have attracted the attention of radio engineers everywhere. For one thing, the walls of its largest studio are movable; the room's size can be changed to suit the acoustic requirements of any number of musicians, from soloists to symphonies. For another, orchestra leaders direct their men through the glass front of a sound-insulated booth, hearing the music only as it comes through the loud-speaker. Does this attention to quality augur a new era in Southeastern Europe? And how did it come about?

Underlying it is the natural law that radio cannot be used aggressively without destroying itself; here is one instrument that, because of the limited number of channels in the ether and the fatal effects of interference, must be wielded with consideration for others. Not only did these nations find their own programs destroyed by the interference that resulted from their tactics but they drew down the wrath of the rest of Europe as their broadcasts jumbled up radio reception throughout the Continent.

A halt, therefore, was called to their practices by the international bodies that govern Europe's broadcasting: one representing the various broadcasting companies, the other the governmental departments charged with radio. And though no radio law covering the whole of Europe is more enforceable than the willingness of the various sovereign states to abide by it, the erring nations had already realized that in radio all must work together, and were quite willing to make a fresh start. The conferences of these bodies have brought order out of chaos, and their decisions are abided by in a genuine spirit of cooperation.

United in Radio

The present European radio set-up went into effect on June 30, 1929, and is the result of the deliberations of a convention of officials representing each government, which met at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, in the spring of this year. It is called the Prague Plan. The former assignment of wave lengths—the Brussels Plan—was made by the International Radiophony Union—the broadcasting companies' organization—but France and Russia refused to abide by its terms, holding it incompatible with the dignity of sovereign states to accept the decisions of a nongovernment assembly. The Prague conference was strictly official and, besides assigning wave lengths, took up the delicate matter of limiting transmitter power, for the time being agreeing that thirty kilowatts should not be exceeded. Europe, then, has virtually solved her broadcast-interference problem and, barring a little occasional publicity designed to attract tourists, propaganda, particularly of the political variety, has disappeared except in Russia

And Russia? Communist Russia is, of course, the great exponent of radio propaganda; the programs of the Soviet State consist almost entirely of education that is as political as it is vocational; they contain but little that might be classed as entertainment. Russia has hundreds of thousands of listeners, though there are comparatively few receiving sets. But each community has a receiver in its common hall, and thither the population gather—by decree to hear the word that comes from Moscow.

Putting One Over by Air

Yet Russia makes no attempt to educate the rest of Europe; her programs are all in the Russian tongue. She would have small chance if she tried, for, wherever one listens, there always seems to be a local station so placed that the red waves are cut off; it is virtually impossible to bring any Russian station in with the ordinary receiver. Europe is united in regarding Russia's radio as political dynamite, whether justly or unjustly, and there is little doubt that, were she ever to attempt to cover the Continent with political broadcasts in other languages than her own, she would meet with an instant barrage of high-power interference that would drown every word.

Vienna's "Wandering Microphone" Calls on the Nightingales

Here again, however, one finds that, whatever antagonisms exist politically, radio engenders a curious sense of brotherhood among those who direct its destinies, stage its programs and operate its transmitters. Perhaps it is the sense that the result of their labors is truly international because the radio wave knows no boundaries, perhaps it is the fan mail that comes from other lands, perhaps it is the necessarily frequent contacts with those across borders, but the directors and engineers of Europe's broadcasting organizations form a fine and firm international family and regard one another warmly.

"We have no love for Moscow," said an Austrian radio engineer, "but I must confess that the Russian engineers with whom I have come into contact have been splendid men. I admire them very much indeed. Speaking of communist propaganda," he went on, "have you ever heard of the swindle that the Berlin Reds achieved not long ago? You know, until that time, the Berlin studio had never used a monitor, or listening booth, in connection with the room from which they broadcast talks. The announcer, who had an instrument which told him whether or not the microphone was blasting, was the only one who supervised the speaker. Of course the manuscripts were censored beforehand; there was never any trouble except an occasional case of microphone fright.

"On the occasion in question, however, the Berlin studio had scheduled a brief talk on Tropical Fishes by a certain learned *Herr Professor Doctor*, who, as it happened, was unknown to the studio personnel except by reputation. This somewhat pompous Prussian gentleman was putting on his frock coat to go to his engagement, when he was flattered and gratified to learn that the broadcasting company had been so kind as to send a splendid automobile for him. He got into it with a glow of satisfaction and was taken for a nice long drive into the country by three benevolent communists, who left him sputtering various unprofessorial replies as to their information that the walking was good.

"Meantime a bogus professor presented himself at the studio. He looked everything

(Continued on Page 161)

ELGIN · AMERICAN · EFFICIENCY WATCHES... NAMED IN HONOR OF MEN WHO HAVE MADE AMERICAN EFFICIENCY WORLD-FAMOUS

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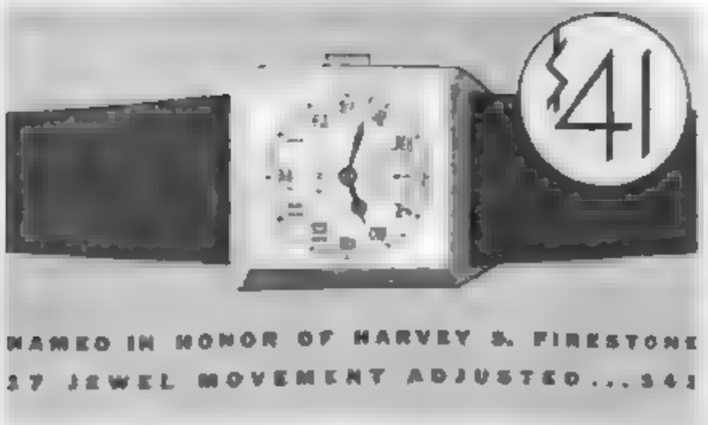

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After such brilliant achievement many men might have settled back to a leisurely life, but today Harvey S. Firestone is still one of the busiest men in the world. Typifying the energy, and efficiency and appreciation of the value of time, which have crowded incredible achievement into the hours of the American business man. So one of the models in ELGIN'S new American Efficiency Series has been named in his honor. Americans know time . . . and know that time is money. So for American life this American watch. Created by ELGIN for American needs. For the needs of the busy, time-pressed man who must know the exact time to the very minute whenever he glances at his watch. The American Efficiency Series is ELGIN'S reply to the man who says his time is money. And are they handsome watches? Slender? Owning that elegance that a fine piece of jewelry should have? Just see them at your nearest ELGIN jewelers!

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Away from the crowded areas, out where the air is fresh and pure Cyclone Fence establishes clean cut boundary lines for your property enclosing and protecting your garden paradise, making it a little world of your own.

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FALL is the time recommended by landscape architects as most suitable for the installation of Cyclone Fence. Fall — when shrubs and flowers are saying their goodbyes for the season and are least disturbed. Call a Cyclone representative and choose the type of installation best adapted to your property. Our own trained men will erect the fence, insuring a first class job.

The big tree and the swing—the whole backyard playground enclosed with Cyclone Fence. Protection and safety for the children. Happy, carefree playhours are spent here, and no need for mother to worry

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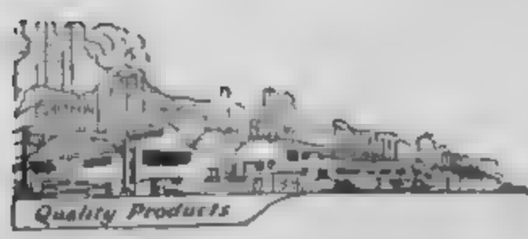

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(Continued from Page 158)

that a German professor should, and the unsuspecting officials escorted him, with many bows, to the lecture studio. But just as the hour for the talk arrived, there was a very urgent telephone call for the announcer. 'Never mind about me,' said the professor. 'I will be all right. Answer it.' And after hastily introducing the speaker, the announcer left him alone.

"'*Meine sehr verehrten Damen und Herren*,' commenced the communist, and launched into the reddest Red propaganda that has been heard on the European ether for many a long day. At the end he had the gall to thank the studio—over the air—for making it possible for him to broadcast. He left the building before the announcer returned from trying to reach the hospital where his wife was alleged to lie injured. *Ach*, but that was a swindle!"

Austria, too, has had her broadcasting swindle—the famous mocking bird who operated a portable transmitter on the same wave length as that of Radio Wien, the Vienna station. This gentleman's specialty was the tacking of a highly lurid, ribald message onto the end of Radio Wien's "good night"; for eleven successive nights he repeated this depredation, while hunted by coveys of direction finders. He was never caught, and his feat has become a legend.

Austria's radio, by the way, is superb. There is no more delightful program in the world than that provided by her broadcasting company. She has three hundred thousand receiving sets, served by the high-power Vienna transmitter and a network of five relay stations; the monthly fee is twenty-eight cents—two schillings. The broadcasts have a standard of artistry, sanity and purpose that is a revelation of what radio can be and mean.

They are not elaborate. Their attractiveness lies in their warm-heartedness, their richness of musical expression, the imagination with which they have been conceived—all qualities for which Vienna has long been famous. There is, of course, no advertising. The station does not operate continuously; it is on the air for about ten hours a day, commencing with market, news and weather reports at 9:20 and 10:50 in the morning. At 11 there is a two-hour forenoon concert, played two days a week by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and the rest of the time by one or another of the city's well-known string quartets. The station then shuts down until 3:15, when pictures are broadcast by a telephoto process. At 3:45, time, news and weather announcements inaugurate the balance of the day's transmissions, which continue without interruption until midnight.

A Song From the Nightingales

This latter part of the program is divided into three sections. From 4 until 6 P.M., it is musical, usually in a light vein. From 6 until 8, it is given over to the spoken word—talks and lectures on popular subjects—travel, current events, books, science, and so on—and educational work which is carried out with a good deal of intelligence and inspiration. The language lessons—in French, Italian, English and Esperanto—are so attractive that thousands follow them from week to week; their effect is certainly noticeable among Vienna's shop people and taxi drivers. Besides these, there are health talks and vocational periods for farmers, workers, housewives, stenographers, artisans, and so on. The speakers are clever and capable, often from the university, and seemingly universally possessed of the irrepressible Viennese sense of humor. The value and power of this effective work as a force for progress cannot be estimated.

At 8 the entertainment portion of the evening begins. These broadcasts are remarkable. They originate in part within the studios, in part in pick-ups from concert halls, theaters, and the renowned Wiener Staatsoper. One evening a week is devoted to grand opera, one to operetta or musical comedy, one to a symphony concert, one to folk music, one to a radio play—totally different from anything that has ever been heard on the air in America—one to a concert by one of the Viennese singing societies, and one to vocal and instrumental music in a light vein, which one may be sure will contain many old and new *Wienerlieder*, the tuneful songs that Vienna sings about itself, poking fun at its own frailties and celebrating its girls, gayety and feeling of affection for the beautiful old city. This is not a rigid schedule; many novelties are worked into it, such as the occasional feature called the Wandering Microphone. On one memorable night in spring that microphone was taken to the grounds of a castle near the city, where a man who has the gift whistled up the nightingales until a pair of them were poised on bushes near by, singing out their souls.

Radio Wien's broadcasting is supplemented by a weekly eight-cent publication. Besides listing both local and international programs, this contains pages of illustrations and notes to accompany the various talks. Each of the language lessons has a text to accompany it. The health and hygiene lecture is printed intact, and can be removed and bound. There are program notes to accompany the serious music, short articles about the composers and artists whose work will be heard; one pleasing feature is the printing of the words of many of the songs to be sung. There are also technical articles for amateurs.

Music for Young and Old

Austria is a tiny country. Germany, with sixty million population, has another radio problem—that of pleasing a sectionalized audience which has strong likes and dislikes and strong loyalties to local traditions. To serve the three million receiving sets that dot the land, there are nine separate but interrelated broadcasting companies—one in each of the nine radio districts into which the Reich has been divided—which furnish programs to twenty-seven transmitters. The audience is growing rapidly, the rate of increase reaching at times one hundred thousand sets a month. The investment is tremendous, and equipment and technic are most impressive. This year the system will receive and expend eighteen million dollars in its work; the license fee being fifty cents a month.

This system has several interesting organization features. To begin with, the broadcasting companies are merely program companies. They maintain and operate the studios and have full control over program matters, but the actual transmitting is done by government—*Reichspost*—radio stations maintained especially for the purpose, as the law prohibits private enterprise from engaging in any form of commercial radio communications. Each district has a four-kilowatt key transmitter which heads a network of from two to five seven-hundred-watt relay stations, giving the district complete coverage. As a rule, these relay stations operate on a common frequency.

At Kœnigswusterhausen, near Berlin, there is a long-wave, twenty-kilowatt national transmitter. The daytime broadcasts of this station are confined to educational matter, with periods for elementary and high schools, farmers, graduate professional men—physicians, dentists, and so on—business men, workers and craftsmen. These programs originate in a special organization called the Deutsche Welle—the German Radio Wave. Regular program companies are thus relieved of educational responsibilities, while broadcasting's great educational powers are exploited according to a progressive, coherent plan.

For the sake of standardization in policy and quality, all the program companies, originally under private ownership, are now controlled by a holding organization called the Reichs-Rundfunk Gesellschaft m. b. H.—Empire Broadcasting Company, Ltd.—which is in turn controlled by the government through stock ownership. This body administers the system's finances—prorating the license fees among the various companies—operates research laboratories, maintains international radio contacts and acts as a buffer between broadcasting and Parliament.

Programs in Germany are full of vigor, and excellently performed. News, good music, talks, sports, national hook-ups of outstanding events—they have plenty of appeal for brows that are low as well as those that are high, with "oom-pah" bands for the older generation and the best dance orchestras in Europe for the new. Showmanship is splendid. Curiously enough, German radio audiences, which hear as much good music as any on earth, have none of the American objection to hearing phonograph records on the air. Indeed—and the rest of the Continent seems to feel likewise—they rather like them, and get them for an hour a day between 11 A.M. and noon. Many American records are among them, and it is odd to hear moaning jazz tenors singing the choruses of Broadway's latest songs in Broadway's best New York accent, by radio from Berlin.

Every night, at 6 P.M., there is a ten-minute strafe of crisp advertising. The law prohibits longer use of the air for commercial purposes, but instead of splitting the time up into announcements between programs, it is expended in this one lump, when the virtues of milk or shoes are rattled onto the air in quite the modern manner.

Nothing could be less like the methodical, efficient radio of Germany than the harassed and spotty broadcasting of her recent antagonist to the westward—France.

"The Frenchman remains rather too individualistic to be a joiner, even of the radio audience," explains an American who lives in Paris. "He is not overenthusiastic about radio at its best, and when it is as far from its best as that of his own charming country, he shrugs his shoulders and turns to the phonograph, with which he can make his own program. France is mad about the electric phonograph." Nevertheless, there are a million radio receiving sets in the land, and twenty-nine transmitters.

Too Many Systems

The trouble with French radio is not that there is no system but that there are two systems. France permits private commercial broadcasting and simultaneously operates ten government stations—which likewise look at least in part to advertising for their support. The two are at swords' points; devotees of either camp grow temperamental, voluble, and at last speechless with Gallic indignation as they think about the other.

The root of the matter is that each one has what the other hasn't—and wants. The private broadcasters have money; they are backed by a powerful radio industry, and enough of their stations prosper on advertising accounts to make the rest of them eager to join the prosperity. One thing, however, they lack completely, and that is wire, the great essential of successful commercial broadcasting. They can have no network, they cannot even take an outside pick-up, because the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs—the P. T. T.—which is in sole control of all telegraph and telephone wire, is that same deadly rival which operates the government stations. The P. T. T. flatly refuses to lease them an inch of it.

The P. T. T. has a network of ten stations and all the wire in France, yet its programs are second-rate, much the poorer of the two, for the P. T. T. has no money. There being no license fees, it operates on a meager government appropriation, eked out by the sale of time on the air. It is restricted, however, to bare announcements of sponsorship, and so it is shunned by advertisers in favor of the private broadcasters, who may use as much descriptive matter and direct selling in their advertising as they wish. Really the best P. T. T. programs are those provided by groups of listeners who get together, spurred on by one or another of the radio magazines, and contribute francs at regular intervals, voluntarily licensing themselves.

When the Sea Is Bridged

The programs of the private broadcasters are filled with very acceptable music, but in their need for revenue they have rather worked the advertising end of their broadcasts to death. Direct advertising announcements are inserted at every opportunity, until the constant gabble spoils much of the pleasure of listening, particularly when the listener has become accustomed to the uninterrupted programs of other European countries. But worse than this, commercial broadcasting, as is always the tendency, has concentrated in the thickly settled centers where it can easiest reach the largest audiences. The small town and the countryside are quite neglected in France, in marked contrast with Germany.

Meantime the lawmakers ponder over a new radio law which will end most of these difficulties by giving one or another of the systems—which, no one can tell at present—a free hand. Radio is very much in politics, and lobbyists rather than listeners will decide the matter in the end.

In Spain, Belgium and Holland there is unrestricted private commercial broadcasting, and since these nations, like France, lack the concentrated business psychology that makes this type of radio a success in America, their broadcasting progresses against heavy odds and but slowly.

"Before we can have radio like yours," confessed a Belgian broadcaster, "we will have to have a business structure like yours. The goodwill type of program is an impossibility here. You must realize that even in our small countries we have no such national distribution of everyday commodities as features your life in America today. Your chain broadcasts are a parallel of chain grocers, chain automobile dealers, chain motion-picture theaters—chain everything. What a scale of buying and selling it is that you live on!"

But even though these countries are able to put little money into broadcasting, they have so many artistic and musical resources that their programs are full of attractive features and the listener from across the sea finds them pleasant to listen to.

Surely there are some tremendous thrills in store for us when science at last throws a permanent radio bridge across the Atlantic and brings all these colorful broadcasts to our own networks. What a cataclysmic, distance-annihilating sensation it will be to hear those voices say:

"Ladies and gentlemen, of Europe and America: Today we bring you a concert that will be heard by two hundred million lovers of fine music. . . . It is midnight in Vienna, eleven o'clock in London, six o'clock in New York, three in the afternoon on the Pacific Coast. . . . Greetings to you all."

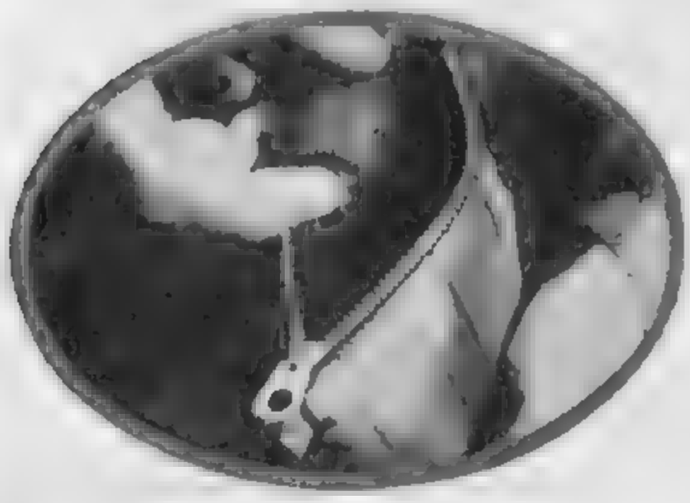
What difference will it make who sponsored it? For when radio crosses borders, everything drops away from it but the humanities. We will like the radio of Europe. It has only one purpose—the pleasure of its listeners. And an American finds that the things which give Europe pleasure give him pleasure too.

Bye Bye Buttonholes
... here are Talons!

SWISH—they're open! Swish—they're closed! Talons, the smart new fasteners, slide open and close in a wink. Nothing to wear loose; nothing to fray. They keep out dust—they leave no gaping seams—they're flexible and light as a reed. No wonder they're replacing all old-fashioned fastening methods!

The newest of the new things—rubber footwear, luggage, sporting clothes, hunting and camping equipment, children's garments, household items—are fitted with Talon Slide Fasteners. Look for the name Talon or Hookless on the pull-tab when you buy. Manufacturers place this modern method of fastening only on merchandise that is smartly styled and superbly made

THE NEW RUBBER FOOTWEAR is light, trim, and in colors to suit the costume. And how easy it is to shut out bad weather by one quick pull on the Talon tab!



QUICK FODDER for pipes. A pull on the Talon tab, a dip of your pipe in this pouch—and your briar is loaded! Nary a crumb of 'baccy spills!

OBLIGING OVERALLS! On and off—lightning quick! Fastened by a simple fingerpull on the Talon tab. Some help when working around the car. (And no buttons to scratch the finish!)

BEST-DRESSED LUGGAGE IS TALON-FASTENED. How smart these new bags are! No tedious tussle with old-fashioned straps or buckles. Talons slide open and close with one easy pull and always work like new. Talons simply *can't* rust, jam, or come unfastened. Ask the experienced traveler.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE all day long, playing Cops and Robbers. No buttons to come off—no buttonholes to catch and tear—when clothes are fastened tight with Talons. Say goodbye to hours of stitching! Believe it or not, Talons actually *improve* with laundering! What better way could there be to fasten washable playsuits?

THE SUEDE COAT TAKES ON NEW SMARTNESS with a Talon "separating" Fastener. And how easy it is to open or close to suit the weather's whim or the wearer's fancy

THE COMPLETE ANGLER—Complete now that he has a lumberjack like this! Sealed up *tight* with a new weatherproof, rustproof Talon Fastener! Keeps him warm and snug

CLOTHES KEEP FRESH and dustless—free from fading light when closeted in a modish garment bag that's Talon-fastened. A gentle pull on the tab and the bag is closed or opened—with no gaping invitations for those horrible hungry moths to enter

NO LOST BALLS! They stay snug and safe in a pocket fastened this quick way! Opened in a wink closed again as quick. S-w-i-s-h—that's all there is to it! Talon Slide Fasteners on the hood, too, protect your pet putter when it's checked on trains keeps clubs dry on rainy rounds! No rusty clubs!

LOOK *for* TALON *or* HOOKLESS *on the pull*

TALONS FOR HOME SEWING at notion counters. Get them – in different lengths and colors free yourself from fastenings that need mending. Talons stitch on in a minute and are there for keeps!

Your ideas help win a Talon Fastener!

List on the margin of this page four convenient uses for Talon Slide Fasteners not shown here! Your suggestions entitle you to a 50c nine-inch length of Talon Slide Fasteners on white tape for home sewing for only 25c. Also a 32-page Talon catalog, profusely illustrated with pictures showing hundreds of articles equipped with Talon Slide Fasteners. ¶ If you have difficulty in buying any of the items shown on this page, send us the name of your local merchant

TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER

TO MANUFACTURERS: Talons can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.,
627 Arch Street, Meadville, Penna.

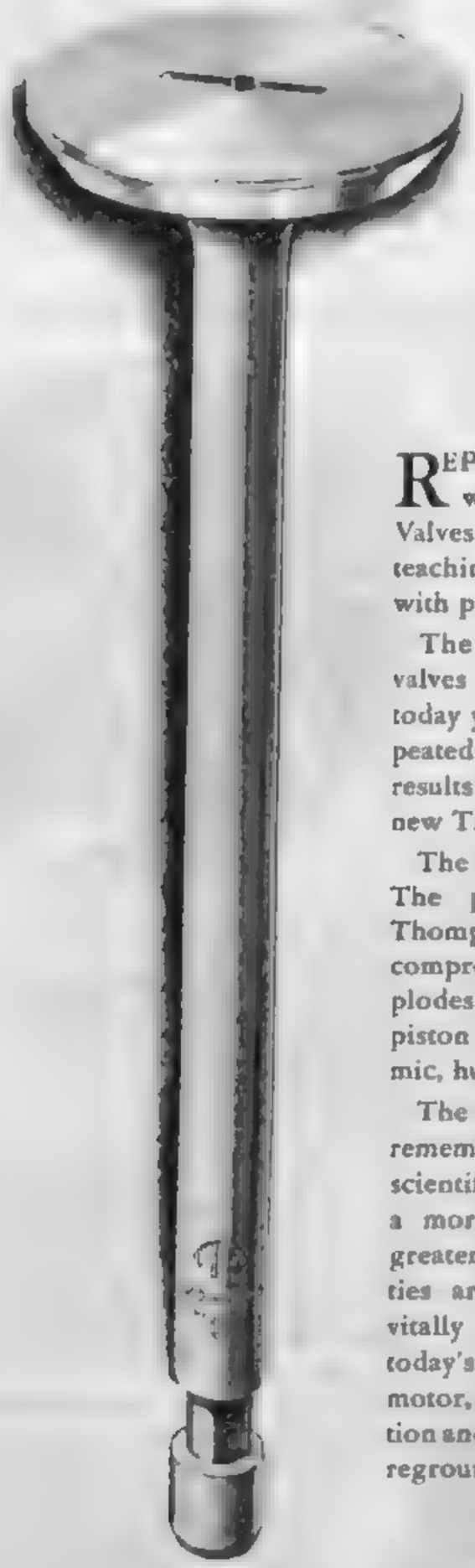
Herewith is my list of uses for Talon Slide Fasteners. Also 25c. Please send me (postpaid) a 50c nine-inch length on white tape for home sewing at this special introductory price, along with your 32-page fully illustrated Talon catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

DOES SHE HUM-M-M or DOES SHE STUTTER



REPLACING your old worn valves with a full set of new Thompson Valves is the most modern method for teaching stuttering motors to hum-m-m with power.

The old method of grinding your valves gave some temporary relief, but today your repairman tells you these repeated treatments cannot give the same results as the complete cure—a set of new Thompsons all around.

The improvement is easy to explain. The perfect *sealing* given by new Thompson Valves builds up maximum compression. The full fuel charge explodes behind each power thrust of the piston at exactly the right time. Rhythmic, humming power is the result.

The name Thompson is important to remember. It is a mark of modern scientific metallurgy. It is your surety of a more dependable valve strength, a greater heat resistance. These new qualities are not only desirable, they are vitally necessary in the operation of today's high compression, high speed motor, in which the increased heat, friction and pressure soon reduce the average reground valve to a ragged edge.

Motor car builders recognize these facts, recognize the Thompson name, and choose Thompson Valves above all others for original equipment. Ninety-five per cent of all American-built aeroplanes, too, are equipped with Thompson Valves.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND and DETROIT

Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie-Rods, Starting Cranks, Brake-Rod Assemblies, Pistons and Piston Pins.

Thompson Valves
Installed Here

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

This sign identifies a repair man who will give your valves a square deal . . . If re-grinding is what they need, he'll take care of them . . . But if replacement would be more economical in the long run, he will tell you so—and will install genuine THOMPSON VALVES

Thompson Valves

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

(Continued from Page 19

date, at Bowdoin and probably at most other American colleges, college men did much of their work on slates.

Libraries and library facilities were pitiful. After Harvard had been in existence for one hundred years the first catalogue of the library showed that it contained 3500 volumes, two-thirds of which were theological, and though Dryden, Johnson, Pope and Swift had done their work, their names were conspicuously absent. In the ten years from 1743 to 1753, the total accessions to the Yale Library numbered thirty-one volumes, "mostly sermons." At Hampden-Sidney, in the South—founded 1776—by 1821 the library consisted of only 500 volumes. It was estimated in 1782 that at Rhode Island College, later Brown University, the number of books was between two and three hundred, mostly theological and not well chosen, as the president wistfully adds, "being such as our friends could best spare." Because of this inadequacy of library facilities, college students there had to be denied access to English classics like Chaucer, Shakspere, Pope and Dryden. There was no library building, and for lack of attendants it was possible to keep the room open only one day a week, from one to three o'clock in the afternoon.

The Cream of Existence

The alumnus of today who complains so bitterly about the continual solicitation for funds on the part of his university should take heart and not imagine that he is witnessing a new phenomenon. All the way back the records of the colleges show that they were constantly detaching some member of their small staff to solicit funds, and usually with little success. On the whole, it may be said that the country was poor and private benefactions scantier even than they should have been. Nothing proves this better than the account of how Brown University at Providence came into its present name. It had been founded in 1764 as The College of Rhode Island. After thirty years of highly successful operation, the corporation of this already well-known institution passed a resolution that if any person would give the college $6000 he should have the right to name it. Even at that, there were no takers. Six thousand dollars was too much to expect from any donor of those times, and after waiting eight years, in 1803 the corporation was forced to cut the price to $5000. In 1804, Nicholas Brown came forward with this sum and Rhode Island College became Brown University. It is only fair to Nicholas Brown to say that he was later to prove a generous patron.

There was, of course, no gymnasium, no facilities whatever for social life or recreation, except the debating societies or halls, which in part explains their great pristine popularity and their present decline. In many cases we find a lack of what would now be called not only the comforts but the decencies of life. The trustees' report on conditions at the University of Georgia—Franklin College—made in 1826, reads as follows:

> The charge of the want of cleanliness is universal and may be well maintained against every room in both buildings, as well those occupied by students as those reserved for purposes of recitation. In many instances this want of cleanliness is extended to a want of decency, and filth is found to have accumulated of such sort in such quantities as to be offensive and doubtless injurious to health.

Cows were generally pastured upon most of the college campuses until 1850, and pigs kept on the spot disposed of the garbage of Commons. A dawning consciousness that these conditions were not what they should be appears in the votes of the Dartmouth faculty in the 1840's. They recommended that "the college back yard be immediately cleaned" and that a fence be put up "such as shall keep out the entrance of cows." When we find them urging naïvely that "the experiment of scouring be made upon the windows of the recitation rooms," it seems fair to assume that the practice of washing had not previously been resorted to.

A considerable part of the revenue of the struggling colleges came to them from the rental of dormitory rooms. A student who chose to live in town had to pay the college an equivalent tax. At Dartmouth, dormitory rooms had become so dilapidated that Professor Sanborn reported there, in 1845, that "during the past year more than twenty rooms have been unoccupied. Some of them are positively untenantable, and others are soiled, shattered and defaced. The neglect to occupy these rooms brings a heavy tax upon those who room in the village." He adds, naïvely, that this "seems to annoy and irritate those who pay for it." They showed this irritation by breaking windows in the dormitories and causing damage at least to the amount of the tax imposed. About the only touch of sybaritism will be found in rare letters from the wealthier men at Harvard, like the following from the later historian, Francis Parkman, of the class of '44.

> This is the cream of existence. To lie abed in the morning, till the sun has half melted away the trees and castles on the windowpanes, and Nigger Lewis's fire is almost burnt out, listening meanwhile to the steps of the starved Divinities—students of theology—as they rush, shivering and panting, to their prayers and recitations—then to get up to a fashionable breakfast at eleven—then go to lecture—find it a little too late, and adjourn to Joe Peabody's room for a novel, conversation, and a morning glass of Madeira.

If housing conditions were inadequate, the situation was possibly even worse with regard to the meals provided. Here the records are unanimous and repeat the same dismal story. We hear complaints from the farthest Western institution of that time, Illinois College at Jacksonville, founded 1829. The historian of this frontier outpost of learning reminds us that "Among the petty difficulties of the time [the mid-nineteenth century] there were many that arose out of the management of the College Commons." This is the case at Hampden-Sidney in the South, at Dartmouth, at Middlebury, at Brown, at Williams, at Yale, at Princeton, at Harvard. The undergraduate ate without relish and was forever in protest. Yet he does not seem to have been over-exacting. The food was scant, poorly cooked, and the service primitive. We have had an inkling of conditions at Harvard in the eighteenth century. In the early nineteenth they had not greatly improved. Sidney Willard, a Harvard professor who had been graduated in 1798, reports that students who boarded in Commons were obliged to go to the kitchen door with their own bowls or pitchers for their suppers. There "they received their modicum of milk or chocolate in their vessel held in one hand and their piece of bread in the other." After Josiah Quincy became president in 1829 breakfast consisted solely of coffee, hot rolls and butter. The evening meal was plain as the breakfast, "with tea instead of coffee, and cold bread of the consistency of wool." This is not a description by a disgruntled undergraduate. It is the statement of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, then tutor at Harvard. Necessity, the mother of invention, drove these often underfed boys to "pin to the under surfaces of the table by a two-pronged fork some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner." This practice of forking meat to the underside of the pine tables seems to have been almost general college custom, for we find it reported in accounts of life at Princeton, where, the historian, Varnum Lansing Collins, tells us that ownership of these dividends from yesterday's dinner was "strictly respected, stray dogs alone excepted."

At Yale "the breakfast consisted of olla-podrida hashed up from the remains of yesterday's dinner and fried into a consistency that baffled digestion. This compound was known as slum. To these accommodations a senior or a tutor would prefix and suffix a grace, during the telling of which two forks were sometimes observed sticking into each potato on the table."

That perfect gentleman, the late President James B. Angell of Michigan, a graduate of Brown in 1849, confesses, "I cannot say that usages in Commons Hall were conducive to elegant manners." Plain living and high thinking would still have constituted an admirable ideal for the American college of 1850, but the whole scale was too low. It was below the level of comfort and the amenities prevalent in the country generally. The food was not only plain; it was scant, and the service hugger-mugger.

How this impressed representative undergraduates we may judge from the Reminiscences of the late Cyrus Northrup, for many years president of the University of Minnesota, a self-made man and a distinguished graduate of Yale in the class of 1857.

> No impression of Yale College is more deeply impressed upon me than the inadequate provision for the comfort of students. The freshman recitation rooms were furnished with three rows of benches, were lighted by oil lamps, were occupied by a needy student as his room when not used by the class for recitation, and were cheerless and uncomfortable. The unseemly hour for chapel services and for morning recitation, both before breakfast and daylight, was an abomination.

At Princeton the situation was no better. The late Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, one of America's most distinguished Greek scholars, who died in 1924, was graduated there in 1849. He tells us that refuse was disposed of by the direct method—it was thrown out of the windows! "Waste water of all kinds was projected from the upper floors, so that the lowest floor smelt to heaven." He concludes, without enthusiasm, "It was a Spartan life in those days, and for me a somewhat joyless one."

The New University System

Charles Godfrey Leland, the author of the famous Hans Breitman Ballads, the son of a fairly well-to-do family, finds his life at Princeton in this same period a "demnition grind," and it is significant to note that he chose to live not in the college buildings but in a room in town. The sons of the comfortable and even of the poorer classes, who came to college with an earnest desire for study, did not regard their years on the campus as having been spent just this side of Paradise. It should be remembered that this, therefore, is the verdict not of the pampered sons of the idle rich but of the earnest, hard-working student of the mid-century. If the good old times ever came, they must have come later, yet even this is doubtful.

It is counter to accepted opinion, but it is probably none the less true, that standards of comfort were really higher in the state universities than they were in the supposedly wealthier Eastern colleges. These state universities were not founded on the English residential college model. They were patterned, or at least they came to follow, the Continental university plan. Though the dormitory system was attempted in a few, even there it was early discontinued. Their founders realized that they did not have the necessary funds to do more than provide a campus, professors and recitation rooms. Food and lodging were generally available at modest rates in the village or town, and the needs of the boy who lived there were probably, on the whole, better taken care of than were those of boys in Eastern colleges. It is, therefore, significant to notice that this new system of state universities was to undergo a really astounding development from 1850 to 1900; a period when the more strictly college population in the East did not so greatly increase.

PHOTO BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Holder Court, Princeton

A *land where thousands* CHOOSE *to live* ... see why this winter

Each year California's citizenry is being increased by thousands who first come to visit and then return to live. This state, more than any other, is one in which people live because they love it. The even, equable climate with the atmosphere of springtime at every season makes it a land of out-of-doors.

The sports you enjoy in summer are played here in winter, too. Golf on spectacular courses, set beside the sea or against a mountain background. Riding, boating, hiking, tennis almost every day in the year. These are the reasons why Californians are so successfully winning high places in the field of national and international sport.

Climate, though, is but part of the allure. Here is gay and colorful San Francisco—her Chinatown, her own Grand Opera Company, smart shops, gay restaurants. Cosmopolitan, with ships from all the world in her great harbor. She serves the rich markets not alone on the Pacific Coast but in the lands bordering the Pacific where 900,000,000 people are awakening to modern wants. Rich beyond telling in the natural resources of this great West. Here is opportunity.

Winter here this year to join the throng of merrymakers. Find renewed vigor in the warming winter suns. And as you thrill to the joys of eternal spring, look about you at the wealth of opportunity for those of vision and ability. Not Utopia, no more a land of easy riches than any other, but a place of joyous living where those who are winning success in other sections may find an even finer future here.

More of California's story has been published in a new booklet, "San Francisco". You may have a copy on request. Merely send the coupon.

SAN FRANCISCO

IN CALIFORNIA—"WHERE LIFE IS BETTER"

Send now for your copy of the 32 page booklet – profusely illustrated

CALIFORNIANS INC
Dept. 209, 703 Market Street
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You may send the free book, "San Francisco ... In California—Where Life is Better"

Name

Address

The standard of comfort in the residential colleges was to lag behind the standard developing in the country generally, as can be noted by the importance of the Yale pump as a meeting place until a relatively late date. Even graduates of the late golden 90's at Princeton will tell you feelingly of the acute irritation they felt when, in a populous old-fashioned dormitory, they stood in their long line waiting for their one tub bath a week, and hooted and jeered while some sophomore, entranced by his rare privilege, overstayed his allotted time. There is more than an interest of curiosity in these recitals of unsatisfactory provision for creature comforts. Many of the most regrettable abuses in the American college are really traceable to this neglect. We are sometimes told that the fraternities, the eating and social clubs of the undergraduates which have caused so much trouble, are an inevitable product of American life. It is true that we are a nation of joiners and that almost any American wishes to join anything that any other two Americans have joined. That, however, is not the sole explanation. There are, of course, clubs in the English colleges. They have never raised the problems which result from the fiercer discrimination and competition for membership in our own clubs and fraternities. This and that overemphasis upon athletics by undergraduates were in part the result of the total failure of the college to provide normally for the social life and the healthful recreation of students.

The net conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the attempt fostered by John Harvard to institute in this country the system of the English residential college was a failure. It was essential to the success of that system that younger men, undergraduates, should live on an easy and friendly footing with older men, their teachers, and in this household of learning come to social and intellectual maturity. We failed, not because the system was not excellent but because we were too poor and too puritanical. Very early the attitude of students to faculties became one of aloofness, if not of masked or open hostility. Nothing illustrates the degree of our failure so strikingly as our failure in any of the colleges to maintain a Commons. By 1850 they had everywhere disappeared, and not because it was un-American, since in very recent years several have been reestablished with fair success. It was only as we neared 1900 that the attitude of faculty and students became cooperative. The recent gift of Mr. Harkness to Harvard and the plan at Yale to establish residential quadrangles are steps toward realizing that long-lost ideal. It is possible that under the more favorable conditions of today it may finally bear fruit.

The visitor to New Haven or Princeton who, on a great football holiday, walks into the Harkness Quadrangle or Holder Court is sometimes heard to remark on the beautiful and possibly sumptuous accommodations provided for modern undergraduates. He is likely to conclude that from the first this country has made great sacrifices to provide for education. He should remember that the age of munificent gifts to colleges, those of the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Sterlings, the Harknesses and the Bakers, and of alumni generally, have come for the most part in the past quarter century. It was the student of those supposedly good, but really quite hard, old times who made sacrifices for education. That early system, however, had one advantage, and possibly only one. It provided a natural, if a rigorous, method of selection. Until fairly recently few men came to college for "the life." They came because they earnestly desired an education. They wished to be preachers or teachers or lawyers or doctors. They were willing to put up with hardships to do so, and some of the credit must go to them. All this, however, made of them a highly selected group, and this, perhaps, rather than the old curriculum or the old life, is responsible for their successes. What they really are regretting when they speak of the good old times is not really those harder conditions of life, but their own lost youth. They were not so enthusiastic while students. They, too, grumbled, and with more cause, and it was just because the college proper did so little for them as social beings that, by way of compensation, they created that strictly American development—college life. The forms which this took, however, constitute another story.

MED SHOW

(Continued from Page 13)

unaware secretary. When the first letters reached grandma she protested vigorously to me.

The bishop's letters were an open sesame to the churches, where I delivered learned lectures on laundry, ancient and modern, to classes of freedwomen so organized that a club of five was entitled to the reduced rate of $2 an iron, a class of ten to a $1.75 rate, and fifteen or more to a $1.50 rate.

Five years later I was in Columbia, South Carolina, at the head of a Healy & Bigelow Indian medicine show. The name of Ned Oliver, which I had taken on the stage, now had been embroidered to Dr. N. T. Oliver—Nevada Ned—though I had not, as yet, been within two thousand miles of Nevada. For three years my hair had been uncut and I glittered with half a hundred good paste diamonds, bought in a pitchman's supply store on Vesey Street, New York. Few would recognize Ned Oliver, the banjo player, in this dashing figure.

The man who had promised me a job in Columbus, Georgia, and then left town was billed to play Columbia, and I waited. When he made his parade I paralleled it—a German band at the head of my procession. I followed on horseback, with flowing hair, ten-gallon hat, buckskins and diamonds. The Indians and cowboys trailed me and our wagon brought up at the rear with the banner: The Greatest Display of Diamonds Ever Seen in the World at Nevada Ned's Big Indian Village Tonight.

That took the edge off his parade, while the promised diamond display, in as much as we were giving a free show, stole his performance as well. At the proper time that evening I displayed my personal jewels, then added, "But this is not what we promised you. Now I am going to show you more diamonds than you ever saw on one man."

I snapped my fingers. Six Indians labored toward the platform, carrying a heavy chest, guarded by cowboys with drawn revolvers. In the chest was our black-face comedian, Tom Harris, known as the Black Diamond, in a fancy suit made of thousands of red diamonds cut from playing cards. The chest opened with a proper flourish, Harris stepped out. The audience took the hoax in good part, and an old score was paid off. My old acquaintance, who had not recognized me, put my conduct down to sheer meanness.

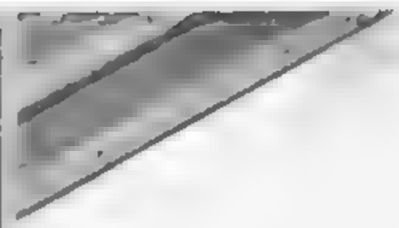
The next week, at Greenville, I settled another score. Zera Semon was billed to play the town. Semon came to see Nevada Ned, groaning at the unexpected opposition. "You've got a better show and play for nothing." He groaned. "What chance have I got? I think I'll cancel."

"We are not giving a show tomorrow night," the great plainsman, Nevada Ned, announced. "Instead, we will turn out our band, Indians and cowboys, and advertise Zera Semon's unrivaled feats of prestidigitation."

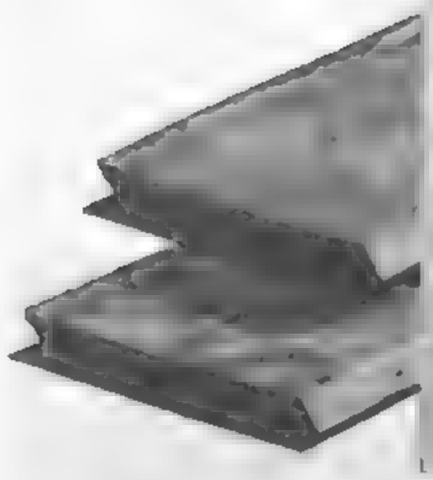
Semon was properly suspicious. "What's the reason you're not showing? What's the gimmick to all this Christian charity?"

"That's just Nevada Ned's way of doing business," I said with a lofty wave of the hand. That night we announced that the Indian village would be dark on the

(Continued on Page 160)



Beautiful, enduring CROMAR Floors were laid throughout this impressive new Florida home of Mr Edward T Lewis of St Petersburg Henry H Dupont, Architect



Below An interior view of a charming [illegible] home, showing CROMAR Oak Floors laid right over the worn floors—at the speed of a room a day

CROMAR OAK FLOORS

will cost you much less to keep beautiful than hand-finished floors

The reason is as simple as it is startling:—every strip of CROMAR Oak Flooring is completely finished at the factory, like furniture. It is milled, filled, double varnished, and even treated to resist moisture—by *machines!*

Machine-finishing is uniform. And it is thorough. The best trained human hand has neither the skill nor the strength to equal the work of these ingenious and powerful CROMAR machines. The resulting finish on every strip of CROMAR is the most uniformly beautiful that you can imagine; it is more durable by far—which means that it successfully resists thoughtless wear, that it long outlasts the finish of the usual hand-finished floor, and that its upkeep cost is very much lower.

When the beautifully finished strips of CROMAR Oak Flooring reach you (crated in *compact* bundles which keep the strips proof against light, dirt and dust) there is not another thing to do but nail them down—in a new home, or right over your old floors.

The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started in the morning—completed in the evening. Think of it!

CROMAR marks a great revolutionary advance in the history of wood floors. The story of its manufacture is immensely interesting. Write for a free sample and booklets which explain the reasons for these advantages of CROMAR and numerous others as well.

CROMAR floors cost no more than hand-finished oak floors. CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers. Carpenters and contractors install it at the speed of a room a day—since there is nothing to do but nail down the strips. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

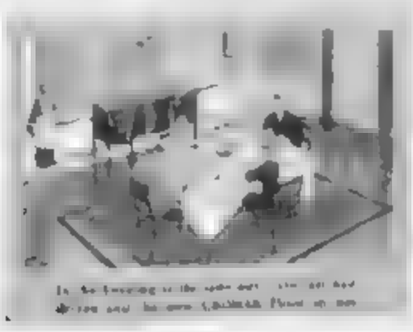
Pacific Greate West Distributors
THE C. L. THOMPSON COMPANY
Offices and Warehouse
200 Davis Street, San Francisco, California
324 N. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to start driving the [illegible] CROMAR Flooring

CROMAR right over your old floors

Because CROMAR is completely finished at the factory, it is Laid and Used the Same Day! When the beautifully finished CROMAR strips reach you, *mated* in compact, easy-to-handle, damage-proof bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—right over your old floors. The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day Started after breakfast—completed before dinner!

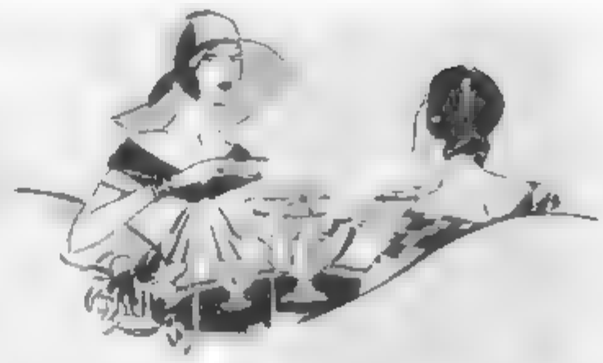
CROMAR is a tongue-and-groove flooring—which means that the nails are driven not through the finished surface, but through the tongue, and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip



In the [illegible] the same day the oak floor [illegible] CROMAR Floor [illegible]

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

Said *Mrs. Today*
to *Mrs. Yesterday*



"I've found a better way to clean house"

THE Premier Electric Cleaning Unit became famous *over the tea cups!* For where is the woman who can resist the temptation to tell how *she* cuts housework in half!

No ordinary attachments to bother with! They are eliminated entirely. The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit provides a cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and a separate handy cleaner that hustles through the little cleaning tasks!

The marvelous Spic-Span makes this possible. This handy little cleaner was created for women desiring a *simpler* method of home cleaning. The Spic-Span not only does the work of attachments, but it does it *better and faster!*

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and blower . . . repels moths . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of attachments!

Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

Free Demonstration. The Spic-Span may, of course, be purchased separately. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration of the cleaning unit best suited to your needs. Also, ask to see the remarkable Premier Floor Polisher Accessory. No obligation.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 509, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 166

morrow and that we would attend the Semon magic show, which we recommended glowingly to the audience. The next night we joined forces with Semon in front of the opera house and drew in a capacity house for him.

At the hotel after the show, I handed him the ten dollars borrowed five years earlier, and disclosed my identity.

"Well, I never expected to see that ten again," he marveled. "Sure you can spare it? You already paid it back many times by helping me out tonight."

"Zera," I proclaimed, "with that illy spared ten dollars you lent me in my hour of need at Columbus, Georgia, in 1880, I have made $100,000 since. Thus virtue is its own reward."

True, I had not made $100,000, but Zera was a brother showman, spoke the language and understood that I meant that I was eating regularly.

Back to 1881. I worked my way North with my polishing irons, found the demand lessening as I neared the Mason and Dixon's line, and disappearing entirely in Philadelphia. There I heard that Percy Garnett had resumed his rightful name of Williams and was manufacturing a liver pad.

Williams called his the Electric Liver Pad. Its ingredients were bran, capsicum—red pepper—mustard, hydrastis and fenugreek. He was selling these pads from a low-necked hack on the streets of Newark, with Jim Radcliffe singing and strumming the banjo, when I found them. As he was asking only fifty cents for an article customarily priced at two dollars or more, business was good.

I suggested two changes—the first, that he could get a dollar as easily as half a dollar; the second, that he change the shape of the pad from oval to triangular better to accommodate it to the pit of the stomach. He adopted both suggestions and contracted with me to take out a show.

Lo, the Poor Indian!

In a town in Kentucky that season a drunken negro interrupted my lecture in front of the courthouse. The sheriff stepped out of his office and told the man to "close your trap." The latter muttered some abuse and the sheriff shot him dead without a word or change of expression.

At Fremont, Ohio, home of Rutherford B. Hayes, our first-born died that year and is buried there. The former President, who had recently left the White House and returned to head a local bank, was won over by the theory of the Electric Liver Pad, and gave it a trial. I did not solicit his testimonial.

At Jackson, Tennessee, where we ended our season, I saw my first Indian medicine pitch. Jim Lighthall, born on an Illinois farm, but claiming to be the adopted son of Chief Spotted Tail and privy to all the lore of

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,

had been playing Jackson for several weeks. He was among the first and certainly most famous of the long-hairs and the buckskins. He called himself the Diamond King, wore a bucketful of diamonds—some genuine—had a display of Indian curios, sold Herbs of Joy or some such title, and did an office-consultation business, carrying a graduate physician with him to escape the law against unlicensed medical practice.

There was personality plus in the eagle eyes and handsome profile of Lighthall. All our kind were prima donnas, and Lighthall most of all. He resented our appearance. "I've got this burg sewed up in my pocket. Try and work against me and see how far you'll get with your bean bags."

I suggested that there was room for both of us; that I take a corner well removed from his. When he refused, I took up the gauntlet. Two buskers, both first-rate artists, had come to town that day, playing the saloons. I added them to our show and opened on a good corner a block below Lighthall.

When we struck up, Lighthall's crowd began to drift. His was virtually a one-man show and an old story by then. The next evening he made his pitch on the corner across from us and his war whoops could be heard on the Hatchie River, twenty miles away. We stayed ten days. After the second night, Lighthall packed up his Herbs of Joy and retired until we had quit the field.

A Compromise on Atmosphere

He was one of several long-haired pitchmen selling Indian herbs by then, and he became the best known of all; but these men were lone workers. The medicine show needed the vision of John Healy. He had heard of my success with Percy Williams' liver pads and wrote me asking that I meet with Bigelow and him at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, in the fall of 1881.

There it was that the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company was born. Healy was a stickler for proper stage settings. His plan was to hire a few Indians, rent a storeroom and have the medicine simmering like a witch's brew in a great iron pot inside a tepee. The brew of roots, herbs and barks, refined from a formula handed down through the generations, was to be ladled out to the public, who would provide their own bottles.

Texas Charley laughed this to scorn. "The public may be willing to tote its beer in its own pitchers, but it won't send Johnny to the corner for a pitcher of medicine," he scoffed. "What's wrong with bottling it like any other medicine?"

Healy's artistic integrity revolted at this. "These are a primitive people compounding Nature's remedies. They wouldn't have a bottling plant. My scheme may be a little inconvenient, but the novelty and the atmosphere will get them."

"Are you going to sell medicine or give a show?" I wanted to know.

"Both, naturally," said Healy.

"But you expect to make your money out of the medicine. Why not do this? Healy, Bigelow and Oliver are Indian agents. The Indians make the medicine and ship it East, where we put it up in handy packages."

This compromise was agreed upon. I was under contract to Williams for another season, but it was understood that I was to join H. & B. as a third equal partner at the end of the season. I at once began to let my hair grow, and it was down to my shoulders when I reported.

Why Kickapoo, I have forgotten, or never knew. Probably because the name tickled Healy's ear. The Kickapoos were a small division of the Algonquin tribe, of whom little had been heard since they helped the British take Detroit, and aided Black Hawk in the Illinois uprising of the 30's. Among all the variegated redskins we hired, there was not one Kickapoo to my knowledge.

The first Indians were Chief Thunder Cloud and seven other bucks of the Caughnawagas, an Iroquois subdivision from the south bank of the St. Lawrence above Montreal. Healy & Bigelow opened in a storeroom in a Providence hotel with the Indians as atmosphere, but giving no show. This last was introduced at their third stand, a big tent in Boston opposite the Boston and Providence station. That winter they moved into the old Aquarium at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, and played all season.

Where the Redskin Was Noble

The Indian usually was romantic in ratio to the distance separating him from the white man. That is, the frontiersman despised or hated him, depending upon whether the redskin was meek or arrogant, and classified him among the higher orders of carnivori. The East, from which both the Indian and memories of the bloody days had all but disappeared, saw in him an Uncas or a Hiawatha, the noble savage.

The Apache still lurked in ambush on the Gila and Satana's French horn had blown defiantly at the battle of Adobe Walls only eight years earlier. The massacre on the Little Big Horn was but half a dozen years in the past. It was five years since Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé, harassed on three sides by Miles, Howard and Sturgis, had held them off with a greatly inferior force for seventy-five days while he fell back 1320 miles through the heart of the Rockies—as magnificent a retreat as military annals record. With 100 warriors and encumbered with 350 squaws and children, Joseph fought a rear-guard action, zigzagging through the mountains and killing three soldiers for every brave he lost, that did not end in surrender to Miles until October 5, 1877.

This merely gave the Indian a higher flavor to a people half a continent removed from a scalp knife. These were the last despairing stands of a beaten race. Now that the redskin no longer stood in the white man's way, he became a figure of romance. Fiction discovered him anew, added the cowboy, the gold camp and the desert, and the stage was set for the showman.

There is Hope!

The 80's and 90's have been called a good many names recently—most of them hard—but one failing common to both has gone unnoticed. These were the patent-medicine decades. In pioneer times the American depended upon the physician or chemist for quinine, calomel, salts, aloes, strychnine and morphine. For the rest of his medicine chest, he made his own, as he did his whisky. Every farm wife knew her simples, roots and herbs, many of them inherited from the Indians. Peddlers brought them to the doors of the town woman.

When I was a boy in Philadelphia, peddlers still cried their wormwood, bergamot, sassafras, sweet basil, mandrake and rhubarb through the streets.

The pioneer physician had to carry a pharmacy in his saddle bags and compound his medicines in the kitchens of his patients. Certain of these compounds were such household needs that physicians here and there began to mix them in advance and bottle them under their own labels for convenience.

The almanacs, first published about 1843, were the earliest form of printed patent-medicine advertising and the only literature in thousands of homes. The almanac was an ideal medium for the times, for it remained in the home in daily use for a year. One was published in seventeen languages, an edition running to 6,000,000 copies. The power of the printed word really was discovered by these early medicine makers.

The spectacular success of such proprietors of remedies attracted the showman—Doctor Munyon, for example. Munyon was a Philadelphia Irishman with an incorrigible imagination and exuberance. He had solicited advertising for the Irish World, run an employment agency, and barked up many another tree before he went into patent medicine on a borrowed $8000. For a long time he took only fifteen dollars a week for himself and wife out of the business, putting the rest back into advertising, until he was spending $1,000,000 a year, a phenomenal sum for the time.

Munyon was the original sloganeer. There is Hope! It is a Crime to Deceive the Sick! He circused the trade after the fashion of Barnum.

I was with Munyon briefly once in Chicago. His method there, as elsewhere, was to burst upon the city à la thunderclap, with full-page ads in the Sunday papers announcing that on the morrow 10,000 bottles of Munyon's Specific, or whatever it was, would be given away absolutely free—and they were. The distribution usually was made from the office of the newspaper carrying his advertising, or one of them. There were no strings attached, but every applicant of the thousands gave his name and address before he got his bottle. These names not only fattened an ever-growing mailing list but they were followed up for testimonials. An office would be opened and continued just as long as an air of excitement could be maintained. When business began to settle to normal, exit Munyon.

(Continued on Page 173)

Dr. George McClellend, Original of Diamond Dick, With Crazy Elk, Big Horse and Squaw in 1903

New Safe no-wringer

MEN WANTED!

We have opportunities for a considerable number of men to manage washing machine departments in stores all over the country. Must be capable of earning $4,000 to $7,500 per year, salary and commission. Must be able to train and manage salesmen in resale crews.

We also need men to demonstrate and sell EASY Washers to hundreds of thousands of interested women. Salary and commissions up to $5,000. Write, wire or phone NOW.

EASY

Easy Washers are a phenomenal success

These amazing telegrams from EASY *Dealers prove that alert women everywhere demand these new lower priced* EASY *Washers*

ALREADY, the marvelous new EASY Washers have established a record for popularity that is unparalleled in the entire washing machine industry.

In June—the first month they were announced—over 24,000 EASY Washers were sold. Orders of unprecedented size poured in from all parts of America . . . from the largest department stores and modern electric shops . . . far surpassing any previous sales record.

The alert modern women of America have been quick to appreciate the sensational improvements which these new EASY Washers offer. New safety! New speed! New convenience! New compactness! . . . All at new low prices!

Choice of Agitator or Suction Washer

One of these new EASY Washers is the time-tested agitator type. The other is the famous suction type. Both are equipped with the centrifugal Damp-Dryer. Both sell at the same exceptionally low price. Thus, you can have the improvements which are responsible for EASY'S tremendous popularity, on your favorite type of washer.

The EASY Damp-Dryer which replaces the wringer on these new washers is much more simple to operate than a wringer—also infinitely safer, faster, easier, gentler. It damp-dries clothes ready for the line by a simple law of nature known as centrifugal force.

You transfer a whole batch of clothes from the washing tub to the basket inside the damp-drying tub. Then close the lid and turn a lever. *In less than two minutes,* without any effort on your part, the water is whirled out of this big batch of clothes—ready for sun-drying

Extras at no extra cost

This new EASY method of damp-drying has these advantages over wringing

No broken buttons—
No torn clothes

It places absolutely no strain on fabrics. There is no squeezing, twisting or pulling. No torn clothes. No broken buttons

Hand-feeding piece-by-piece into a wringer is slow and tedious in comparison with EASY'S automatic method of taking out water.

The EASY Damp-Dryer takes out more water than wringing does, so sun-drying is much faster.

It leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems do not drip. In bad weather, clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day

Bulky things like blankets and pillows which will not go through a wringer are easily handled Ironing also is easier because the clothes are free from deep, hard creases. Rinsing can be done in the Damp-Dryer without handling the clothes until ready for the line.

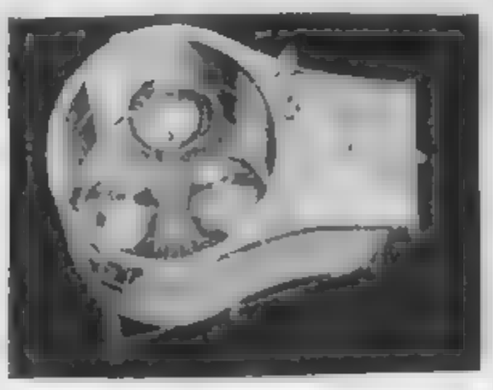
Wash tub and Damp Dryer operate independently—hence the EASY handles two batches of clothes at one time. A power pump empties all water for you.

It is safe! Neither the most curious child nor negligent grown-up can be harmed.

1 week's washing free

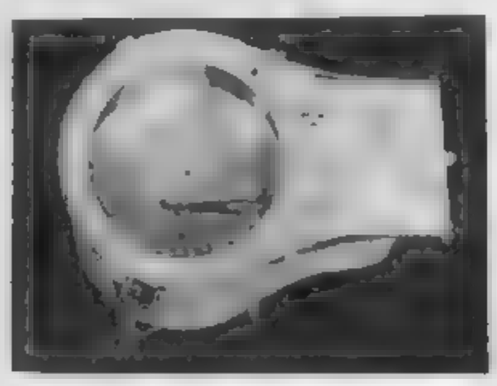
Simply call the nearest EASY dealer—he is listed in your telephone book. He will bring the new EASY to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes. Then if you wish you can pay for it on EASY terms. Or write us for a free demonstration.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



Suction Type no-wringer EASY

This new, improved model is more compact. Many inches shorter and lower than any previous no-wringer EASY. Can be used in the smaller kitchens. Handsomer in appearance. Safety controls are even simpler than before. An 8-pound washing capacity as compared with 6 pounds for most washers. Three suction cups move up and down and around—sixty-six times a minute—flushing air, soap and water back and forth through the clothes. Leaves texture of the clothes so thoroughly cleansed in a surprisingly few minutes



Agitator Type no-wringer EASY

The new EASY single vane agitator produces unobstructed action of water and clothes. It secures the ideal to-and-fro movement that is so tremendously efficient and yet so gentle. Corrugations in agitator base give added washing speed. Thus, EASY offers the tried and tested agitator washing principle but with improvements of outstanding value. An 8-pound washing capacity—2 pounds more than average. Controls are simpler and fewer than those on any wringer type washer

THE SAFE WASHER

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

DEALERS

EASY offers a plan of making money that will command the immediate interest and respect of your banker. Let our representative tell you about the opportunities in your locality. Write us today

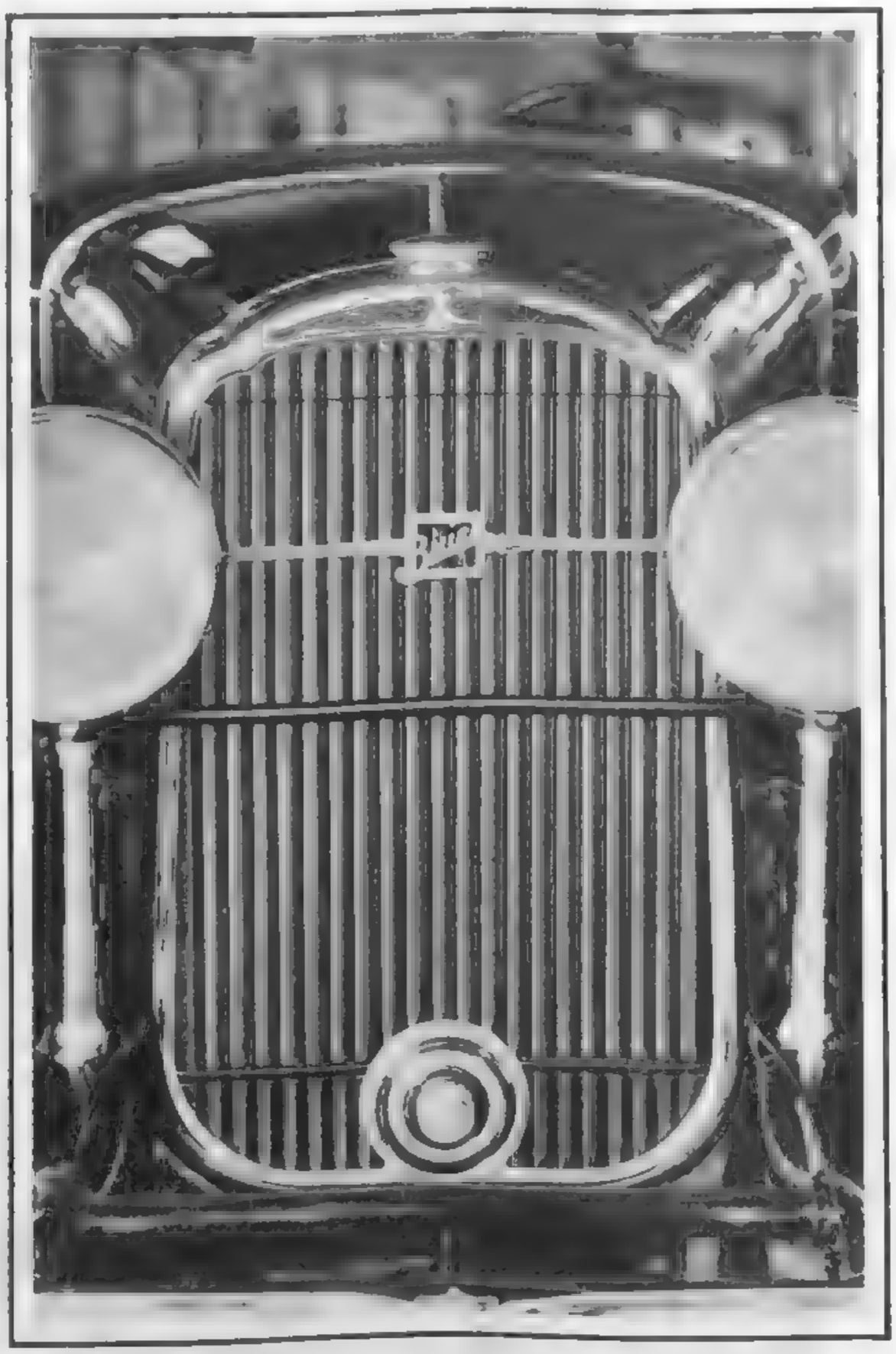
SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
I am interested in the EASY franchise in my locality

Name

Street City

In the judgment of a majority of the leading automobile manufacturers

there is no substitute for PINES *automatic* WINTERFRONT



THERE is a new and vital development in automobile engineering. As a purchaser of a new car—or an owner of an old one—you are entitled to know all the facts.

More than 20 of the finest automobiles science has yet produced are now factory-equipped with built-in Pines Automatic Winterfronts.

That fact, in itself, is one of sensational interest. For these cars are the product of the world's best engineering brains. They are the product of the manufacturers who do the bulk of the world's business in fine automobiles.

The word of the engineers who build these cars is accepted as final throughout the world. The advancements upon which their approval falls are accepted by industry and public alike.

Thus it is doubly significant to you that more than 20 of them have adopted Pines Automatic Winterfront as standard equipment.

It means that the car manufacturer has taken motor protection into his own hands. It means that research, tests and experience have proved to the satisfaction of the men who *build* cars—that motor protection *cannot* be left to the memory of the driver. It must be automatic. And it must *be there* when temperature changes require—*not* just when the motorist happens to think of it.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True—Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car, impossible to attain with the radiator exposed—as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

But its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automobile industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage—experts agree—which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands—and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 1131 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

IF the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

BUICK 40-50-60
PIERCE-ARROW 133-143
WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
STUTZ
ROLLS ROYCE
STEARNS-KNIGHT DeLuxe 8-90
PEERLESS 125
JORDAN 8
HUPMOBILE 8
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
GARDNER 130
DODGE SR. SIX
CHRYSLER 75
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DURANT 60 and 70
BRADFIELD CAB (Kissel)
CHECKER CAB
BLACKHAWK

and others—names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 169)

Toward the bottom of the list came the makers of whiskies disguised as tonics, and several strata below them, a group of shameless frauds offering cures for the incurable or habit-forming opiates. Combined, they spent more for advertising of every sort than any other industry and their deafening ballyhoo produced a generation of nostrum swiggers. Members of Congress were not above signing published testimonials.

The medicine show which elbowed into this field was neither more nor less ethical, by and large, than the patent-medicine trade. It had similar divisions. The paid testimonials and the evangelism of the patent-medicine trade were the equivalent of the hocus pocus of the med show. The claims of one were apt to be as sweeping and empiric as those of the other. The products of both frequently were old stand-bys of the pharmacopœia, and more than one little med show grew into a big proprietary-remedy business.

By the time the Kickapoo Indian Village reached Broadway it had been augmented by a band of Ogallala Sioux headed by Charley and Eddie Burgess, sons of the Indian agent to that tribe. The Sioux called Charley, Pe-tal-la-sha-roo, or Man Chief. Eddie was Pe-risk-la-sha-roo, or Boy Chief. He was more Indian than white in his ways, spoke Sioux by preference, and had the most beautiful head of hair I ever saw on a man. By practice and some gifts in that direction I had made myself an expert marksman and brought a shooting act with me when I joined the show at the Aquarium.

Faith in Mankind

All my seventy years the grass has been greener on the other side of the hill and I have tossed away the bird in hand to flush the covey in the bush. I was a third equal partner in Kickapoo and could have stayed to head the amusement end of it and share in its great profits, but I persuaded myself that I was too smart to need partners. Many times I returned to Healy & Bigelow as a company manager, once as a partner, but one season and I was off again on another tangent.

The first will-o'-the-wisp was Hindoo Patalka, which I copied closely after Sagwa. I hired two Syrians out of a rug store and a Hindoo who was doing a magic act in variety as my atmosphere and decked them out in lavish Oriental costumes. Three entertainers and an elephant completed the troupe; the elephant an afterthought. Porgy—John L.—O'Brien, Philadelphia circus man, had one which did nothing all winter but eat Porgy's hay. O'Brien offered me the elephant free for the winter, to escape its board bill. We had to drive him along the road, and a series of misadventures culminated in the pachyderm going through a bridge in Jersey and through the ice in the stream below. When the bridge had been paid for and the elephant returned to Porgy, Patalka's tale was told.

Percy Williams had been advertising his liver pads in the farm papers with much success and was doing a large mail-order trade. He offered the pad for three dollars, on terms of a dollar with the order, the balance in thirty days, if satisfied, or the dollar refunded. A week or ten days before the final payment was due, the buyer would receive a letter reading something like this:

Dear Friend: You have been using our electric liver pad long enough now that we are confident you have received such benefits as more than warrant your remitting the balance of two dollars. Our inquiries have gone to show that you are a responsible person, highly regarded in your community, and we make this suggestion: There is a considerable profit in the sale of our pads. If you wish to assume the agency in your neighborhood, we will send you ten pads on receipt of ten dollars, and you need not remit the balance of two dollars on your own order.

The remarkable part of this follow-up was that 60 per cent of his customers accepted the offer, and of the other 40 per cent, only a handful ever demanded their dollars back or failed to remit the balances.

The pad was succeeded now by the German Electric Belt. Germany already was getting a name for scientific prowess, electricity was the novelty of the day—and your showman lets no novelty go unexploited. It may be possible to generate current in a belt composed of alternate layers of zinc and copper disks separated by pieces of cloth saturated with a solution of common salt, but every electric belt I ever knew of was wholly innocent of electricity. There were more effective means.

Williams fastened a series of tin disks to a belt of webbing, painting each alternate disk with copper bronze to simulate zinc and copper electrodes. The whole was covered with a strip of red felt treated liberally with capsicum. Attach the belt around your waist next the skin and shortly the red pepper filled you full of elec-a-tric-ity.

Williams later did make a device containing a dry battery and an electrode to be applied to rheumatic spots, but it was not a belt. From this he went on to penny-in-the-slot electric shockers, then other slot machines. With Adams, the chewing-gum maker, he bought Bergen Island and converted it into Bergen Beach. This and other profitable Brooklyn real-estate ventures increased his fortune.

I took out a quartet selling his electric belt in halls early in 1883, then in June returned to Healy & Bigelow as manager of a unit of twelve—six Indians and six performers. This was the standard Kickapoo show, of which as many as seventy-five were on the road in one season. We worked on lots, pitching our platform and tepees in the form of an Indian village and living in camp style. Indian Agent was the sign on the manager's tent.

The show customarily began with the introduction of each of the Indians by name, together with some personal history. The stage setting was simple—an open platform with an Indian panorama in oils as a backdrop. The redskins sat in a half circle about me as I introduced them. Five of the six would grunt acknowledgments; the sixth would make an impassioned speech in Kickapoo, interpreted by me; all made authentic by my scout habiliments and air of dignity. Followed the lecture on the medicines.

The six were a mixture of Caughnawaga, Chippewa, Cherokee and a Peruvian Indian, but, for that matter, I understood as little Kickapoo as they spoke. It was a most edifying oration as I translated it. What the brave actually said, I never knew, but I had reason to fear that it was not the noble discourse of my translation, for even the poker faces of his fellow savages sometimes were convulsed.

The Cowboys are Coming

From the end of a runway extending from the platform into the midst of the crowd I made my final sales talk. As I finished, half the performers broke into music, half the Indians into war whoops and tom-tom beating, while the six others mingled in the audience selling Sagwa and oil, to which we added the vermifuge and salve next year. Sagwa sold for one dollar, or six bottles for five dollars; the others for a quarter each. Part of the doctor manager's business was to place the line in the local drug stores, to which our price was $7.50 a dozen, offering them a profit of 60 per cent. To hold the crowd, the vaudeville program, which included my rifle-shooting act with wife and brother, was not given until after the sale.

This was Healy & Bigelow's No. 2 unit. The first company had gone from the Aquarium, New York, to Philadelphia, where it played nearly a year in halls and under canvas. We had played almost as long in Boston. In the summer of 1885 I took out a third troupe through Pennsylvania, and that fall shipped a company of twenty-five, fifteen of them Indians, to Charleston, South Carolina, for Kickapoo's first appearance in the South, playing there all winter out-of-doors and adding a seven-piece German band which I heard on the streets.

This growing unit was elaborated in 1886 on the Bergen Heights, New Jersey, baseball park to a full-fledged Wild West show and rodeo of seventy persons and twenty-eight head of horses. Healy & Bigelow were alarmed at the expense, so I took over the show myself, selling their medicines by arrangement, but calling the outfit Nevada Ned's Big Indian Village.

We played principally at night and achieved effects I never saw approached in a similar entertainment. Scene painters transformed the ball park, by means of profile rocks and trees, into a Western landscape. On each upper end of the grand stand was a calcium spotlight. One pencil of light would pick up an emigrant wagon train debouching from a canyon, pitching camp for the night and the men and women singing and dancing about their camp fire. Then a second calcium ray would disclose a war party of Indians stealing upon the camp. The attack. Much shooting and yelling. Then the gallant cowboys to the rescue.

We had laid a trail of sawdust saturated with gasoline along the field. As the retreating Indians reached it one would toss a burning brand, snatched from the camp fire, and the field would burst into a simulated prairie fire. Upon our stage we gave tableaus—the pioneer mother sewing in her cabin and skulking Indians peering into the window, and the like. In front of the grand stand there was bronco busting, trick riding and trick shooting. Seats in the grand stand were ten cents, standing room free, and I sold $3000 to $4000 worth of medicine a week.

A King of Diamonds Set in Gold

Buffalo Bill was playing in Staten Island, and sent Johnny Baker, now custodian of the Cody tomb on Lookout Mountain near Denver, to scout our show. Though his troupe was larger and more authentically frontier, what we lacked in magnitude, we supplied in imagination. We gave the public what they believed life in the Wild West to be—gave them even more than they had suspected.

It began with the introduction of the Indians and cowboys by Tom Wood, brother of the then well-known George Wood, "that somewhat different comedian." The minor cowboys; then "I now introduce to you Texas Tom, the daredevil backward rider of the Great Plains." Tom, graduate of negro minstrelsy, would come catapulting out backward on his bronco, his feet locked about its neck, he holding on by the tail. I, in full regalia, closed the introductory period, driving up smartly in the only outfit of its kind in America, a croydon cart drawn by three matched Norwegian ponies.

In figure they were miniature Percherons, but with coats of a true gold color and a straight black stripe running from the tip of the nose to the end of the lush tail. A Brooklyn express agent had imported four of these flashy ponies for breeding purposes. The stallion had died and I bought the three remaining animals for $900. I had a two-wheel cart, with seats back to back, and drove the three abreast in gold-mounted harness with bells and plumes.

Nor was this all my grandeur. I now was monarch of two kingdoms, King of Gold as well as King of Diamonds. While playing the Horseshoe in Jersey City earlier in 1886 I had added ten-dollar gold pieces as buttons on my velvet and corduroy jackets, five-dollar gold coins as buttons on my fancy vests, three-dollar gold pieces as cuff links. Around my neck I wore a chain of half eagles, meeting in a fifty-dollar California gold slug and extending on to the watch pocket and a watch that weighed a pound. That was a day when weight and bulk were the measure of a watch.

To relieve this Quakerish simplicity, I wore $3000 worth of real diamonds and two gold-mounted mother-of-pearl .44's. My mustache was long and prettily waxed to points, my clothes foppish in the extreme. In such fashion I liked to stroll up Broadway or through the markets in Washington and Fulton streets, followed by bootblacks, newsboys and messengers, who could not decide whether to hoot or cheer. Which, it mattered little to me; to go unnoticed was the ultimate insult.

This show we shipped to Savannah in the fall. There some difference arose with Healy & Bigelow and, acting in character, I organized the rival Chippewa Indian Medicine Company, with Charlie Bellows, who had been one of the Kickapoo chemists. We opened at Athens, Georgia, sans Indians, Healy & Bigelow having recalled their braves promptly. What I lacked in red men I made up in cowmen, each with enough hair to stuff a mattress, and Athens was satisfied. But when we moved to Atlanta to play the armory all winter, I felt the need of the Indian flash.

A Show for the Indians

North of Asheville, in a nook of the mountains, was a band of Cherokees who had refused to migrate to the Indian Territory with the rest of the tribe. Taking train to Whitakers, North Carolina, I trailed over the mountains to the reservation. A group of squaws was pounding corn in mortars as I appeared; they fled precipitately.

"These people are as timid as deer," the agent told me, "but they might go with you if you can win their confidence. Why not show them some trick shooting?" I did, and won the tribal title of Man Who Strikes the Circle. Ten bucks agreed to go with me, but these Cherokees long before had given up blankets for overalls and cotton shirts, and I had not prepared for such a contingency. I carried a collection of pelts and fur rugs as platform and office decorations. Wiring to Athens for these and to Asheville for a bale of blankets, we contrived between the two to deck our ten Cherokees out as Cherokees never were decked before.

In Atlanta we found Yellowstone Kit selling a Japanese liver pad with a troupe of Jap entertainers, headed by Little All Right, who had been top mounter of a band of Jap acrobats and had acquired his name from his cry of "All right!" as a signal to the understander.

As a side line, Yellowstone Kit was pitching Not-a-Kink. How many millions the Southern black has spent on hair straighteners is not to be found in the Department of Commerce reports, but it is no mean industry in Dixie; one long since taken over by members of their own race. Kit's Not-a-Kink was one of the earliest. His hair was curly. Doused with the stuff and plastered down, the curl vanished. The optimistic darkies were convinced and paid him five dollars a bottle. Any other liquid would have had the same effect, of course, as long as the moisture remained.

At Nashville one of the Cherokees came down with pneumonia and died. The others grew nervous and homesick, and trouble having begun to rain on me, it poured. My showmanship, as always, traveled many jumps ahead of my business sense. In need of money, I sublet some concessions which did not redound to the credit of the show, and one day the Chippewa Medicine Company went "boom."

Healy & Bigelow were not ones to let sentiment stand in the way of business. However erratic I was, I could sell medicines. They forgave me my lapse and offered me Chicago and fifty Indians. I wrote back that twenty-five would be enough, and opened at a baseball park with the largest medicine show ever attempted, outdoing even the Bergen Heights rodeo.

Annexing the performers of a stranded carnival brought our troupe to 11[illegible] persons, reduced later to ninety. We rented such horses as we needed, eliminated the bronco busting, and came down harder than ever on the Indian. The show really was one long Indian tableau, beginning with the sale of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars, down through the Battle of Ticonderoga to the Custer massacre.

It was enough of a spectacle to attract the attention of Chicago newspapers—the

only med show I ever knew to draw a metropolitan review. We charged ten cents admission here, but threw in a prize drawing every Saturday night. In Louisville, I went a step further—I put the tableaus on calcium-lighted floats and held a night street parade. By this time I had added a second brass band—eight negroes who worked for seventy-five dollars a week for the lot.

My vanity and my imagination undid me again. Joe Clifton and his wife, May Treat, were playing near by with a Western drama called The Ranch King, and Clifton offered me the title rôle. It was a fat part, I never had played in the legitimate, and I saw a vision of Booth's mantle descending upon me. Selling my show back to Healy & Bigelow, and my ponies for $1000, I opened in New Albany, across the river, as the Ranch King.

I did not know that Clifton was a jealous man. That was why my predecessor had departed, but I had no inkling until a morning in Birmingham, Alabama, when I awoke to find a note from Joe. He wrote that May and I obviously were in love, wherefore he was turning the show over to us and departing.

We had as little sentimental interest in each other as two cigar-store Indians. We were not even stage lovers. True, in her rôle of a waif, she did sit upon the Ranch King's lap at one point, but Joe had picked the show himself. His generosity in giving it to us was noble, but he took with him his trained dog, Trix, as smart a dog as I ever encountered. Trix really was the star of the piece, and without him, we foundered at Montgomery, Alabama, in Christmas week.

Uneasy in His Crown

There were thirty-one Kickapoo units operating in the Chicago territory by the spring of 1888, and they offered me the supervision of all. I was to spend a day or two with each, contribute my shooting act, and make such changes in each unit as I thought advisable. I took the job. The travel wore me out; my wife, who was living with the two children in Chicago, fell very ill, and I hurried home. At seventeen I had written a paper-backed novel which Laird & Lea published. In a Minnesota town I had begun another; this I finished at my wife's bedside. Laird & Lea accepted it and I began a third. In the next year I wrote seven novels, some of which attained the dignity of a cloth binding. In collaboration with John Postgate I wrote twelve others, short detective stories, serialized in a Chicago newspaper and afterward published in paper covers. A Chicago police captain got the credit for each. Neither Postgate nor I esteemed it a grievous loss; we were paid.

My wife—by this time fully recovered—and I were fond of the theater and went often. My long hair made me so conspicuous that I took to braiding it and concealing it beneath a skull cap in the theater. One night an usher demanded that I remove the cap. I refused. He brought the manager. I explained why I wore the cap and pointed out that women customarily kept much larger hats on their heads in the theater. The manager tried to snatch the cap from my head. I hit him, was arrested and released by a friendly police captain. But Mrs. Oliver protested that one such experience was enough. So I cut off my crowning glory.

This gesture was intended to signalize a divorce from my past, yet within a month I was calling on the Hamlins, John A. and Lysander B. For ten years they had been selling their Wizard Oil from wagons drawn from town to town by handsome four and six horse teams. Each unit was the same in composition—a driver, a lecturer and a vocal-instrumental quartet. A parlor organ was built into each wagon. A week's stock was carried in lockers beneath the seats and replenished at fixed points. Only hand baggage was carried, members of the company shipping their trunks from week-end stop to week-end stop.

Most pitchmen and medicine shows claimed that their product was being introduced thus solely for advertising purposes. Hamlin's oil was the only one, so far as I know, of which this was strictly true. The real mission of each wagon was to stock up the stores en route and to create a demand that would cause the merchants to reorder. Only the oil was sold, and it in two sizes, a fifty-cent and a dollar bottle.

A Miracle of the Med Show

Until now the Hamlins had operated only in summer from wagons. They were experimenting this winter with one company playing halls, and it had not been successful. I pointed out that street and hall demanded different types of entertainment, suggested a more spectacular show, and was hired to put the ideas into effect.

In the spring of 1889, I took my wife and two children and went out in charge of a Hamlin wagon unit, shipping to Topeka by rail and beginning a methodical tour of Kansas. Big Foot Wallace drove a six-horse team that was ballyhoo enough in any farming country, although we carried the regulation quartet. The Hamlins' methods never varied. The nearest to ordinary med-show practice they ever permitted was a deafness demonstration. One frequent form of impaired hearing is caused by the hardening of wax over the eardrums. By rubbing the line of the Eustachian tube briskly with the oil, wetting the tips of the little fingers with it, inserting them into the ears and withdrawing them suddenly, creating a suction, relief was instant and spectacular, if often temporary.

Business not being all it might have been, I wrote to Chicago suggesting a cut in prices. The Hamlins refused flatly. My next suggestion was an arrangement with some manufacturer of silver plate to supply us with premiums at cost or less; we to advertise his goods. Although this violated their long-standing policy, they did make such a deal. From giving away a silver napkin ring with every bottle on splurge nights, we worked up to gold-filled Swiss watches which cost the Hamlins $4.89 each; then diamond rings. The diamonds were genuine, though chips, ring and stone not costing us more than six dollars. Such prizes, naturally, were not given with every bottle.

From Wichita we shipped by rail across the Indian country to Texas for the winter. Before long I was advancing another suggestion. I had worked out an Indian herb-medicine pouch on the plan of a liver pad. This time the Hamlins were annoyed. When they declined to have anything to do with it, I wrote back that we would cry "King's X" for a time while I took out the company on my own and experimented with the medicine pouch.

Some weeks later I was taking a Healy & Bigelow unit out of Chicago into Wisconsin, my last appearance with the Kicks. Sometime in the 90's Healy sold his interest to Bigelow. I am told that he went to Australia, where he promoted a hand fire extinguisher successfully. He spent some of his later years in a soldiers' home in Maine. When Texas Charley sold the Kickapoo business in 1913, it had dwindled to a small mail-order trade. Just what happened to so flourishing an enterprise is not clear; its like never was seen again.

Bigelow by now looked strikingly like the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, and was mistaken for the banker often. He went to England and began the manufacture of an identical line of remedies, calling his leader Kimco, the initial letters of the Kickapoo firm. The outbreak of the war ended this, but the war did not prevent him and Arthur E. Healy, one of his former partner's sons, from planning a chain of painless dental parlors in Great Britain. It did not materialize, but the Bigelow idea was put into effect in this country, notably by a former Kickapoo showman, Painless Parker. Bigelow died suddenly during the war while making a Red Cross speech at Houston, in his native state.

At the Indian Village in Appleton, Wisconsin, on this Kickapoo swansong of mine, appeared one day a seventeen-year-old boy who looked as if he had just been thrown off a freight train. He wanted to act, he said. I asked what he could do. Play the banjo and perform on the trapeze, was his answer. Not these accomplishments but his self-assurance led me to take him on.

The boy was James Monroe Ferdon, to become Doc Jim Ferdon, the Great Paul, the Great Pizarro and a famous med-show operator, the friend of any pitchman in need, and as ingenious a money getter as the business ever produced. Los Angeles real-estate operations incubated the stake he made on high pitches, and he is wealthy now, his Hollywood home a show place. Yet he is likely to take to the road again tomorrow if the spirit moves him. His last such excursion was in the Pennsylvania Dutch country in 1928, where he was carrying a negro minstrel troupe and billed as The Great Pizarro.

Ferdon was born in Litchfield, Illinois. When he was twelve, Doc Jim Lighthall, who turned the heads of more small boys than did a circus, and upon whose pattern every second pitch doctor modeled himself for years, came to Litchfield, with his flash of diamonds and gold buttons, long hair and buckskins, belying his birth on an Illinois farm near Tiskilwa. Lighthall was to die in Texas of smallpox.

One of Lighthall's men—Doc William Mosely—married a widow who was a neighbor of the Ferdons, and branched out with a show of his own. Jim had a sweet soprano voice and the Moselys took him along, billing him as the Boy Wonder. Soon, with Pistol, he was saying: "Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

Electric Bill From Over the Hill

When I met him he already had a precocious knowledge of the "whistlers, whittlers and spitters," as he spoke of his fellow small-towners. We did not hold him long, he soon departing to join Frank Golden and Frank Evans, who had left us to sell Percy Williams' German Electric Belt. When next I heard of him he was calling himself, "Electric Bill from over the hill, never worked and never will."

A little later he and a Jap were selling Chinese Herb Remedies, the Jap passing for a Chinaman and delivering a lecture in purported Chinese which Ferdon would translate. The fact that some Chinese laundryman would arise and denounce the Jap as an impostor disturbed Ferdon not at all. If he felt any comment to be necessary, he was as like as not to accuse the laundryman of being a member of a rival tong and capitalize the incident to his own ends with a lecture on the terrors of tong warfare. So does Mollie Fogarty call herself Chez Marie when she opens a hat shop on the Avenue, or Rosie Lipschutz become the imported Parisienne, Mademoiselle Renée, when she demonstrates Gowanus-made beauty stuffs in the big store. Settings different, motives the same, methods identical.

Ferdon really hit his stride when he organized the Quaker Medicine Company with Dr. J. L. Berry—a med show he took as far as Honolulu in 1898. Showmen both, they and all their workers wore the Quaker costume, "theed" and "thoued" and addressed one another and the public as "Friend," though they gave a very un-Quakerish show. The Indian med show was old stuff by now, and this variation caught the public fancy from the start.

Berry had been county physician at San José and president of a medical college in San Francisco, but he could not resist the lure of the open road and the matching of wits with the populace. His first enterprise was California Mineral Salts. As he told it, prospectors in the Panamint Range on the Death Valley slope had stumbled upon a mineral spring, one drink from which had cured the chronic indigestion attendant upon an unbroken diet of sourdough and sourbelly. The salts from this laboratory of Nature he sold for one dollar a box.

In Wisconsin, on my last Kickapoo stand, I got a letter from the Hamlins and a telegram from Laird & Lea the same day. The Hamlins wrote that they had found me an excellent manager when I tended to my knitting, and made me an offer to return. Laird & Lea wired:

BODY OF DOCTOR CRONIN JUST FOUND IN A CATCH BASIN CAN YOU WRITE US 5 000 WORD NOVEL MUST HAVE WITHIN SEVEN DAYS NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS BEING MAILED YOU TODAY BY SPECIAL DELIVERY.

A Victim of His Own Remedy

My telegraphed reply was: "Big job. How much?" The answer was: "Five hundred dollars on delivery of the manuscript."

Doctor Cronin was a well-known Chicago physician and militant Irish leader, and his unsolved murder was a sensation of 1890 or 1891. It was my task to embroider the facts with a fiction solution of the crime. Writing in longhand continuously, except to give the show each night, I ground out the 62,000-word thriller, The Great Cronin Mystery, or the Irish Patriot's Fate, by a Chicago Detective, in four days and nights, never giving a second glance at a page of manuscript. Mailed in "takes" to Laird & Lea, they sent it to the printer without the formality of reading it either for content or style. Illustrated with borrowed newspaper cuts, it was in the hands of every train news butcher ten days after the finding of Cronin's body, and had a phenomenal sale for a few weeks.

When I had slept the clock around, I went to Chicago to collect my money and to see the Hamlins. They asked me to organize a Wizard Oil show to play tents in summer and halls in winter. I accepted. At the close of the season, Lou Turner, manager of the Shaker Medicine Company, approached me with an offer of 50 per cent of the net and all expenses to head a small company carrying only a quartet. I accepted and opened in Posey, Indiana's most famous county. I had supposed the Shaker company to be just a variant of Ferdon and Berry's Quaker outfit. Instead, I found that a Shaker community really was putting up the medicines from their own formulas and that we were not permitted to represent ourselves to be members of the sect or to wear their costumes.

Catarrh was prevalent in the Ohio River country and I remembered that I had encountered in Chicago a man who made a catarrh powder. He had given me a sample and I found the effect extraordinary. Menthol obviously was present, and I put it down to this. Now I wrote the man to ask for the agency in the territory, and he sent on a supply. The directions called for the powder to be blown into the nostrils with a bulb. I had been demonstrating it nightly to great effect for some time when my nose became irritated and inflamed and my nerves jumpy. We were near Evansville, so I journeyed into the city and made inquiries of a wholesale drug house.

The jobber handed me a current copy of a drug-trade journal containing an analysis of the remedy. Its ingredients were menthol, sugar of milk and cocaine. Unknowingly, I was becoming a cocaine addict and my mental panic at the discovery did not help matters. Wiring Turner that I was closing the show, I went home to Chicago in a state of hysteria.

Although I always had used liquor sparingly, I now must have a pint or more of whisky a night before I could sleep. The next few months are not a pleasant memory, but by dint of the moral strength and patience of my wife, a rigorous physical régime and a battle with my will, I shook the narcotic off. Because of the instantaneous relief it gave, cocaine was a frequent constituent of the catarrhal powders and jellies of the time, I was to learn. I assume that the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 and the Narcotic Act put an end to that. I hope so certainly.

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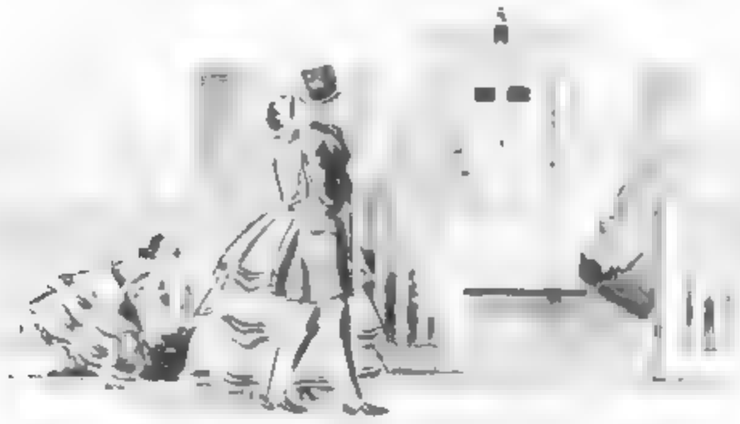

THE "face" of your home is its entrance. Just as we are accustomed to judge those whom we meet by a pleasant smile or a sparkling eye, so it is natural for people to judge our homes by the promise they see in the entrance. Some entrances are warm and welcoming, some are simple and dignified—some, because of their plainness, leave us cold and indifferent.

Curtis period reproductions will give to your home just that note of character you wish it to have. The entrance illustrated here—so intimately associated with the simple, straightforward architecture of Old Salem and Old Deerfield—is an admirable expression of the charm and hospitality of Colonial America.

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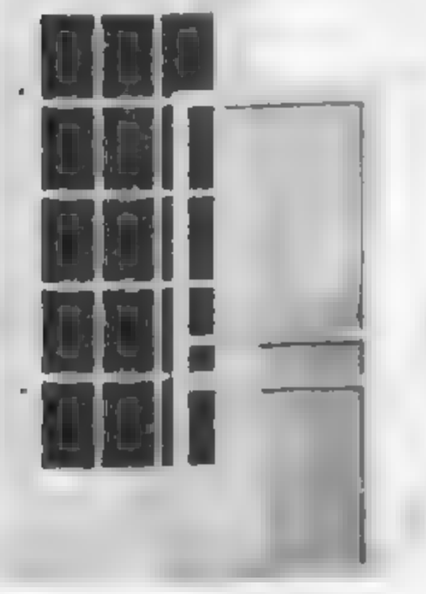

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REO has developed a new transmission—the new Silent-Second Transmission—that scraps all the pet aversions you've ever had toward using second gear!

With this new transmission, you can shift from second to high, at any speed without effort, without "feeling-in" your gear—and without any grinding.

You can shift from *high* back to *second* at 40 miles an hour—you can travel more than 40 miles an hour in second if you care to—and you can shift that gear-lever with one finger, it works so easily!

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Just step into a Reo Master Flying Cloud—and you'll get the biggest surprise you ever got behind a steering wheel!

Drive this car in second—and your ear will scarcely hear a murmur! The *quietness* of that second gear will amaze you! It's as silent as the ordinary high!

Slip into traffic where you'd ordinarily be kept busy shifting gears. You can drive this car through traffic all day long in second without shifting gears once!—and you can go 2 miles an hour or 40 or faster, smoothly, quietly!

Slide up behind a car that's snoozing along at ten—and you can cut out and go, even with oncoming traffic almost on top of you! Reo's new Silent-Second gives you the flashiest pick-up you ever saw in all your life! Just tap that gas pedal—and you'll scoot ahead of anything that's holding you back, and mighty quick! This new second gear will whisk you from a standing start to 40 miles an hour in the bat of an eye!

Hit the open road!

Get out where there's plenty of room and plenty of road—and put this car through its paces!

Shoot her up to 40 or more in *second*—and try that shift from *second* to *high*. With this new Silent-Second Transmission you can make that shift at 40 as easily as you can in any other car at ten!

Keep her around 40—and try that shift from *high* back to *second!* You'll have a feeling you ought to slow down before trying a shift like that! You'll half expect to hear a grinding and clashing of gears when you first attempt it.

But—you won't have to slow down, you won't have to "feel-in" your gear—just flick it right in. You'll hear no clashing, no grinding. You'll hear just one "click"—that's all! And she's in second!

Try it on a hill!

Start up a hill with traffic coming at you—and a farm wagon ahead of you. Slide up behind that wagon, slip into second—and crawl till there's a break in on-coming traffic. Then step on her—and you'll flash ahead of that slow-poke in an instant!

Yes, pick yourself a mountain—and Reo will swoop you over it like a winged chamois! But your big thrill will come when you start down the other side!

Ordinarily you'd pull down to 10 or 15 before starting down a stiff hill. You'd slow down and shift into second—and hate like the dickens to do it! Often you *won't* do it. You'll chance it in high—and maybe ruin your brakes.

But start down that hill with a Reo—fast as you like. You can shift from high to second when you want to without slowing down a tap—and that second gear will ease you down that hill at 5 miles an hour, or hustle you down at 40, whichever you like!

The Reo Master Flying Cloud gives you the greatest transmission that ever went into a motor car. But it gives you *more*—a lot more! See this car at your dealer's show room—drive it yourself—and get the rest of the story!

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a gear shift

REO FLYING CLOUD MASTER COUPE, *Sport Model*, F. O. B., Lansing, Michigan, $1750

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Shortcake, peach or apricot. Place a rusk in the dessert dish. Arrange fruit on top. Pour the juice on generously. Serve with whipped or plain cream. You will be delighted at the unusual flavor and distinctiveness of this easily prepared dish. Fully described on page 26 of the Dutch Tea Rusk Recipe Book, "A hundred ways to serve". Send for your copy, free.
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Delightful, not only for fancy dessert dishes, but as a meal. In scores of meat and vegetable combinations—as a cereal with milk—or as a special treat for afternoon tea—a quick energy food that tempts the appetite and builds health. Ideal for children. An old world recipe of blending and baking. You must taste "The Toast Supreme" to appreciate its goodness. Send 20¢ for full size introductory package. Dutch Tea Rusk Co., Holland, Michigan.
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Name
Address

THE TINSEL FISH

(Continued from Page 15

just one great sapphire ring. Cynthia could see its cold blue flame challenging the firelight as her mother unlocked her hands.

"Come over here," said her mother.

She moved back a little and Cynthia sat down on the edge of the sofa. Her mother smelled very faintly of gardenia—like gardenia far off. Her eyes had black rings around them. Her mouth looked as if she wanted to cry. But ——

"What's the capital of Vermont?" she asked as usual.

"Montpelier."

"What's five times nine?"

"Forty-four. . . . No—no; f-forty-five."

"You had your ride? Of course you didn't. It rained. Did anyone come to see you today?"

"Aunt Clara brought me a darling chocolate rabbit, mother."

"You didn't eat it? Of course you didn't. I trust you, Cynthia. Absolutely I trust you. . . . Did anyone telephone today?"

"Miss Locke's sister telephoned, mother, that their cellar is all flooded and their fire in the furnace has gone out."

"No singing at the piano tonight. No plant life. No enthusiasms. . . . I am Mrs. Fish. You are Cynthia Annesley Fish. Our cellars are floodproof and our fires blaze. We don't have to live in a flapping little house in the country and go on grubby picnics and meet white-collar husbands at five o'clock trains, do we? We are the most fortunate people in the world, aren't we?"

"Sometimes," hesitated Cynthia, "I should like to see the baby."

"What baby?"

"Miss Locke's sister's baby."

There was a short silence. Her mother stirred and locked her hands across her eyes again. When she spoke her voice wasn't as clear as usual. It was muffled.

"Are you ever—lonely, Cynthia?" it said.

"Sometimes, a little, mother," confessed Cynthia.

"So am I, Cynthia," confessed her mother beneath her locked hands. "So—am—I."

It was just then that the man came in. Bassett didn't announce him or open the door for him. He opened the door for himself. He just came in and stood looking down at them. Her mother sat up straight on her sofa and pulled Cynthia close. Her mother trembled. Her heart beneath Cynthia's head was pounding.

"Why do you come again? Why do you look at us? What—what do you want?" her mother asked, but not in her real voice; in a thread of a voice, a wisp of a voice, a whisper.

The man didn't answer. He just leaned down and swooped Cynthia up into his arms. When her mother's hands held on to her, clung to her, he pried her hands loose. When her mother stood up he pushed her back. When her mother followed them across the room he didn't look at her.

"You can't do this to me, Ran," gasped her mother, pulling at his arm, stumbling over the rug, following. "You can't do—this hideous thing. She's all—I've got—in the world."

They were out in the hall by now. Cynthia was beginning to cry. Bassett was coming from somewhere, running. Annie and Margaret, in their black silk uniforms with their white cuffs and collars, were coming running. The man had left his overcoat and his hat in the hall. He wrapped his coat about Cynthia now. He jammed his hat down over her head. Carrying Cynthia, he started for the door.

"Please," wept Cynthia into his ear, her arm curled tight about his neck, "I don't want to go—without my mother."

"Darling, your mother will come." The man just breathed this into Cynthia's ear. He kissed her ear. He kissed her cheek. He opened the door. Someone inside was beginning to scream, but it couldn't be her mother, for her mother never screamed Probably it was Margaret. Margaret had screamed when she sprained her ankle. The man carried Cynthia easily, for all that she was so plump, and a Fish, and that her heart was so heavy within her. Cynthia's wet cheek rested against his dark one, but Cynthia's wet eyes, her faithful heart, strained back over his shoulder.

She could still see the lighted doorway and Bassett on the steps. She could see someone else coming out now, joining Bassett, looking after them down the block, beginning to run. It was a woman without any hat, but it wasn't Annie or Margaret. She could see a gold, uncovered head under the lights, blue slippers, a furred wrap half falling off. Cynthia gave a great sob. It couldn't be her mother, for her mother never hurried, never ran. This woman was running for all she had in her. She was flinging herself after them. And she was catching up. She had caught up. One of Cynthia's hands, reaching down over the man's shoulder, met her mother's reaching up. Her mother caught it, clung to it, kissed it over and over again. Her mother's face was screwed up, queer. She stumbled along after them. Her head was bare, her throat was bare. The sable wrap slipped half off her shoulders.

No one stopped them. Nothing was said. It was a clear night and cold after the rain. Frosty stars looked down, but they didn't stop them. People, wrapped up, passed by in a hurry. Cars passed in a hurry. They hadn't, it appeared, very far to go. Just down the block and around the corner and into a great apartment-house entrance. The doorman looked at them. The elevator man looked at them—at her mother's screwed-up, beautiful face and loosened hair; at Cynthia being carried in like that—a great girl of nine—a Fish—but the elevator man didn't say anything. He just started his car and stopped it at the fourteenth floor. The man crossed a black-and-white marble vestibule and stopped before a heavy door and got out his key and unlocked the door and opened it. Carrying Cynthia, he went in and snapped on a light and turned to shut the door, but there was her mother in the way. Her mother leaned back against the door and the man couldn't shut it.

"So you're taking it standing," said the man. "That's a good attitude, Val, and you look very lovely, of course, but you can't stand in that doorway forever."

"I can stand here until people come by," said her mother.

"People don't come by. They go up or down."

"I'll not go home without her," said her mother.

"You can't stay in that doorway, Val."

"I can stay anywhere."

"A doorway isn't anywhere. It's half in and half out. You're bluffing, Val, but you're beaten."

"I'm not beaten."

"You're beaten, Val. I've got her. I intend to keep her. And you can't come in here."

"Can't I? Watch me," said her mother. She walked into the apartment and the man closed the door.

The apartment seemed to be more than an apartment, for it went up two stories. There was a staircase at one end of the living room which led to a gallery with doors opening off it. The ceiling of the living room was far off and deep blue and had stars painted on it. There were black and gray rugs scattered over the floor, and the chairs were so low and deep that they made Cynthia want to bounce. There was a piano and plenty of books, but there weren't any flowers. The man turned on some lamps with queer stiff shades, and pulled curtains of mulberry silk across the tall windows. Cynthia sat down on the edge of a deep chair. Her mother slumped down on a sofa near the door, but the man didn't look at her mother. He looked at Cynthia.

"It's all yours, Miss Fish," he said, drawing a deep breath. "What would you like to do first?"

"Bounce," said Miss Fish.

The man stared. "Bounce?" he said. "Where?"

"Up and down on this chair," said Miss Fish.

"Bounce then," said the man. So Cynthia bounced. Rather gravely and shyly. The man leaned against a table and smoked. He didn't look at her mother. He looked at Cynthia's dark curls bobbing up and down, at Cynthia's determined, flushed, bouncing face.

"Whoa, you've dropped your monogrammed handkerchief, darling," he said once. "And look out; your shoe has come untied. Jove! Think if it should happen to come off altogether."

"Once Aunt Clara took off my socks and my shoes—and I walked—barefoot—on Uncle Bennington's yacht. Once—the other day—I fell down in the park—and skimmed my knee."

"What happened then? Police reserves?"

"No, but m-mother—was—worried."

The man glanced quickly toward her mother, slumped down into the corner of the sofa, and then away again. He ground out his cigarette. Cynthia bounced until she was tired and then she stopped.

"I've had nothing to eat. . . . How about some scrambled eggs, Miss Fish?" suggested the man, leaning against his table. "Have you happened ever to have seen an egg in a pan?"

"How does it look in a pan?" asked Cynthia.

"It looks bully."

"Does it hurt the egg to be in a pan?"

"Not if there's plenty of butter underneath it."

"Have you plenty of butter?"

"Suppose we go and see." He held out his hand and Cynthia took it. She looked back over her shoulder at her mother, but her mother didn't move, so Cynthia went with the man, hand in hand, around a screen and through a pantry, but they had hardly reached the white-tiled kitchen before there was her mother in the doorway. Her mother leaned against the wall and tried to light a cigarette, but she couldn't light it; so the man went over and held out his lighter for her and she lit her cigarette, but she didn't smoke her cigarette. She just held it in her hand.

"Eight years of it—nearly nine," said her mother, looking at the wall. "Silence. Separation. Comparative peace. I build up my life again on a safer foundation. I build the child's life up on a safe foundation. I cram it full of lessons, of exercise, of health, of order. I leave out love. Once or twice I think I'll marry, but I don't marry. I have had enough of marriage. I go everywhere. I look at everything. I glitter. I'm tinsel, not gold. No more depths for me. I stick to the safe surface of life. I float. And I try my best to teach the child to do the same." Her mother moved suddenly and looked up at the man straight. "And then you come home," she said. "You turn up at my dinner. You walk in on my safe, careful, built-up life and wreck it again. You take the child as if you owned her. You don't own her or me any longer. And you can't keep her. I can stop you tomorrow. There's such a thing as law in the world, isn't there?"

"Not for us," said the man. "We have had enough of law. Sit down, Val."

He pushed forward a kitchen chair and her mother sank down upon it. He took her mother's cigarette away from her and ground it out. Her mother just watched him. Her eyes were as blue as sapphires in

(Continued on Page 181)

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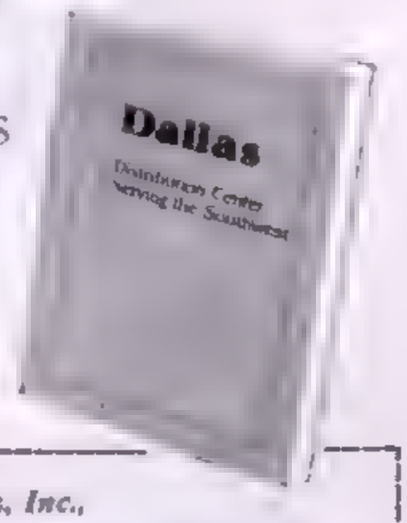

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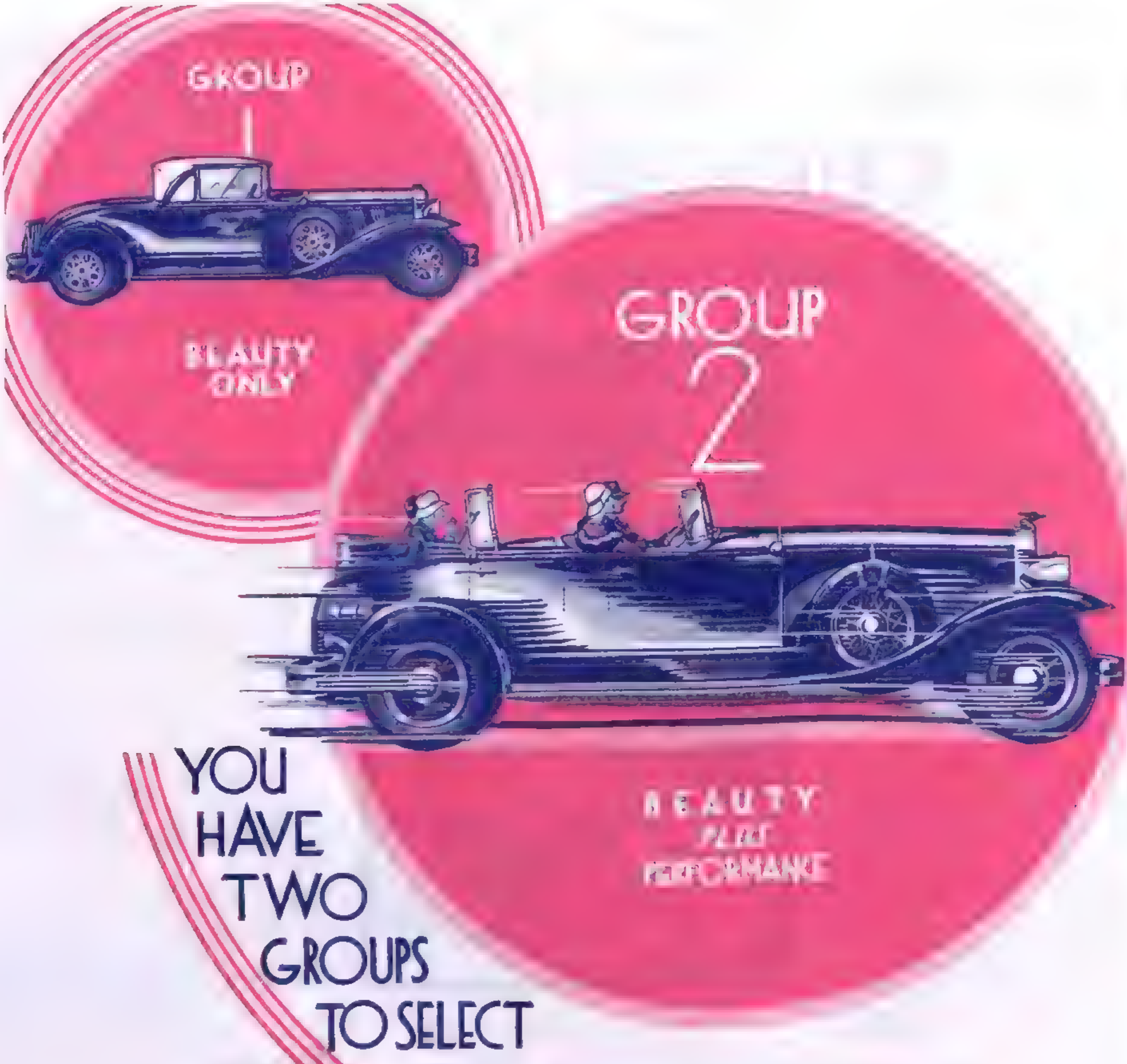

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(Continued from Page 178

her white, white face. They had black rings around them. Her mouth looked as if she wanted to cry. The man swooped Cynthia suddenly up on the kitchen table and sat down beside her. Cynthia swung her legs and listened to the kitchen clock. She was very sleepy. She was happier than she had ever been before in her life. For her mother was there, quite near. And the man was here with his arm around her. And they were just talking together. Everything was all right. The man was getting a letter out of his pocket now.

"I had a letter from Clara," he said. But that was all right. Cynthia didn't listen to the letter much. It was only from Aunt Clara.

"'I am not at all satisfied with the situation at Number 5, East,'" read the man aloud.

Cynthia yawned. That was all right. Number 5, East, was just the number of their house.

"'Val smokes her head off and can't sit still. She's as nervous as a witch; on edge, restless; always going off somewhere, but always coming back. She's more beautiful than ever, this winter, I think. There's a metallic quality to her, a lacquer, a resistance; but for all that -perhaps because of that—the men simply flock. Barry Major is mad about her, and George Yuille has thrown up his hands at last and gone off to Kamchatka. That's where they all go when Val ditches them, isn't it? That's where you went, wasn't it?'"

The man glanced up over his letter at her mother, and for a moment he stopped reading. All Cynthia could hear was the kitchen clock. She burrowed her head closer against the man and he tightened his arm about her suddenly, so close, so hard, that for a moment she couldn't quite breathe. But that was all right. She liked it and she didn't need to breathe all the time. The next moment the man went on reading:

"'The child is adorable. If you could see her again, Ran, she would break your heart—so lonely, so loving, so good. Her mother seems to be more on guard with the child than with anyone. She keeps her at arm's length. She shows her no sign of affection. She leaves her with the governess for weeks on end. And yet—and yet—I'd stake my life, Ran, that Val adores her child. Remember Achilles, back there in school, Ran? Everyone has some weak spot, and the child is Val's. I think she's afraid to let herself love the child or to let the child love her. Val overdoes things—she always did, poor girl. I think she may still be in love with you.'"

The man folded up his letter and put it away. The clock ticked. Cynthia yawned.

"Of course Clara doesn't know that you never loved me," said the man. "She's too kind a soul ever to believe that it was just the money and the name, and that I went crazy over you and that your mother pulled it off. I got that letter in Java. It's quite a long piece away—Java. But, reading that letter, I decided that Java was a bore. I decided to come home for a change and look you over and maybe give you a whirl. . . . How are you anyway, Val? In love particularly with anyone—with Barry Major or George Yuille or—or anyone?"

"No," said her mother, watching him.

"When you marry again, Val," he said matter-of-factly, "pick out someone without imagination; some prize pup with plenty of looks and plenty of crust; some cloud-compelling hero who can really believe that a goddess has fallen for him."

"There's gray in your hair and the lines across your forehead are deep—deep," said her mother.

The man ran his hand hastily over his hair, ran his hand hastily across his forehead, smoothing out the lines, but they came right back again.

"Don't," said Cynthia sleepily. "I like them."

"Hello. Miss Fish likes them," said the man.

"I—like them," said her mother.

"You don't like anything at all about me, Val," said the man. "Not even my money any more. Not even my name."

"I loathe your money," said her mother. "I loathe your name."

"You can change the money," said the man. "You can change—the name"

There was a short silence. Cynthia was nearly asleep. Her eyelids were almost too heavy to hold up.

She tried to prop one of them up with her forefinger, but her forefinger was too sleepy to prop.

"But the question between us now, Val," continued the man, "isn't you or me. That's all over with. That's dead and done for. The living question between us now, Val, my darling, is the child. Because you see, Val, I don't believe very much in your safe foundations. They are built on shifting sand. No girl in this day and age is going to be equipped for life merely by lessons and exercise and good health and order. This is a loving kid, Val—devoted, whole-hearted. She's got to have love. She's got to have folks—a father, a mother, friends, people. She's a Fish, and the one thing that can be said for a Fish is that he's devoted, faithful. He picks out the best. He'll have nothing at all unless he can have his best."

"She's an Annesley," said her mother.

"An Annesley. And what, Val," said the man, "is your definition of an Annesley? I have never heard."

Her mother stood up suddenly, clasped her hands high above her head and then down across her eyes. She trailed restlessly across the white-tiled kitchen and back again.

"An Annesley——" said her mother. "Well, take me. I'm an Annesley. An Annesley never quite knows, until it is too late—too late. A young Annesley; a dancing, swimming, hard-riding, running-wild, petting Annesley -for your Annesleys always pet, Ran; when they like things they want to touch—well—well, your young Annesley, in the beginning, is pleased with life. It's fun. It's jolly. Everything is fine except that there's never quite enough money. But that will be all right, for an Annesley can always marry someone rich, and usually does. Our mothers attend to that. For they are not Annesleys, you see. Ursula married money. Moira married money. Beth married money. I married money. Well—well, isn't it conceivable to you, Ran, that in my case the money had nothing to do with it?"

"No," said the man, "not yet."

"I can't think," said her mother, covering her eyes. "I can't get it straight for you, Ran. My mind is all jumbled up. I may exaggerate. It's so important. It's so—important."

"Take your time. There's no hurry. We have all the rest of our lives."

"I never loved Hubert, Ran not loved!" cried her mother. "Hubert was just a down cushion to lean my head against. Hubert and I had been kids together first cousins, pals. We clowned and frisked and petted all over the place. Hubert was as usual to me as—as sunshine. You were storm. Hubert was like a friendly pool. You were the ocean. I was afraid of you, Ran. You were too much for me. The life with you was so different, formal, hedged. I couldn't run and kick up my heels and dance my frocks to ribbons. I couldn't wear dirty little gingham dresses. I couldn't kid. I didn't know quite where I stood, and you didn't tell me. It's—it's easy to kiss someone you like, Ran. It's easy. But it isn't easy to kiss someone you love, someone you're bound to forever, someone who burns you up, whose very voice turns you hot and cold—someone who believes in his heart that you married him for his money."

"Hubert," said the man. "Let's dispose of Hubert. For once. For all. Did Hubert go to Kamchatka?"

"Kamchatka? No. Why should he? Hubert went to Kansas City and married a widow with money and sits on a Persian rug in a bank and worries about his waistline. . . . It is inconceivable to me, Ran, that you should have minded poor Hubert."

"He kissed you. I saw him."

"And you walked out of the front door to Java. . . . Poor Hubert. For once he was important. . . . I haven't kissed anyone since."

"Is that true, Val? Is that true?"

Her mother held up one hand in a childish gesture and crossed her heart. Cynthia opened her eyes at the silence and closed them again.

"About the child," said the man at length slowly, steadily. "I'm taking her away on Bennington's yacht, Val, tomorrow, or perhaps the next day. I'm taking her with me. If you haven't any—any particular plans that you care for ahead, you you might come along."

"With you and the child on the yacht? With just Clara and Bennington—and you -and the child on the yacht?"

"Without Clara and Bennington."

Her mother stood up and then sat down again.

"She loves you, Val, my darling," continued the man steadily. "She might be frightened or lonely without you just at first. We could drop you off at Florida or anywhere you liked. I'm not suggesting anything permanent, of course. We we are much too far apart ever to come together again."

"Are we?" said her mother. There was a silence.

"Come over to us here, Val," said the man quietly. "Come over to me, Val, and let me look at you."

Her mother stood up, came over to them, leaned one hand on the kitchen table for support. She looked at the man and he looked long at her. He looked at her steadily, deeply, consumingly.

"Kiss her, Val," he said then. "She's yours. She's mine. Kiss her, Val."

Her mother moved closer to the child, leaned nearer to the child, but at first she didn't kiss the child. At first she couldn't She just rested her cheek on Cynthia's dark curls. She just stood there. And suddenly she gave a great sob. It was as if something dammed up for years, prisoned, sealed, was being released, was giving way, breaking through. It was as if something that had been dead was coming alive again. Her mother kissed Cynthia's dark curls, and the back of her neck, and her hands, and her knee with the skinned place on it, and at last her darling face. Cynthia, rousing sleepily, opened her eyes and saw that it was her mother, and felt that it was her mother, and kissed her mother sleepily once or twice and drifted off again. Her mother was trembling all over. She was all broken to bits. She was crying wildly. She could hardly stand. So the man pulled her to him with his free arm and held her tight, close.

"Kiss me, Val," he said unsteadily "You're mine. I'm yours always have been, always will be. Kiss me, Val."

But at first her mother didn't. She couldn't. She curled her arm tight about his neck. She leaned against him, clung to him.

"Clara's blessed letter," murmured the man, his dark cheek against her wet one "And the child's blessed pictures. Java, her green island, her little red fish, her lovely gold-and-blue fish, floating off easily around the corner to Java. . . . If you told her you were going to Java, Val, you must like me, Val, enough to kiss me .. little. . . . I've fought and bled, Val"

But her mother didn't. She couldn't For this wasn't sunshine. This was storm. This wasn't just a sunny pool. This was the ocean. This wasn't the safe surface of life. This was the depths, the heights. This was flood. This was flame. This was love.

At first her mother couldn't, but at last she could. By degrees. Slowly. The edge of her mouth to his. The corner of her mouth to his. And then her mouth beneath his, locked to his. Not tinsel any more. Not tinsel. But gold—gold gold.

They hadn't, it appeared, very far to go; just into the elevator and around the corner and down the block. The elevator man looked at them. The doorman looked at them—at Cynthia—a great girl of nine—a Fish—being carried out like that. But Cynthia, her eyes half open, half shut, was too sleepy to care.

She saw the lighted doorway of home at last through a haze of sleep, of happiness. She saw Bassett on the steps. And there was Margaret, too, but Margaret wasn't screaming now. Margaret was smiling. She was smiling all over. So was Bassett.

"Yes, Mrs. Fish. . . . Yes, Mr. Fish. I completely understand, sir. I don't mind saying that I thought so all along, sir. I can't help saying that it's great news to us all. It's a great day that we see you come home again, sir."

Margaret was taking her up in the little elevator. Margaret was putting her into her nightgown. Margaret was tying her curls into a knob on top of her head. Margaret was tucking her in. But her mother was kissing her good night. Her mother -her mother. Her mother's face was soft. Her mother smelled like gardenia—like gardenia far off. She curled her arm tight about her mother's neck and yawned. She was so sleepy, so happy. The man wasn't there and she missed him, but he would come back in the morning. Floating off to deep sleep at last, she wondered a little about the man—who he was, why he had carried her about like that but she decided that that was all right. She would find out in the morning

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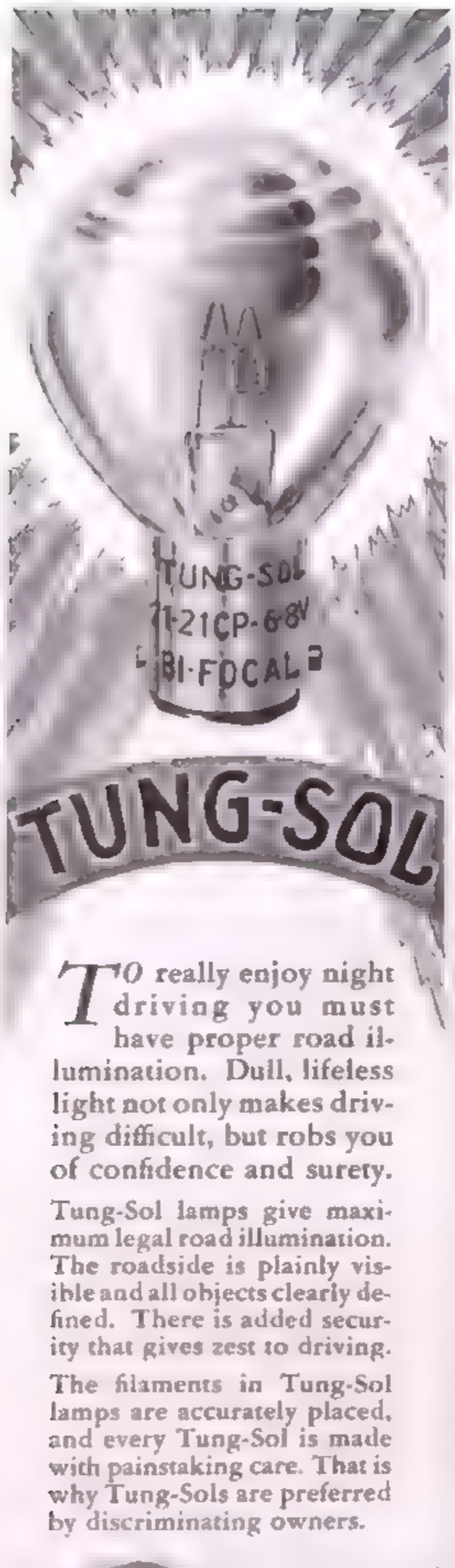

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LADY CAN DO

(Continued from Page 42)

desk that suggested the five-and-ten. Walls of incongruous blue-and-white tiling. Queer white people dining; couples that eyed every other couple guardedly. A nickel-in-the-slot piano grinding out a current jazz tune. Soft-shod Chinese waiters with cropped, bristling heads. Ben Andrews asked for Mr. Ting. Finally he came—a short, stout man—shorter and stouter than Mr. Wong; younger, apparently; more vigor. Shrewdly quiet eyes in a round strong face.

The reporters waited for Elsie to speak. She did so. "I have something very important to talk over with you, Mr. Ting Pao," she said. "Will you be so kind as to take us somewhere where we can't be overheard?"

If Ting Pao had been a white man you'd have said that he hesitated. But in his case "hesitation" is not quite the word. He simply stood motionless, looking at them, taking them in. The nearest thing to a flicker of expression on the round face had been the first look he gave the two reporters. You sensed that he knew them. Elsie glanced quickly at her watch. But Ting Pao was unhurried. Finally, in his own good time, and still without a word, he led the way to a private room and closed the door. They sat about a square black table with a marble top and carved legs and sides inlaid with that characteristic nacre.

"Well," asked Ting Pao, to Elsie's surprise in easy, natural English, "what can I do for you?"

"I," said Elsie—and it was startling to sense how firm was her purpose and how clear her words, for that conscious region she had always supposed to be her mind was still at the mercy of those crazily confused, racing memories and thoughts—"I am Miss Penn, Mrs. Cuppy's secretary. I have had a strange, really a terrible experience today. I discovered Mr. Cuppy's"—a very brief pause—"body this morning. Since then, all day, I have been helping the police officials by taking down in shorthand all the testimony of the people in the house." It was beginning, already, to be a long speech, but it all had to be said. The reporters were watching her with a puzzled interest. And Ting Pao's slanting eyes with the drooping lids never wavered from her face. How still he could sit!

"So it happens, Mr. Ting Pao, that I have had to pay close attention to every detail of the case. I suppose I—well, I know all that is known about it." Here, for an instant, her breath caught. She didn't know what Chief Urquhart might at this moment be doing to John Dane in that country police station! "I'm not going to talk about that. I was acting in a confidential capacity and have no right to. But I have also talked privately with Mr. Wong. Last night, very late, he came out to the Cuppy house to get the pearl cap. You know something about that, I believe."

Ting Pao didn't move.

"Well," Elsie went on, with a quick little touch of vehemence, "I do." She seemed to be speaking in the manner of those police officials. Funny! A good deal of Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Carlock; something, actually, of Chief Urquhart. Evidently she hadn't for nothing spent the whole day sensitively, even morbidly, absorbed in that inquisition. It had done something to her. Had done this. "I know that it was shipped to you as head of the Nationalist Party here in New York. It was stolen, however, before it reached you, and sold to Mr. Cuppy. I don't know your attitude toward Mr. Wong. His life was threatened, you know. And this evening he has been shot and perhaps killed." She watched the round face, but even the eyelids were motionless. Though he simply couldn't have known. "He had been asked to help, Mr. Wong had. He had already given money to aid your war in China. Now he was asked to find a buyer for the pearl cap. It was natural that he should be asked. He is a very influential merchant. But the cap never reached him, because it never reached you. It must have reached New York, because it was sold to Mr. Cuppy several days ago. By the thieves, undoubtedly. Those men got their money and escaped. But the men who killed Mr. Cuppy and the men who shot Mr. Wong haven't escaped, and they won't. You see that. No Chinese could leave the city tonight without being seen and suspected.

"The first Mr. Wong knew of all this was last evening, when he was threatened by telephone. He came out at once to try to buy the cap from Mr. Cuppy and deliver it to you. He offered his whole personal fortune. I know this, because I am the one he talked with when he came. I have heard his story and I believe it. I am sure that Mr. Wong is not a thief. He never hired thieves to steal that cap. I am convinced that he has the interests of your party as deeply at heart as you have. He was as anxious as you, as anxious as Hung Lo in Shanghai, to convert that wonderful cap into money to help your armies. He knew, too, that there was no time to be lost. Do you agree with me?"

There was a long silence. But at last Ting Pao spoke. Elsie had made up her mind that she could sit as patiently as he.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know anything about all this."

"Forgive me, Mr. Ting Pao, but that isn't fair. I am laying my case before you as frankly as I possibly can, and for a reason. I'll give you that reason in a minute. But I do hope you will decide to be as frank with me."

"But I don't know what you mean. I am sorry."

"You knew about the cap."

"I have a letter from Hung Lo in Shanghai and a telegram from San Francisco. Two men, the telegram says, are bringing the cap. It does not come."

"You knew that Mr. Wong had been told of it."

"No."

"I am sorry. You did. It was you yourself who asked him to sell it for the party." Another silence. "And you know, Mr. Ting Pao, exactly who you did and didn't talk with about this cap. Don't you see what I mean? You are the only one that did know! You had the letter and the telegram. You asked Mr. Wong to undertake the sale. Very well, then, it stands to reason, doesn't it, that the men who threatened to kill Mr. Wong when they found that the cap had been stolen, must have heard of it from you? You know, then, who threatened Mr. Wong—what man or men."

"No."

"Yes. And you know who is really responsible for the attack on him tonight."

"No. I don't know."

"Wait a moment, please! I don't want you to misunderstand my purpose in coming here. I'm not representing the police. I'm not here to get you into trouble. I'm here for a definite reason, and I've got to win you to my view of the situation if the thing can be done. These gentlemen are reporters, but I think you know them and I believe you can trust them. I'm going to make you an offer, Mr. Ting Pao. An offer that I hope will make you think it worth your while to help—to help justice, to help prevent a tragic blunder from being made by the police. Listen! You know all about this cap business. You must! I don't believe you're a murderer. You know Mr. Wong. You must believe him to be a man of honor. Tell me, do you trust him or don't you?"

Silence. Finally: "Oh, yes. Wong and I are old friends. He is an honorable man."

"Certainly. I haven't known him quite twenty-four hours, but I know I could trust him. You, too, Mr. Ting Pao, are spoken of as an honorable man. You have a business. You are respected. I believe, if you will let me, I could trust you as I would trust him. But first you must be frank with me."

"But I don't know."

Elsie sighed. She didn't catch the fact that those searching eyes of the two reporters were now studying her pallor and the red spots on her cheeks. That person in the back of her head was keeping mercilessly at her, driving her on. She glanced at her watch.

"Let me see if I can't make it easier for you," she said. "You are really in a position that makes it just about impossible for you to admit anything. To say anything, even. I find I have something of the picture in my mind, pieced together from things Mr. Wong has said. I'm sure that neither you nor Mr. Wong would have anything to do with either thieving or murder. But there are men in your party councils, here in New York, who are a lot more excitable than you and Mr. Wong. The great march of the Southern armies has driven them half wild. They cannot always be controlled. Perhaps they are frightened too. Perhaps they didn't mean murder. But they did mean to get that wonderful cap and sell it and hurry the money out to Shanghai. Probably they can't control their people. And now that it has resulted in one murder, and perhaps two, they don't know what to do. Is that a fair picture of it?"

Silence.

"Listen! Tonight the police, I know, are about ready to accuse two persons of that murder—two innocent persons. One of them is simply incapable of doing such a thing. The other is a gentleman. It is unthinkable that he could be guilty. There is some circumstantial evidence. They can never be convicted. Never in the world. But if the story that country police chief has to tell, because he wants the publicity—no other reason; just that filthy hunger to push himself—if that story appears in the papers tomorrow morning those two persons will be ruined. Are you willing to sit here and let them be ruined?"

"But what has all this to do with me?"

"By keeping silent you are shielding the real murderers."

"Oh, no! I am not doing that!"

"Wait, Mr. Ting Pao. You know who these firebrands are. You know all about Chinatown. Don't forget that Mr. Wong was threatened last night and shot tonight. You know who you've talked with about this cap. And you know exactly how they feel. So I say, by keeping silent you are shielding murderers."

Silence. It lengthened. Elsie looked at her watch. There was a breathless sense of drama in the room.

Suddenly Ting Pao dropped his head into his hands.

XVI

"YOU know, don't you," Elsie said, thrusting her argument home, "that some of your Chinese people went to the Cuppy house last night to steal back that cap?"

Slowly, wearily, Ting Pao lifted his head. In that long moment her nervously alert faculties caught the abrupt change in the round face. It actually appeared to have lost its fullness. There was a haggard look. He settled back, like an utterly tired man, in his chair. His plump but strong hands fell nervelessly across his thighs. He raised those hands a little way as if to make a gesture of protest, but let them fall again.

"I will tell you," he said in an unsteady voice. "I do not know all that you think. But it is true that I am in a terrible position. It is true that some of our people seem to have lost their heads. I don't know who stole the cap from the two messengers. I am sure they themselves had no hand in such a crime. The cap was taken from a hand bag, here in Chinatown, the night they arrived. So they have told me.

(Continued on Page 186)

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Carter's

(Continued from Page 184)

Now about the murder of Mr. Cuppy. I do not know who killed him. It may be, as you say, that he was killed by men of my race who went out there during the night to try to recover the cap. And I do not know who attacked Wong. I have no idea. But there has been great trouble in our committee—the New York committee of the Nationalist Party—over the loss of the pearl cap. It represented such a large amount of money. I have known that there were men on the committee who did not look at this trouble through my eyes."

A croaking voice sounded. Elsie started. Up to now not a word had come from the reporters. "Mr. Ting, tell us. Did you hear any threats against Wong in the committee when the theft was being discussed?"

Another of those silences. Ting Pao considered the fish-faced one, then turned his gaze deliberately back to Elsie. "No," said he, "I heard no threats. Nothing so strong as that."

"But," the croak persisted, "you heard suspicions voiced?"

"Yes."

Elsie leaned forward. "Just a minute, please! Mr. Ting Pao. I want to tell you what is on my mind to do, and to try to persuade you to do. Listen! Do you know a man, a servant, called Sin? That is the only name I know. Just Sin. He was butler at the Cuppy house. Before that he worked for Mr. Wong."

"Yes, I remember Sin."

"If you have read the papers you know that the Chinese servants all disappeared early this morning. Well, five of them gave themselves up this afternoon. All but Sin. The truth appears to be that they found the body and simply ran off in a panic. During the day they thought better of it and returned. Their story is that they haven't seen Sin at all. He had vanished before they came downstairs this morning. Nobody knows where he is or whether he's alive or dead. Mr. Wong assures me that he's an honest, faithful man. Now, Mr. Ting Pao, Sin, if he is alive, knows something about that murder. Perhaps he saw it. I believe that he was carried away by the murderers. I simply can't get him out of my mind. I mean, after listening all day long to the stories of those people, after writing down every word, every single detail, until it all seems to be etched into my brain, I come back to Sin. If we can find him we'll learn something. It may be only a hunch, but I believe it. I feel it so strongly that I'm going to make you a proposition."

Ben Andrews shifted his chair nearer. Mr. Fish-face sat, elbows on the marble top of the table, his almost chinless face propped between two skinny fists, his pale eyes staring. Elsie herself was gripping the edge of the table with both hands.

"I realize," she went on, "that perhaps you cannot do what I'm going to ask you to do, without running some real risk yourself. You have to deal with hot-headed, terribly excited men. But if you refuse to do it you will be in the position, as I have said, of shielding murderers."

"No," said Ting Pao brokenly, "I will not do that."

"I suppose you don't know, now, where this Sin is."

"No. I do not."

"But you know Chinatown. If he is, as I believe, shut up there somewhere, you could find him."

"Yes. I believe I could."

"Remember, Mr. Ting"—this was another eager, excited croak—"the police couldn't find him in ten years. Not if he's locked up underground in Chinatown."

"No. I don't believe they could."

"Then," pursued Elsie, before Fish-face could croak again—she didn't want him talking—"then here is my proposition: Find Sin. Now. Right away. I've got to keep ahead of the newspapers. Find Sin. You will know where to go, whom to ask. Give me your word that you will deliver him within an hour, alive and able to talk, and I believe I can put the pearl cap into your hands."

"When?"

"That I can't say exactly. The cap has been found. The police have it. If, as I believe, Sin can clear up this mystery, the police will restore it to you. Isn't the chance worth taking?"

A long silence. Then: "Yes." Ting Pao rose. "I will have to go myself. Oh, five minutes, ten minutes. Not long. I must not telephone. You will please wait here." And he left the room.

Fish-face sprang up and paced the floor. Ben Andrews tap-tapped on the table—tap-tap-tapped. "Miss Penn," he broke out, "if I had my hat on I'd take it off right now and make you a low bow. That was a wonderful job! An amazing job!"

Elsie shook her head. She couldn't talk about that. Her eyes sought her watch. They felt strained and tired. It took an effort to focus them on the dial. Specks of light were dancing round the edges of those eyes.

She started and shivered, with a low sound of fright. Someone was pawing at her from behind. It was Fish-face, groping for her hand. He wrung it, hurt it, turned away. He didn't speak. The exaltation that had inspired her, driven her, carried her, was dying out. It had been like a performance, like a highly pitched scene, played under terrific stress. Now it was over. That other personality that she'd felt she didn't know very well had possessed her. It was fading now. Leaving her alone with herself and two reporters in a back room of a Chinese restaurant. She'd be crying in a minute. Just all unstrung. But she couldn't humor her weakness. The job wasn't finished yet.

How those precious minutes were clicking away!

A step sounded in the passage. The door opened. Ting Pao entered. "He is here. Not far."

"Sin?"

"Yes. Ten minutes and I will get him. They will give him up."

Ben Andrews rose. "Need any help, Mr. Ting?"

"No. It is best that I go alone. Sin has been hurt. His arm is broken. But I am assured that he can travel."

Elsie had been struggling to speak. Now some of her voice came.

"You are giving me your word, Mr. Ting Pao?"

"Yes, I am giving you my word."

"You will bring Sin, no matter what the cost? Even if they try to kill you?"

"Yes." He sighed. Wiped a beaded forehead. Then, with a quiet "Wait here, please," went out again.

Elsie dropped her head on her arms and sobbed. She didn't see or hear the whispered words that passed between Ben Andrews and Fish-face. But the latter moved to the door. She caught that. And the door suddenly opened and a voice she knew remarked crisply: "What's going on here?" Mr. Carlock! Here!

Ben Andrews called, "Why, hello, George! You're just in time!"

The croaky voice husked out something or other: "Just going to get her a bracer, George. All in, poor kid. But, believe me, George! She's a ——"

"Get aromatic spirits of ammonia, Phil!" Carlock's voice, low, authoritative. "None of this bum liquor!"

XVII

MR. CARLOCK, seated at the table, stirred the faintly opalescent fluid. The spoon clanked in the glass. He had sent the reporters out into the restaurant and closed the door. "Here, Miss Penn, drink this. It will buck you up."

She lifted her head, dried her eyes, pushed the glass away. "No. I don't want it."

She looked at him and he at her. Her spent nerves were rallying, as they had rallied under Chief Urquhart's probing. That fatalistic strength was returning. Once again she was beginning not to care.

"So!" said he. "You ran away."

"No. I walked."

"Why?"

"Because none of you were doing anything."

"You know nothing about that."

"I know enough. You—even you—were going to let that awful story go out in the morning papers."

"About Mrs. Cuppy and John Dane?"

"Yes."

"But what did you think you could do?"

"I rather think I've done it."

"Indeed? Well, suppose you tell me just what it is you've done."

But Elsie, white now, and calm in a tense way, slumped back in her chair, was thinking. She came out with this: "How did you find me?"

"Really! You didn't think you could wander around without being seen?"

"Oh! You mean I've been watched?"

"Certainly. Every minute."

"Every min——" A touch of color fluttered in her cheeks. Those crazily mixed memories again. That moment in the garden with John Dane!

"Every minute. Since ten o'clock this morning. My instructions to Sergeant Stafford were to permit you to move about freely but not to let you get out of his sight. He obeyed literally. Almost too literally. When you asked Ben Andrews to drive you into the city he simply jumped on his motorcycle and followed you. You came here to Ting Pao's. He telephoned me. So much for that. Now I'm going to ask you to explain."

"Well"—she had to pause in a desperate effort to arrange her thoughts—"well, I think I just felt that something had to be done, and done quickly."

"How did you get away? Where was that officer—Mike?"

"He'd gone into the den to sharpen my pencils."

"I see. And you walked out."

"Yes."

"I notice you didn't stop to get your hat."

"I didn't stop for anything."

"Where did you pick up these reporters?"

"Mr. Andrews had spoken to me earlier in the evening. When I was walking in the garden."

"H'm! I see. That explains something Stafford didn't quite get."

"He offered me money to take a note to Mr. Delos—fifty dollars. I didn't answer then."

"That's right. Delos writes for the Morning Earth. I see. Well, I wonder if you realize just what you've done."

"Oh, yes." Wearily she said that.

"You were pretty outspoken with Chief Urquhart this afternoon. He's a very determined man. And a stubborn man. You've seen that."

"Oh, yes."

"He never forgets a grudge. And he has some power. He can make it unpleasant for you."

"Oh, yes. But he's—oh—oh, just all wet."

"I'm afraid you're hardly in a position to sit in judgment over him, Miss Penn. You were in the position of being detained as an important witness. You ran away. That is serious business—very serious. And it gives him a hold on you."

"I suppose so. But—oh, I've got eyes and ears, Mr. Carlock! I'd been sitting there all day, taking everything down. It was clear enough what Mr. Urquhart was driving at. And he was wrong."

"Oh, he was wrong?"

"Certainly. And you weren't lifting a hand."

"Never mind that! Just what was your idea in coming here?"

"To find the murderers."

"And just who are they?"

"The Chinese who went out to the Cuppy house last night to get the pearl cap. Mr. Wong sensed it. They were after him and killed the wrong man. You heard him this morning."

"Yes, I heard him. So you thought you could come right in here and find the murderers?"

(Continued on Page 188)

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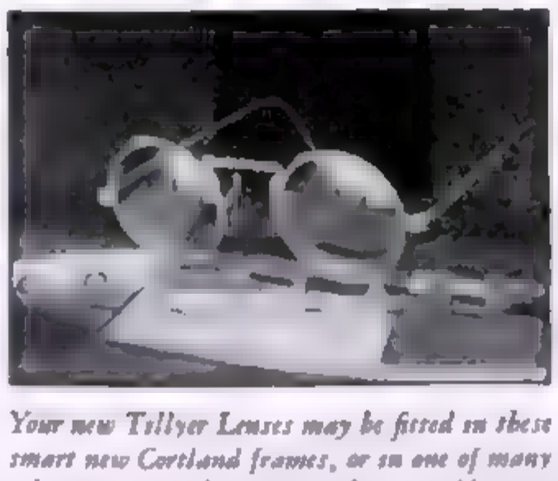

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(Continued from Page 186)

"No. Not at all." Astonishing how her spirit could still flare up. Lucky too. She welcomed it. "But I believed I could find a man who would know the truth."

"And just who is that?"

"Sin."

"The butler?"

"Yes. He is a trained, faithful servant. He'd never take part in a murder."

"How do you know that?"

"Mr. Wong told me so. And when he talked with me last night I liked him. I know he is honest."

"And because you liked Sin, and Mr. Wong told you that he —— Quite delightfully simple, isn't it?"

"Mr. Carlock, can't you see that those officials out there are simply believing the wrong people?"

"You don't know that."

"I know that I wouldn't trust that man Stromberg out of my sight."

"Why not?"

"I don't like his eyes."

"Oh! Really!"

"You heard him lie about the time he went upstairs. You heard him! Doesn't that mean anything to you? Exactly 2:25 when he was in his room, he said. He took pains to fix that. And Doctor Obry is positive that the murder took place after four. How about that?"

Carlock knit his brows. Then, abruptly, he said, "Let's get back on the main topic. You came in here because you thought you could find Sin in Chinatown, did you?"

"Certainly not. But I'd thought of a man who could."

"Who?"

"Mr. Ting Pao. I tried to get in touch with Mr. Wong first. But he'd been shot."

"Oh, you know of that."

"Mr. Andrews called up his paper."

"I see. But where is Ting Pao now?"

"He has gone to get Sin."

"To get Sin? H'm! And how did you persuade him to do that?"

"Oh, I can't tell you, Mr. Carlock. My head's swimming. I talked pretty hard. I think I made him see that he was shielding murderers and permitting innocent persons to be accused. And I told him that the cap has been found, and that if Sin, as I believe, could clear up the case, I felt sure that the police would be willing to restore the cap."

"You proposed a trade, then?"

"Yes. Just that. They dragged Sin out and kept him prisoner. They hurt him. Broke his arm."

"Well, really, Miss Penn, this is an extraordinary situation. I suppose I shall have to believe that you have acted from natural enough human motives, however unwise. I must try to make it clear to you that you are in a pretty delicate position. Of course, if this man comes through, if he delivers Sin, and then if Sin turns out to be a real witness—say an eyewitness; and there you have a couple of pretty big ifs, Miss Penn—why, it is just possible that we may be able to keep Urquhart from making things very unpleasant for you. But if there's a slip anywhere or if Sin doesn't know well"—he spread his hands—"I'm sorry, that's all. I'm afraid you'll have to take your medicine." He sat very still, thinking this over gravely. "But why, Miss Penn, in heaven's name, why didn't you tell us out there what you were thinking, instead of taking this wild plunge?"

"You wouldn't have listened."

"We might have. We listened when you ran down that matter of Stromberg's overcoat."

"You'd have felt that I was simply all out to save John Dane."

"Possibly—well, of course ——"

"I suppose I was, in a way." She sighed wearily. "And then Mr. Urquhart drove me clean out of myself. He'd never have listened! He is all out for a conviction."

"I understand that, but —— See here, Miss Penn, my duty is clear. I've got to send you back there at once."

Elsie went limp. "Oh!" It was hardly more than a weak breath.

"I'm sorry. It isn't so pleasant out there right now. And your standing with Mr. Urquhart is none too high. He's not the sort that can endure much back talk. He may lock you up. He can. This is the biggest thing he's ever got hold of. He'll stop at nothing. But out you go! There's no delaying that." He opened the door and called guardedly.

Elsie covered her face.

Mr. Carlock returned to the table. "I'm sorry I can't say much of anything that would cheer you. It's a grim business. Well, my advice to you is to sit very, very tight. Don't talk at all. I really doubt if I can do a thing for you, but —— Tell me, is Ting Pao supposed to be bringing that man Sin back here?"

"Yes, Mr. Carlock. Right away. Any moment."

"Very good. I'll wait. Give him a fair chance to make good. Oh, Stafford!"

The sergeant appeared. Still a quiet-appearing young American in civilian clothes. He inclined his head courteously toward Elsie.

"Take Miss Penn back to the Cuppy house. You've got your side car?"

"Yes, lieutenant."

"Very good. Go ahead."

Elsie dragged herself to the door, caught at the knob, hesitated. "Mr. Carlock. About Mr. Ting Pao. He knew something. I think he was really in a pretty difficult position. And I'm sure it took a lot of courage for him to go out to that other crowd of his people and arrange to deliver Sin. You see, they'd never have dragged him off except to protect themselves. I hope you won't be hard on him—on Ting Pao, I mean. And please see that he gets the pearl cap."

"If he comes decently through I think you'll find that he won't suffer, Miss Penn. There's some common sense, even a little humanity, in policemen. About the cap I promise nothing. Oh, if Sin was an eyewitness, if he can clear it all up, fine! But that's a pretty long chance."

Sergeant Stafford offered, rather clumsily, to take her arm. But she pulled herself together, said "I'm all right" and went out. Passing through the restaurant, she contrived a wan smile for the waiting reporters. The sergeant helped her into the side car. They roared off uptown toward the Queensborough Bridge and Long Island. And all the way Elsie's right hand, deep in her coat pocket, gripped with nervous intensity a wadded-up note.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ENTER FARM RELIEF

(Continued from Page 37)

selling through their association. Cooperation gives the farmers possession and control of their product until it gets closer to the consumer. The larger advance should enable some farmers to join cooperative associations and thus help increase the number of members and the volume of business which, in turn, is essential to lower costs of marketing. Cutting costs in distribution and in processing is the only chance of securing for the individual farmer a larger share of the consumer's dollar. In so far as this is possible, it will mean a higher price to the producer without increasing the cost to the consumer. Similar results are anticipated from loans for the formation of clearing-house associations for more economical distribution of fruits and vegetables.

Loans may also be made for extending the membership of cooperative associations. This really means loans for promotional work. Much harm or much good might result from such loans. Here, again, the result depends largely on the board, which, I am confident, will never grant loans for organizations promoted by fly-by-night agitators whose primary aim is to get promotion fees. But when loans of this kind really will help enlarge membership and increase volume of business, the individual producer should be benefited through lower cost of marketing.

Initial loans for a price-insurance fund are also available. This is admittedly very experimental, the purpose being to insure cooperative-marketing associations in certain commodities against price decline. This would be done on an actuarial basis determined by careful study of price quotations extending over a period of years. Each bale of cotton handled by the insured association would bear an annual insurance premium payable into a fund from which losses due to price decline would be paid in years when a decline occurs. To what extent this would succeed is problematical, but the idea is certainly worthy of careful experimentation as a possible means of building stronger coöperative associations better able to serve the individual producer.

As a general catch-all authorization, the board is empowered to make loans to cooperative associations for "the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities and food products thereof." As a basis for making loans, this is a most general term. The law clearly implies that effective merchandising means systematic marketing of the commodity at the lowest possible cost, and that coöperative associations handling a large volume of business are the means of achieving effectiveness. The farmers who are deep in debt to the dealer who handles their products might argue that "effective merchandising" through coöperation is impossible as far as they are concerned unless they should be released of their debts by loans from the board. In making loans for "effective merchandising," even more than in granting other loans, the board surely will have to prescribe limits to its own authority.

The board may also grant loans to any stabilization corporation, an overhead organization with individual cooperative associations as the sole stockholders. The corporation has two functions—to act as a merchandising agent for the coöperative associations, and to handle surpluses of the commodity whether produced by members or by nonmembers. But before indicating how these functions are expected to help the farmer, a word is necessary on the organization of the corporation itself.

The board may, "upon application of the advisory committee for any commodity," recognize as the stabilization corporation any corporation organized under the laws of any state or territory. The advisory committee, which has the power of initiative both in recognizing the corporation and in granting loans to it, must be organized before the stabilization corporation can be created and made to function. But the board can grant loans and other assistance to individual coöperative associations without the committee.

The advisory committee consists of seven members, two of whom must be experienced in processing or marketing, chosen by the cooperative associations to act as spokesmen for the producers before the board and the public. In practice, I should expect the officers of the coöperative associations, who also may be members of the advisory committee, to be the real spokesmen for the producers.

The stabilization corporation for any commodity is the apex of the contemplated coöperative system—the capstone in the structure for "unity of effort in marketing." If the plan should function as intended, this corporation ultimately would be the great "neck of the bottle" through which the commodity would flow to market in

(Continued on Page 191)

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In short, certainty of full and absolute *money's worth.*

It is this new certainty which thousands of lumber users have found a part of every purchase of 4-SQUARE Lumber from a 4-SQUARE Dealer.

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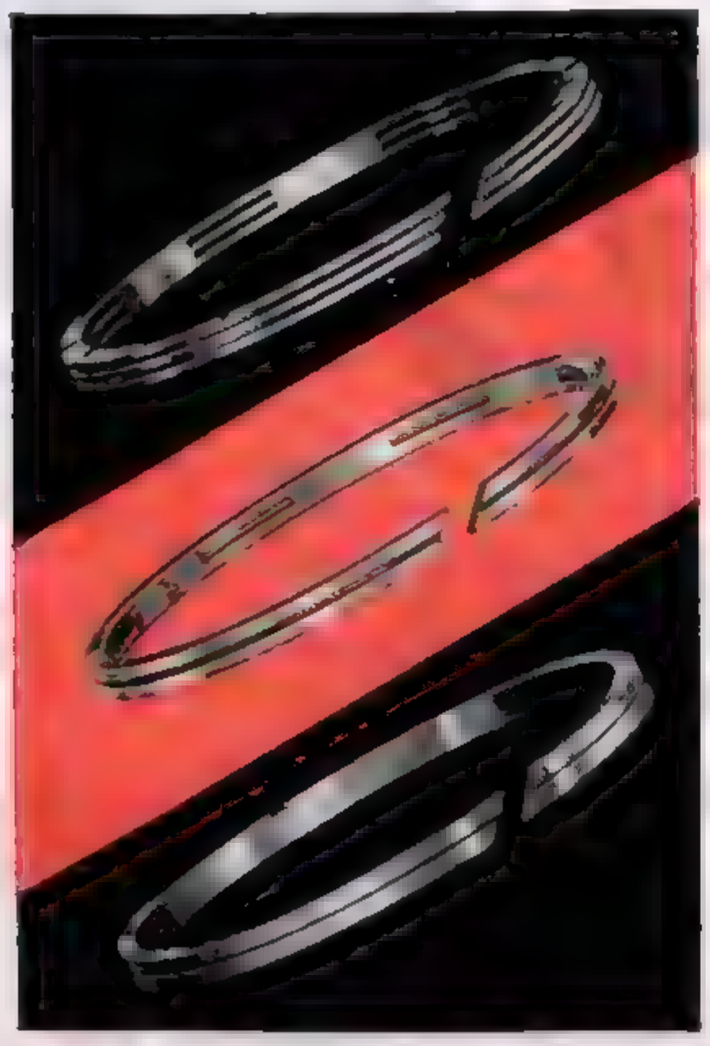

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(Continued from Page 188)

large volumes at reduced operating cost per unit and would to that extent increase the price to the farmer without increasing it to the consumer. Moreover, the corporation handling a large volume should give the farmers greater bargaining power in the market and enable them to get more nearly what the commodity is worth according to grade and quality. All this refers mainly to the right arm or the merchandising function of the corporation, which should be distinguished clearly from the left arm—the stabilization or surplus-control function.

With the right arm the corporation would merchandise for its members as a central agency. After accumulating an adequate financial reserve, its earning would be distributed to its stockholders as patronage dividend which, if substantial, would give strong inducement for farmers to join coöperative associations. This, in turn, should enlarge the membership, increase the volume of coöperative business, and reduce costs of operation. In practice, the earnings, or rather the savings, in the corporation's merchandising operations probably would accrue to the farmer; mainly in the form of a better price for his product.

The purpose of the reserve set aside for merchandising operations is to provide against contingencies and to make the corporation less dependent on loans from the board and more able to carry on its business with loans secured from the regularly constituted credit agencies. A fundamental idea behind this legislation throughout its formative stages has been to develop producer owned and controlled marketing organizations which eventually would be independent of direct governmental assistance.

Using a Bible Lesson

The stabilization corporation would perform its merchandising function as continuously as any other central marketing agency, and, especially if substantial economies were effected, it would bring greater returns to the farmer. Such a farmer-owned central agency, whether a stabilization corporation or some other form of overhead organization, should develop among farmers that sense of independence and power which comes from handling their own business in a big way.

It remains to be seen to what extent the stabilization corporation or any other central agency actually will become a power in the market. Such an agency, to be really successful, must be built from the bottom up, not from the top down, and must be based on a large and loyal membership. Coöperative associations should learn to coöperate. This will come in time, although it was distressing to note the failure of cooperatives in wheat to agree promptly on someone whom they might recommend to President Hoover to represent them on the board. Because of this failure, they were not represented when the board began functioning.

There can be no real unity of effort in the marketing of any commodity so long as the producers or their leaders permit their apparent differences to outweigh their essential common interest. This law, with its able board and attractive revolving fund, should provide a strong urge for the coördination of dissenting groups.

Surplus control is the left hand of the stabilization corporation for handling "any seasonal or year's total surplus," whether produced by members or nonmembers; the object being to prevent the price from falling below a figure justified by fundamental conditions of supply and demand affecting the crop as a whole. This ancient Josephian function of taking the surplus off the market and holding it from the "seven fat years" to the "seven lean years," for the modern purpose of stabilizing the price would be a hazardous business except under very unusual circumstances. The board and the stabilization corporation would have to act according to their business sense, aided by statistical analysis of supply and demand; they would not have Joseph's advantage of an infallible dream.

Stabilization as an emergency measure may be illustrated briefly in the case of wheat and cotton. Suppose the price of wheat were depressed to a very low level at harvest time under the weight of an exceptionally large crop—precisely the problem the board would have faced this summer had not the price of wheat advanced sharply, due to flood or drought in some parts of the wheat-producing world, and, perhaps, because of the psychological effect of the farm-relief law.

The corporation could, for example, prevent the price of wheat from falling below $1.20 a bushel by buying wheat at that price. Funds for holding the wheat could be obtained from the intermediate credit banks in an amount not exceeding 75 per cent of the market price, or, in this case, ninety cents a bushel. In advancing the remaining thirty cents from the revolving fund, the board presumably would require as security a second lien on the commodity. It would be necessary to estimate the probable resale value months or a year later, because any stabilization corporation receiving loans for surplus-control operations "shall exert every reasonable effort to avoid losses and to secure profits." Incidentally, this provision seems to close the door to price raising by disposing of the surplus abroad at a loss; a kind of surplus control which, I am sure, was never contemplated under this law, despite such phrases as handling surplus "in excess of domestic requirements" and "to preserve advantageous domestic markets," appearing in the law.

By advancing thirty cents a bushel in addition to the ninety cents borrowed from other sources, the board in effect would establish the minimum price of wheat at $1.20 a bushel.

Supported by Research

Any profits the corporation might earn in handling the surplus could be disbursed as dividends only after a sufficient amount had been set aside for a surplus-control reserve which would be separate from the merchandising reserve and available for the payment of losses that might occur in any year.

If liability for losses on surplus-control operations were not limited to the surplus-control reserve, a bad estimate of the future value of the surplus taken off the market might readily bankrupt the whole stabilization corporation. But surplus control certainly would involve least financial hazard in years when it is most needed, as in cotton in 1926, when 61 per cent of the eighteen million bales brought the farmer only eleven cents a pound.

Opportunity for stabilization on a large scale probably will seldom occur, especially in wheat, which, unlike cotton, is produced in such large quantities in other countries that our output does not dominate the world market.

Adjusting farm production to market requirements is another and, in the long run, perhaps, the more promising means of surplus control contemplated in this legislation. For convenience and simplicity of expression, agriculture is sometimes called a single industry. But it is no more a single industry than is all manufacturing a single industry. Agriculture, consisting of many interests and millions of independent units, makes far-reaching adjustments slowly.

The annual Outlook of the Department of Agriculture indicates to the farmer, in advance of planting and breeding, the adjustments that should be made in the ensuing year. Much additional research and educational work are needed to hasten adjustment, and this is encouraged in the new law. In order to avoid duplication of effort, Congress has wisely provided that "the board shall, through the Secretary of Agriculture, indicate to the appropriate bureau or division of the Department of Agriculture any special problem on which research is needed in carrying out the provisions of this Act."

An Opportunity for Leaders

The large-scale coöperative-marketing associations, as contemplated in this law, would be powerful agencies in bringing to the farmer the message of adjustment in production. It is easy, however, to overestimate the possibility of adjustment as a means of solving the problem of recurring surpluses. Prices of many farm products are determined by national and world-wide forces, and for American producers of such commodities as pork, wheat and cotton to withdraw from the foreign market is, in my opinion, beyond this generation. Moreover, a large part of the surplus, which in some years causes the prices of certain commodities to fall to ruinously low levels at harvest time, is due to climatic causes. Prevention of the weather surplus is hardly within the farmer's power, even with excellent information and organization.

I have referred to several provisions of the agricultural marketing act as experimental because, like many other ventures in economic legislation—the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve and others—it must find its way by trial and rejection. As illustrated already by a reported action of a state legislature demanding that the board insure to the farmer "cost of production and a reasonable profit," the board will be subjected to much pressure, especially in times of stress, to attempt unsound or impossible things. But this is true of every governmental agency with broad discretionary powers, especially in matters affecting a large portion of the population.

The structure of the whole plan is democratic. The members of the board are chosen with due regard to the interests of the producers of the major commodities, and, in selecting them, the President has consulted coöperative associations and other leaders of agriculture throughout the country.

Moreover, an advisory committee may be organized for each commodity to represent the producers before the board and before the public. The whole plan provides opportunity for able men to advance to high positions of leadership in the business of agriculture. I confidently expect that one of the most important results will be the development of a more effective leadership, on which all else chiefly depends in successfully carrying out the purpose of this legislation.

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ACTIVE men, everywhere, drink India Tea. They feel that they have had a man's drink when they have taken a cup of rich full-bodied India Tea.

India Tea has a satisfying "heft"... a distinctive richness to it...that makes a gratifying mouthful while its flavor pleases the palate. It has the "zip" that men have missed in the "weak sisters" of tea.

To get India Tea see that the package you buy bears the map of India on the label. The brands named below carry the map of India (the emblem of the Tea Growers of India) for your guidance. Your grocer will have one of these brands at least . . . if not, write us and we will tell you how to get this "man's drink."

INDIA TEA

India produces approximately half the world's supply of tea.

TO WOMEN: Cut out this list of brands and ask your dealer for any one of them. Each one bears the map of India.

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ACORN
ALTA'S
AMERICAN LADY
ARBUCKLE'S
AUTOCRAT
BORACK'S
BOSCUL
BUTLER'S
CELINRU'S
COLUMBIA
CONQUEST
C. W. BRAND
DARMA
EAGLE
EGYPTIAN
ELCO
FAUST
FESTAL HALL
FOOTE'S TEA
FORBES' FINEST
FORBES' QUALITY
FORBES' PEKOE BLEND
GOLD CAMEL
GOLDEN DRIP
GOLDEN KEY
GOLDEN SIVA
GOLDEN WEDDING
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GRANT CABIN
GRISDALE
HATCHET
H & H INDIA
HEFKIN'S
HIGH CASTE
HUBBS SUPREME
I. G. A.
JEWEL INDIA
KENNEDY'S SPECIAL
LANDFORD
LANE'S INDIA
LAPPIN'S IRISH TEA
LORLAW'S Nos. 1 & 2
LORD CALVERT
MAC LEAN'S
MAXWELL HOUSE
MONARCH
NECTAR
OPEKO
PICKWICK
RAJAH (WEDDLE'S)
RAJAH GEE
REEVES' BEST
REYNOLD'S RELIANCE
ROBIN
ROYAL CUP
ROYAL GARDEN
ROYAL SCARLET
SAHIB
SANTA FE
SERV-US
SHAW'S INDIA
STEWART & ASHBY
SUPERBA
TAO TEA INDIA
TEMPLE GARDEN
TOPMOST
20TH CENTURY
TYLER'S INDIA
THOS. J. WEBB TEA
UNITED BLACK TEA
WELLWOOD
WHELAN'S TEA
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WHITE LEAF
WHITE RIBBON
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Monel Metal is readily adaptable to many pleasing variations from customary sink design. Above all, it has sterling-like beauty that blends with every color scheme. And this beauty is permanent . . . for Monel Metal has the strength of steel to resist the wear and tear of daily use. There's no coating on Monel Metal to flake, crack or wear off. It is easy to care for. It never rusts. It resists corrosion. A whisk of a damp cloth will restore the gleam of cleanliness to its silvery surface. And here's another feature you'll appreciate: a Monel Metal sink has resilient surfaces which soften impacts, thus reducing dish breakage.

Throughout the home where ever-lustrous beauty and sturdy resistance to wear are essential, Monel Metal has no equal. More and more, modern homes are insisting upon Monel Metal equipment . . . because it affords permanent value . . . because it makes good housekeeping easier.

When you build your new home or when you improve your present one, make certain that Monel Metal is used for sinks and other household equipment. Depending upon the particular use you have in mind, talk to your architect, plumber or sheet metal worker about using Monel Metal in your home. *Mail the coupon for booklet and free sample.*

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Please send me a sample of Monel Metal, together with your booklet, "Good Housekeeping Made Easier"

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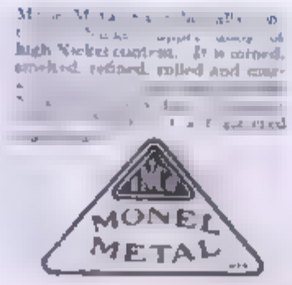


SCENIC RESERVES

(Continued from Page 49)

groups: First, commercial highways, and second, scenic highways.

Commercial highways were those built and used primarily for the purpose of speeding up traffic between large communities. It was recognized that these routes were used essentially by travelers on commerce bent and therefore not concerned primarily over the beauties of the landscape. In fact, a good many of these commercial highways had developed into narrow ribbons of population extending sometimes forty or fifty miles out from the great cities.

The highway from San Francisco to San José, a fifty-mile stretch of small communities, stores and houses, is an example. In this stretch of roadway there were counted a total of 1465 billboards. The California Development Association concluded that roads of this type were too far gone to merit saving the scenery.

Scenic highways, on the other hand, were those which enabled people to get out into the wilderness, to enjoy Nature in all its primeval beauty.

The value of these roads lay in their scenery. Built at public expense, amounting often to many millions of dollars, their scenic lure, or reason for being, might be destroyed by a few thousand dollars worth of privately owned signboards.

The scenic highways outnumber the commercial highways in California, an evidence in itself of the value the Californian places on scenery. Of the seventy-one major state highways, forty-eight were placed in the scenic column by the director of the State Board of Public Works.

Too Much Enthusiasm

Local city and county chambers of commerce, all being members of the California Development Association, were advised to study their neighborhoods to determine the generally recognized beauty spots and report them to headquarters. Of course, there is nothing a Californian loves better than to pick out his local scenic beauty spots and report on them, and it was soon necessary for the association to send out the following warning:

Care must be exercised in selecting these spots. Many communities may have none at all on the main highway, but certain county roads may be highly scenic in character. Too ambitious a program may defeat the whole plan; it would be better to start in a small way and get the outstanding spots protected first.

The steps in each local save-the-scenery program were these:

FIRST, organization of a committee of local citizens to do the work.

SECOND, an actual physical survey of those sections of the highway on which there are natural scenic beauty spots. Working from maps was taboo.

THIRD, recommendation of areas proposed for scenic reserves.

FOURTH, coordination of these recommendations by the California Development Association.

FIFTH, approaching the owners of property along the scenic reserve with pledge agreements. Copies were supplied by the association to local committees.

SIXTH, signing the scenic reserve as a warning to sign-posters to keep out.

The plan put a great many citizens to work locally, under one central direction. Local community pride was keen for the establishment of scenic reserves near at home. Furthermore, local pressure on the owner of property adjacent to a proposed reserve was far stronger than any influence which a distant office could bring to bear.

In many instances it was found that signs had been put up without permission of the owners, being nailed to trees or fences, or merely planted on vacant land. Truckloads of these targets, as they are known, were removed from the highways by the state highway commission, and destroyed.

Contrary to expectations, the plan did not encounter the opposition of the big signboard interests. The count of signs along the rural highways revealed that of the 46,070 boards along the major highways, but 2666 were structures erected and maintained by organized outdoor advertising companies. The big companies were cooperative in the extreme, and one offered to remove targets of any and all advertisers as rapidly as local committees could persuade property owners to take the pledge.

This company volunteered to remove its own signs from scenic reserves, regardless of previous contracts with property owners, as rapidly as the zones were created. It has maintained, at its own expense, certain reservations, paying many thousands of dollars in rentals merely to keep competitors' signs, as well as its own, from scenic routes.

California still is a land of great estates. Some of these ranchos extend for miles along important highways, and the association succeeded in persuading the owners of several of these almost baronial estates to lead the way in the matter of cleaning up the landscape. This was a great step forward in the campaign, which is now on in full swing. It won't be long now, say the Californians, until they can once more point with pride to their magnificent scenery.

Another memorable effort to recapture the primeval landscape is that of the women of the Hawaiian Islands. Once, not so long ago, the highways of the islands were thoroughly signed. Today, Hawaiians boast that theirs is the land without signboards. This is another instance where one horrible example stirred the public ire and led to a general clean-up of the roadsides.

A number of years ago an enterprising advertiser of Honolulu built a huge billboard in the shallow waters of the Pacific adjacent to the famed beach of Waikiki. This is one of the hallowed spots of the Hawaiians, and public wrath was not slow in fanning to a flame. A group of women of Honolulu, organizing the Outdoor Circle, pledged themselves to boycott the products of this particular advertiser. They enlisted the support of housewives all over the islands, and were so effective that before long the offensive sign was removed by the builder.

Having discovered how to use a new weapon, the Hawaiian women used it on other builders of signboards, and one by one the roadside atrocities came down. Finally, to conclude their campaign, the women of the Outdoor Circle bought out the defunct signboard company at junk value and destroyed all the remaining signs in the islands at one fell swoop.

The Outdoor Circle is still on guard over the roadways of the islands. The women are aggressively engaged in planting trees and shrubs along the highway and in beautifying the Hawaiian landscape generally.

Everybody Has a Job

Being familiar with this Hawaiian campaign, a good many Californians were in favor of using the boycott as a feature of their state's campaign. However, the more practical leaders opposed this, believing they could make progress more rapidly if the scenic-reserve idea were sold to the public and the landowners on the basis of good business.

No account of the interesting movement to clean up the roadsides of America would be complete without a word about Dr. J. Horace McFarland, head of the American Civic Association, who pioneered in the cause more than two decades ago. He recognized that our native beauty spots were doomed unless the choicest of them were set aside, and in 1910 he launched the movement which resulted in the creation of the National Park Service.

Doctor McFarland and Edward Bok, the editor, worked actively for the clean-up of the roadsides, and today one may see the results of their personal work in both Pennsylvania and Florida. Driving into the city of Harrisburg over any road, one is impressed with the unspoiled naturalness of the scene. Doctor McFarland lives in Harrisburg, and by way of practicing what he preached, he started his work in his home. Today the picturesque beauty of the country about Harrisburg is a tribute to his handiwork.

That strikes me as being a good way to tackle the problem. Not everyone can be godfather to a national park or a Columbia River Highway, but there is scarcely a place in this whole land but where a citizen with a love of natural beauty can do some good yeoman duty in the clean-up of the landscape.

The Hawaiians and the Oregonians and the Californians have demonstrated what can be done. If others will follow their example, the time is not far off when we may motor over any highway anywhere in the U. S. A. and be fairly certain as we round each turn in the road that there will be no billboards to obstruct our view.

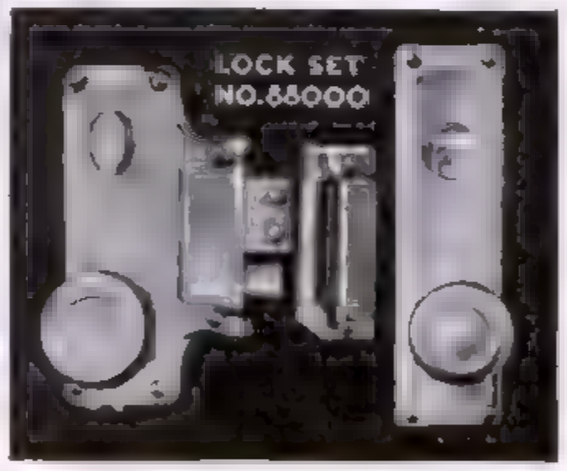
The Seventeen-Mile-Drive Shore Line, as Seen From Monterey Peninsula, California

from a cottage to a skyscraper

The up-to-date builder burglar-proofs as well as beautifies the modern building.

• • •

The Segal type of lock-sets solves both the problem of decorative hardware and burglar-proof security. That is why so many architects and builders everywhere Segalock their buildings. ¶ Beautiful in design, burglar-proof in construction, moderate in cost, there are Segal lock-sets for every purpose—from a modest home, a thousand-room hotel to a skyscraper. Ask your hardware dealer or write to us.



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LOCKS *and* HARDWARE

Announcing the New . . .

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER JUNIOR

COMBINATION ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER AND HAIR DRYER

$16.50

Electric Hair Drying Attachment $3.00

Trade-in allowance for attachments of any cleaner.

. . . the handy cleaner for every home and automobile

FROM the world's largest producer of vacuum cleaners comes another service of never-ending usefulness to every home. We announce the great new Eureka Junior . . . a compact, powerful vacuum cleaner and perfected hair dryer—all in one.

As a general utility cleaner, this marvelous Eureka (weighing only 4¼ lbs.) will serve you in countless ways, for the many bothersome little jobs that do not require a full-sized vacuum cleaner.

The Eureka Junior cleans quickly and thoroughly. It has more suction power than many cleaners priced above $60.00 intended for general use on rugs and carpets . . . it whisks away ashes and litter; cleans stairways, autos, mattresses, upholstery. It is sturdy, durable . . . built for years of perfect satisfaction.

But the hair drying feature makes the Eureka Junior truly unique. Alone, this is worth the entire cost of the Junior. Simply remove the bag, slip on the drying attachment, and Eureka Junior becomes your personal maid . . . drying your hair swiftly and thoroughly with a gentle current of warm air.

Every woman has long realized the need of a modern electric device to perform these great services. It remained for Eureka to develop it, to place behind it the guarantee of a name that enjoys the confidence of the public, and to offer it at this remarkably low price . . . $16.50 and $3.00 for the hair drying attachment.

The Eureka Junior offers for the whole family a service that is completely *new*. See it, try it, without delay. At the same time you should learn about the wonderful advantages and exclusive features of the other famous Eureka models, the Standard and Special. The coupon will bring you information without obligation.

* * *

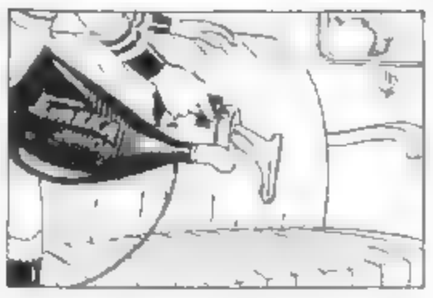
You may now own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50—attachments $6.00. The "Special", recently announced, is full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag. It embodies the same fine materials and workmanship as other great Eurekas . . . truly exceptional quality at a popular price.

The Grand Prize Eureka Standard, combination home and automobile cleaner, is priced at $56.50—attachments $8.00. It is even more powerful—with many special features such as detachable handle and nozzle, and special attachments for moth control. The cleaner for those who desire maximum suction, cleaning power and convenience!

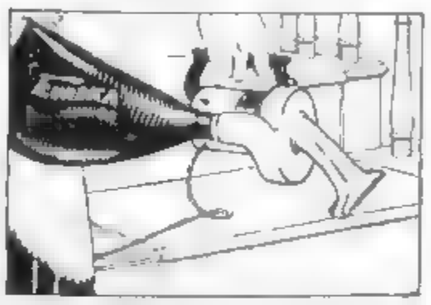
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

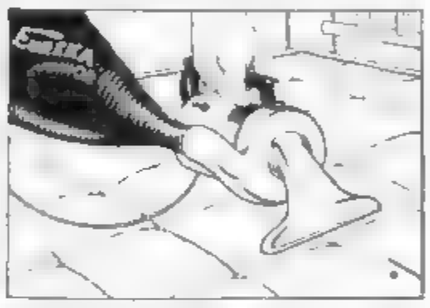
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia. (526)



Compact, light, powerful—ideal for the quick, easy cleaning of motor cars



Handy for the awkward task of cleaning stairs, closets, cupboards, all hard-to-get-at places



Its powerful suction cleans mattresses deeply and thoroughly—a hard job made easy

Converted instantly, Eureka Junior becomes a hair dryer

Dries hair in a jiffy—comfortably, luxuriously—with a gentle current of warm air

Its use appeals to men and children, too—the Eureka Junior is for the whole family

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Michigan

I am interested in the ☐ Eureka Junior ☐ Eureka Special ☐ Eureka Standard.

Please send complete information without obligation.

Name

Address

THE FORBIDDEN CITY AND BROADWAY

Continued from Page 28

The Manchus, of course, never bound the feet of their women, and my feet are natural; but every foreigner has heard of the hideous custom which reaches back beyond the Christian Era. What could more plainly show the rigid guardianship of women? Women were chattels, the fact carefully masked behind the pretense that womenfolk were "delicate flowers," "glorious lilies," "tranquilly flowering blossoms," "beautiful bits of perfect jade," and all the other things expressed in flowery Chinese names. This as excuse to hide them away, guard them carefully, keep them in ignorance and maintain them as prisoners.

But not today! The China flapper goes forth with her male escort, to the utter scandalization of old-fashioned Chinese, rolls her stockings and her cigarettes, and apes her Western sisters as far as possible It is a radical change for her, but a good one.

I was shopping in New York on my first visit there. Saleswomen pressed me to try this and that, told me how much a negligee, gown or scarf would become me. I was polite, but I had ideas of my own about clothing. Relinquishing each bit of finery reluctantly, I assembled the things I wished and they in no wise resembled what had been recommended to me.

"You certainly know something about clothing," one saleswoman said.

Why should I not have known? I have worn the finest the world has had to offer, and not even the finest of the fine things I have worn would I, today, have taken in trade for the little Occidental sport suit I wore to that Broadway shop. The sport dress shows my knees, but I am not ashamed of my knees, though in the old days, if I myself was not ashamed of knees others were ashamed for me, and so I wore clothing which dragged in the dust of floors and courtyards, muffled me from ears to heels, hid me completely from the eyes of men.

That evening I was to attend grand opera, where a world-famous singer was to make her debut in New York City. For this I required something special in the way of dress. I wore an ermine wrap which Her Majesty had given me, and knew, as I stepped into the foyer, that not a lady there was gowned more perfectly than was I. I wore the gowns of the Occident as though to the manner born. In the China of the time of that very cloak which I wore, I would not have been permitted to attend such a public function. There were theatricals held at court, plays written by Her Majesty and acted by her eunuchs

From Court Gown to Tablecloth

Later I attended late supper at the home of a friend. We were all seated about the table, and the talk was general. Absently I fingered the cloth which covered the table, and something in the feel of the ribbon which bordered the cloth caused me to study it for a moment, and for just that moment my heart stood still.

Just a ribbon of special weave, yet for me it brought back a certain day at court. Her Majesty had given me a gown of wonderful weave, of gorgeous workmanship. But in those days I was surfeited with gowns. Her Majesty gave me more than I could ever wear, all priceless, but so many of them. This one was perhaps the finest of the lot, but it was designed for a woman twice my age

I could not refuse Her Majesty's gift, so I admired it and accepted it and put it away. Years later an American woman came to China. She was interested in old things, especially things which had come from the court. She looked over everything I had kept after the fall—gowns, jades, porcelains, shoes studded with pearls, Manchu hats with sable tails—and I finally brought out the gown Her Majesty had given me, and ended by giving it to my friend.

She had returned to the United States. A friend of hers had seen the gown, had admired a ribbon in it which we in China call "the ribbon of the endless knot," and so my friend gave her the ribbon.

And here, tonight, I was fingering that same ribbon, woven into the border of a tablecloth in an American home. Yes, the same ribbon! There was never another one like it. My hostess had been my friend's friend

From the gown of an empress to a tablecloth upon which men and women who talked of horse racing dropped the ash from their cigarettes, and not a soul here, save myself, knew or guessed, and I choked up so I couldn't tell them! A strange, even weird cycle; oddly, I thought, like my own.

Foreigners in the City

I first experienced the Western World as a young girl in Paris. Here my father permitted me to live as an Occidental, as far as possible. I went shopping with my sister and delved into the quaint places of the city. But always there were two others with us—my father's coachman, who had secret instructions from father and mother to see that we did not get lost or visit forbidden places, and a chaperon who knew but one word in any language—"don't!" So here, though we dressed as Western girls and looked so much like them—Manchus are very fair—that people rarely noticed us in the hurry and shuffle of the West, we still were hedged about by restrictions rooted deep in the soil of China.

I early learned to speak French and English. I had opportunities and advantages which were never vouchsafed my sisters in China, and those days stand out in my life as the most deliriously happy of it all. But there was always plenty of criticism, you may be sure of that! We brought many servants with us from China—servants who had served their masters all their lives, servants whose forbears had served my forbears -to say nothing of lesser legation officials who were extremely old-fashioned.

Innocent as were my sister and I, we were accused to my father of many indiscretions. There was no evil in either of us, but to the minds of dignified China, as represented by servants and lesser officials, there was the appearance of evil, which was just as bad.

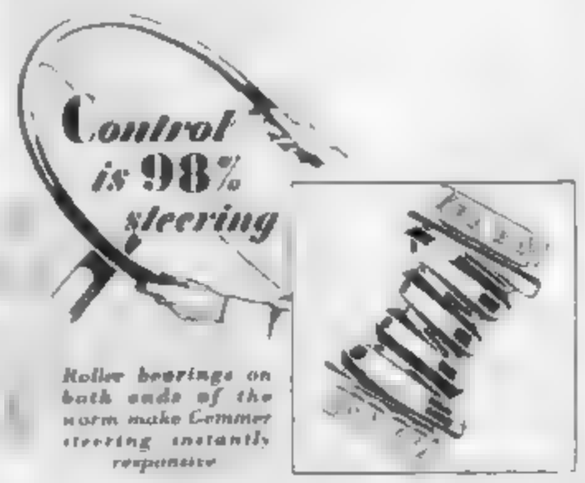
And when I returned from Paris to China, and Her Majesty called me to her court! My sister and I came to court wearing the latest—of that day—in Parisian gowns, because we had no Manchu clothing, and the call had been too imperative for us to prepare. How the eunuchs stared at us and made comments behind their hands! Some of the boldest even tried to examine us closer, to see what we wore underneath those gowns, if anything. Abandoned creatures we! But Her Majesty was always interested in foreign dress and foreign habits, though she invariably condemned them all as barbaric, and instructed us to wear our Parisian things at court until she had thoroughly informed herself of their intricacies Even she was not immune from curiosity, and I recall a day when, in the presence of a thousand eunuchs, she herself had us partially disrobe to satisfy her curiosity.

Foreigners, or people who looked like foreigners, within the Forbidden City! What sacrilege! Memorials of protest came in daily, and all demanded the extreme penalty of us for daring thus to parade our shamelessness before the world. Her Majesty, however, was stubborn and paid little attention to memorials, which was fortunate for us. But she tired, eventually, of her whim, and instructed us to dress as Manchu court ladies

Continued on Page 197

Enjoy driving *with steering by* GEMMER

Half the fun of driving lies in being able to relax and enjoy the ever-changing scene that unfolds before you. When the car you drive is equipped with "Steering by Gemmer" your trip is so much more enjoyable, for Gemmer-steered cars are instantly responsive to the wheel—so easily steered, so confidently controlled, on any road in any weather.



GEMMER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Detroit Michigan

GEMMER

Smoother Steered – when Gemmer Geared

What an Indian summer of mellowness *sparkles in its crystal depths!*

Let the grace and distinction of this fine old beverage enhance the hospitality of your dinner table

Y

Soft fall of leaves and filtering sunlight in a yellow haze . . . warm air which blows and hints at coming winter . . . and nodding hollyhocks within the warming shelter of a garden wall . . . such is the mellowness of autumn . . . such, too, is the mellow quality which sparkles in the crystal depths of this fine old ginger ale.

And how does it get such quality? The beginning is basic excellence. Only the purest ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." Jamaica ginger of the highest quality gives subtlety to its flavor. An exact process of blending and balancing those ingredients contributes to the final result. Hourly tests prevent variation. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. The carbonation is uniform and delicate. A secret process enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

You drink "Canada Dry." Notice how well it goes with a meal . . . how its keen zest adds pleasure to a party . . . how it bubbles and sparkles with good spirits. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles. Let it grace your table with extra hospitality and charm.

The Reflection of Good Taste

"CANADA DRY"

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

(Continued from Page 195)

When the experience had ceased to be a novelty, I remember I wandered away by myself to the famous colonnade in the Summer Palace, near the Western Hills, and wept most bitterly because I was homesick. Whenever my sister and I had the opportunity we often went to a certain flat stone at the crest of the highest hill in the Summer Palace, where none could hear us, and sang grand opera with only each other as audience, and enjoyed ourselves to the full.

Three years I was a court lady, and never for a moment of that time was I absolutely alone, so that I could do as I wished. I rose early on frosty mornings, and circled a corner of Kun Ming Lake to Her Majesty's private dwelling, when it was my turn to waken her. No soldier was ever held more strictly to his duty than was I. I was bound as with chains by the merest whims of Old Buddha, and that I truly loved Her Majesty made the chains not one whit less galling.

I thought of all this as I sat at late supper in the nice apartment, twenty-odd stories above Broadway, picking at my food. Even the food recalled the old days to me. Meals without number, served in monotonous routine which never varied Her Majesty would have her meals—she was a great eater, a connoisseur of foods—and there were usually fully a hundred different dishes from which she might choose. The food was brought in by eunuchs who had won their stations as food servers to Her Majesty only after years of study and effort to please her whims. No hands might touch the food which fed Her Majesty. Serving her was a ritual of deference. Her Majesty sat to eat, and none might sit in her presence, nor might any eat with her, though she finally gave me the high honor of eating with her, so long as I stood well back from her and was dainty enough with my food to please her. The best food that could be had. I grew fat and roly-poly with eating it, and could never get enough of it; but I enjoyed not even the finest meal at court as thoroughly as I have since enjoyed food served in a common American kitchen and prepared by my own hands.

Neighborly Interest

Before I went to court, while my father was inspector of Likin at Hankow, we lived in a "foreign house," which was a never-ending source of amusement to all our neighbors. Our neighbors believed in being "neighborly" to the extent of what the West would regard as nosey. On a particular day we had a great reception to which all officials within a certain radius were invited, a gala affair, rivaling the rainbow in its hues, because officials came in their marvelous robes of great richness. We lived on the second floor of the house, and so were sufficiently elevated that everybody could see what was going on behind our curtains. We dared not close the curtains because of the warmth, but also because to shut off the view of the curious would have been an unpardonable affront. So our neighbors gathered all around, stared at our windows, and even brought glasses through which they could more closely follow our antics. They shouted aloud in glee to one another, commenting frankly on individuals who took part in our reception, laughed at funny things and spoke scornfully when scorn seemed apropos, all loud enough for us to hear—and in China of that day it was quite all right! No one was offended, and the neighbors paid us a compliment by being interested in what we did. But suppose my neighbors here in Los Angeles were to show such interest!

In China of my day people got together, and in China, as everywhere else, people gather to talk. Suppose that a roomful of people is discussing something of vital interest to them all, or some famous man, perhaps even the guest of honor, is telling a story. Here in America such a one is listened to with rapt attention, no matter how much of a bore he may be. It is polite to listen. In China it is polite, but it isn't required by custom. If a man is telling a story, it is quite all right to interrupt him in any way at all. People can talk over his head, around and through him, and even the person to whom he may be directly talking can stop him, ask him an irrelevant question, and it is quite all right. It is a virtue in the story-teller to be patient.

I sit here in my California bungalow and look out across the street at the nice houses across the way, some of them covered with trailing vines which almost blanket their doors and windows. I note the well-kept lawns, the deep red roses in the flower beds and boxes, the yellow lilies, all the flowers which grow on my street. If I lived in China and the urge was upon me, I would pay my neighbor the compliment of walking across his lawns, stepping into his flower beds and boxes and picking such of the blooms as pleased me. He would retaliate by tramping across my lawn and picking my flowers, with the result that neither of us would have either lawns or flowers, and his kids would tear down my vines, and my children his.

A Prisoner of Luxury

If I were in China today my neighbors' servants would be forever in and out of my house, especially my kitchen, and my things would be my neighbors' things and they would seldom return them. If I were entirely guided by Chinese upbringing I would return the compliment by borrowing their things and failing to return them; but my Western upbringing balked me when I lived in China, so that I was often purchasing things to replace things taken by kind-hearted neighbors. If, in China, I were preparing to give a party of some kind, my neighbors would come in, perhaps without knocking, look over all my preparations, make remarks that were kindly or otherwise, go back and tell their neighbors, who would likewise troop in and make themselves at home. Then, when my party was in full progress, they would probably all come back and stare at my guests, go into the cloak rooms and examine their doffed wraps and generally make nuisances of themselves.

I can close my eyes and become, in a matter of seconds, the first court lady of Tsz'e Hsi, the Old Buddha, which I once was. I can hear the high-pitched laughter of eunuchs and serving maids, and feel upon my shoulders the ponderous weight of the court gowns, which were priceless and altogether lovely. I can hear the "don'ts" of my girlhood, and see the lifted eyebrows of those who regarded me in those days as a barbarian. These latter, of course, were the old-fashioned officials, who never forgave my father for educating me abroad, and never ceased protesting to the throne for even allowing me to set foot within the sacred confines of the Forbidden City. I wore a gown which rivaled the hues of the rainbow, second in wondrous texture and pattern only to Old Buddha's own. I almost staggered under the weight of a great headdress studded plenteously with pearls—real ones—and my fingers sparkled with gems. Even my long finger-nail protectors were studded with pearls. I wore the high-heeled shoes of a Manchu princess, studded with more pearls. I hid my face from men I went my way with all the stately dignity which was my right as a court lady of Her Majesty, and I was utterly lonely because there was no one of sufficient rank about for me to fraternize with, and custom decreed that I not even deign to notice my inferiors. I was very lonely, a prisoner in the midst of lavish plenty.

Then I open my eyes. Through the window I see my own car at the curb. On the table the latest books, theater programs from which I may choose my entertainment for the evening, and what a delight it is to know that I can either go for a drive, read books or write them, or go to any one of a hundred different reviews, symphonies, baseball games, horse races or what have you, and nobody is curious about what I do with my time, nobody tells me to hide my face from men. Nobody tells me I must remain away from the theater unless I go with an escort and sit in a box with shadows hiding my face.

Here, if I like—and I shamelessly confess that I do like—I can cook my own meals. Had I done that in China I would forever afterward have lost face, and to a Chinese loss of face is far more terrible than loss of fortune. Fortunes may be regained; face never. If I went golfing in China my old-fashioned friends, noting how strenuously I performed on the links, invariably advised me to let my servants do it. The same when I danced—and after I left court I danced a great deal. If, desiring to do the thing properly, according to my own ideas, I gave a big dinner to my friends of all nationalities, I arranged the flowers with my own hands, I lost face in the eyes of my own servants—of whom I had always from four to twenty, each one a greater nuisance than the other—because I dared to do work which was theirs to do. No one ever gave a thought to the unbelievable possibility that I might enjoy arranging flowers myself. I was *Tai Tai*, the "missy," and I should never do anything with my hands except keep them folded in my lap and see that my manicurist kept them beautiful.

China is philosophical, harboring the belief that what is to be will be, and that nothing will change it, therefore there is no use trying; while the West molds circumstances to its own ideas and gathers a heap of bruises in the molding. Personally I think that China enjoys life the more, because she takes it up in her hands, regards it thoughtfully, accepts it, and lives it in luxurious ease, waited upon, petted and coddled, for a monotonously long number of years, by personal servants who are in turn petted and coddled by lesser servants.

Bungalow Versus Palace

The West has conveniences which are far and away beyond those of China, yet the grand lady of China would find the West an unbelievable hardship. She couldn't pry into her neighbors' affairs, talk out loud at the theater, borrow all the landlord's glassware, and could not have her servants with her in the box at the theater. She couldn't have so many servants in her home, and would starve beside the ice box because there would be no one to open it for her; would die of thirst in the midst of water faucets because to turn the taps would be too great labor, and none to do it.

She would live in rags because she would never be able to go shopping, even window-shopping—joy of all joys of women—because all her life she has been accustomed, in China, to having the shopkeepers come to her boudoir, bringing their offerings with them for her to pick and choose. Even then she would not finger the materials, but would delegate the task of holding things up for her inspection to whichever of her servants had the cleanest hands.

Life in China is a long song played softly in a low, tranquil key. Friendships are deep and last for always. Poets do not even write their own poems but retain professional scribes to set them down. The well-to-do do not read but bring in professionals to read to them or keep such readers by them as permanent members of the domestic staff. In the West, life is a whirlpool in which those who are unwilling to do battle are likely to drown—but what satisfaction one gets out of the battle, as long as one escapes.

Which manner of life is better? I know them both. And I would not trade my bungalow for the Forbidden City itself, with the Summer Palace as cumshaw—though the smallest building in either is larger than my California home; but in the latter I live and am free.

ROLLS RAZOR

The ONE BLADE Safety

A BRITISH IMPORTATION

COMPACT

Complete in its case—Razor, strop and hone.

THE ONE BLADE

of finest Sheffield steel and hollow ground is stropped to an edge before shaving and honed up to razor when necessary. Properly handled it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

READY FOR SHAVING.

Simplicity itself—just the one blade and its handle

Back From Vacation

Looming ahead is college or a strenuous business season. Start the hurried morning activities with a clean, smooth, non-irritating Rolls Razor shave, and the rest of the day will take care of itself. And best of all you never have to think about extra blades. The one hollow-ground Rolls Razor blade will give you a better shave for years.

The first cost may be slightly higher—but how many blades do you purchase every year?

SHAVES FLAT TO THE FACE

Not at right angles. It cuts the hairs like a barber's razor—does not bur them out

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate....$15.00
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate...$10.00

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic, indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at $1.50 Or Rolls Shaving Cream. Priced at 75¢

For sale at the better shops throughout the world If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

LEE & SCHEFFER, Inc.

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U. S. Distributors

BRISK lathers quicker—stays moist longer

..tender skin tenders

thanks to mint julep shaves . . .

The instant your face is snowed under the soothing Brisk lather ...your tender skin feels a new sensation...cooling, comforting, exhilarating...different!

Like a tall, tinkling mint julep on a hot day Brisk brightens and braces you up. No after burn or sting. No need for after-shaving lotions. Brisk carries its own balm to seal and soothe tiny razor nicks and scratches.

This new and really different shaving cream comes in a new and different package. Designed for men only. You can't mistake it for the tube of family tooth paste or your wife's cold cream. It has a one-man top that is a part of the box...not apart from it.

It took two years to develop Brisk. It will take you two minutes to decide that you need a mint julep shave to start the day right.

For new shaving fun and cool mint julep shaves...buy a box of Brisk...50c at all druggists, or

Have a Two Weeks' Treat With Us... Ask your druggist for your Free two weeks' supply of Brisk mint julep shaves. If he is out...a little patience and this coupon will bring you briskly enough Brisk for two weeks. Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Brisk *... A Shaving Cream 50c*

C O U P O N

Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Building, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me my two weeks' treat of BRISK mint julep shaves FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 35)

debate, I have a distinct purpose. I can, with perfect safety, say that innumerable smaller but very important subjects and principles of government received the same treatment as the others did at the hands of the legislature, and all for political reasons. To sum it all up, the opposition legislative leaders used their power to obstruct and stand in the way of progressive, forward-looking reforms in order that the credit for instituting them and seeing them to fruition might not be accorded to a Democratic governor.

In 1926, due to the operation of the hospital, public improvements, parks and grade-crossing bond issues, and the acceptance of the constitutional amendments reorganizing the government, I was beginning to reap a part of the harvest of the work of preceding years, so far as seeing accomplishment of my undertakings went. One thing remained about which nothing of a constructive nature had been done. Water-power development had not kept pace. Republican opposition to all suggestions for state development and control remained in full force and effect. Taking advantage of the general lack of understanding of the whole subject on the part of the people, their opposition to the plan I advocated for state development and control of water-power resources persisted. That seemed to be the last line, from which the reactionary old guard would never be willing to retreat.

I was personally fully convinced at the close of the session of 1926 that I would be relieved that year of any further duties as governor. Having already served three full terms, I looked forward to retirement to private life in 1926. The labor, the worry and the anxiety of the governor's office were beginning to tell upon me, and I was anxious to retire in order that I might see more of my family and that they might have more of my time.

Then an event occurred in Albany on June sixth which brought into my life a great deal of joy and satisfaction. My oldest daughter, Emily, was married to John Adams Warner, superintendent of state police. The wedding was attended by people from all over the state. All my old friends and neighbors from the downtown district of New York City were in Albany, including Louis Fook, the leader of Chinatown.

The day before, and the day after the ceremony, while political leaders from all over the state were gathered in Albany, I began to realize how difficult it would be for me to escape renomination.

Not a Time to Change Horses

The argument and persuasion of the party leaders was something with which I had to deal. An army of interested people supplemented the call of the leaders. These were disinterested friends who desired to see a program well begun carried out in full. They entertained the belief and freely expressed it to me that my absence from Albany might lessen interest in the final consummation of the program of state reconstruction.

Men and women in all ranks and all stations of life besieged me to offer myself again to the electorate. Each particular group had something in mind that it desired to see accomplished, and feared the consequences of what might happen if the governorship fell back into reactionary hands.

In that campaign I was victorious by 257,000 votes plurality, and with me were elected the state comptroller and lieutenant governor. The only Republican candidate surviving was Albert Ottinger, former senator from New York City, who was re-elected attorney-general.

Robert F. Wagner was elected to the U. S. Senate that year to succeed James W. Wadsworth. This seemed almost an impossible feat. The overpowering prohibition issue seemed to favor Wadsworth because he had voted and worked against submission of the Eighteenth Amendment, and as United States senator had voted against it. New York, by referendum and in other ways, had shown itself to be a wet state. But Wadsworth was a victim of the duplicity of his own party. The wets firmly believed that he had not gone as far as he should in representing this state known to be wet. They charged, whether rightly or wrongly, that he refrained from acting in an endeavor to hold both sides of the question.

Because of his close friendship with me personally I was often charged by my political enemies, particularly inside of my own party, of secretly favoring Wadsworth and, while seeming to oppose, at the same time deeply desiring his election. Especially among women, many stories of secret understandings between the parties circulated as gossip.

At the opening of the 1926 campaign this gossip was intensified, but the ultimate result dissipated it completely. The nomination of Wagner as the strongest candidate who could be named, having powerful party support and a fine record of achievement in social legislation, was suggested by me, and I gave him full, whole-hearted and vigorous support.

Wadsworth, naturally, had the enmity of the drys, and they set up a third party in an effort to bring about his defeat. It drew just about enough votes to weaken him and to insure Wagner's election.

The Wrong Publicity

Every public man and every candidate for public office is now and then the victim of some stupid advisers. Congressman Mills, the Republican party's candidate for governor, was surrounded by them. One of his publicity agents invented the slogan: "Al had to work or starve; Mills never had to work." How this was received by the general public is best epitomized in a comment on it in the New York Times of November 4, 1926:

> We don't know who the publicity man was who opened up this jug of asafetida in Mills' office. Whoever it was, Mills should turn him loose to work at something else or starve.

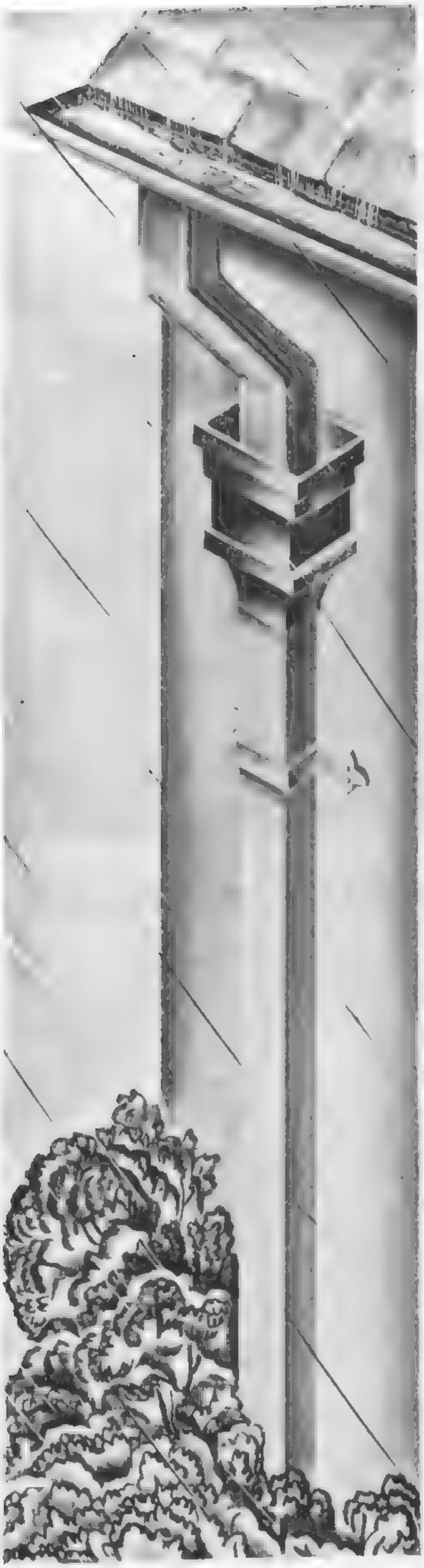
Immediately following the election of 1926, and before the inauguration, history repeated an episode of 1922 at a similar period. It indicated that private and special interests are continuously on the job. By the provisions of the law construing the reorganization amendment, all state agencies then in control of leasing water-power sites for development were legislated out of office.

After January 1, 1927, control of the leasing of water-power sites was to be brought closer to the governor by placing it in a commission, two out of three of whose members were to be appointed by the governor. It was to be further safeguarded by requiring distinct and specific approval of all leases by the governor himself.

My reëlection was taken as a warning to private power interests to keep off the public domain. They attempted to take advantage of the interim between election and January first, when the new order would begin, as they had once before in 1922. They pushed vigorously to secure a lease immediately at the hands of the existing Water Power Commission, which had less than six weeks to live. I promptly communicated with the conservation commissioner, who was a member of the Water Power Commission, expressing my unqualified disapproval of any such action by the very nearly defunct commission.

The threatened action seemed imminent. The commission held a public hearing on the applications and even announced a date when they would give their decision. They made public the form of lease they proposed to grant.

(Continued on Page 201)



If they're ANACONDA COPPER they will last..*not rust*

A home skimped in construction is a home that will cause regrets later on. In the matter of gutters and rain-pipes it is so easy to "save" a few dollars by selecting cheap, temporary material.

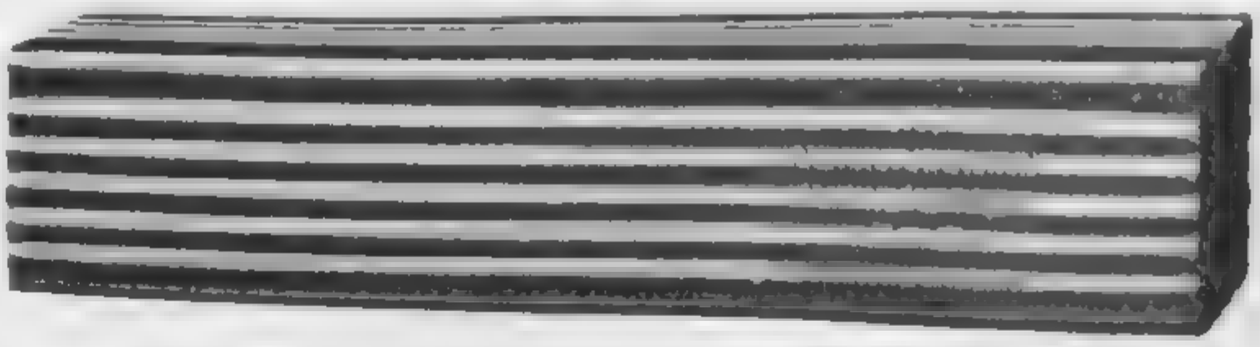
Architects and builders everywhere advise against such costly mistakes. They point out that it is false economy to install gutters and rain-pipes that rust, because the service given is temporary at best. The life of Anaconda Sheet Copper, which CANNOT rust, is virtually unlimited. Many a fine old home still has the original copper sheet metal work intact, after more than a century's exposure. On the other hand, consider the fact that the average life, the country over, of exposed sheet metals that rust, is only 6.7 years.

It is the ECONOMY of Anaconda Copper that recommends it. Gutters, rain-pipes, roof valleys and flashings of this non-rustable material soon save far more than their somewhat higher first cost in freedom from upkeep and repair expense. And the wise home owner will insist that not only the flashings and valleys, but the roofing material as well, be fastened with copper nails...rusted nails are a common cause of roofing failures.

Gutters and rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper, made by leading fabricators throughout the country, are easy to identify by the Anaconda Trade-mark and the words, "standard 16 ounce," stamped in the metal. Look for this symbol of quality when you build, buy or remodel.

For further information on the economy of rust-proofing inside and out with Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze, send for the free booklet "Rust-proofed." Address The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

From mine to user, Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze products are safeguarded in quality by one organization with a background of over 100 years' experience. With unequalled facilities for technical research and production, the world-wide Anaconda organization is constantly engaged in developing, testing and producing sheets, wire, rods and tubes of Copper and Copper Alloys to serve the American public and American industry



Leading sheet metal fabricators in all sections of the country are prepared to supply gutters and rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper, with the trade-mark stamped in the metal for permanent identification. If you should have any difficulty in securing them, we will be glad to tell you where they can be obtained in your locality.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

FOR YEARS THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD EVERY MODERN BUSINESS PROTECTION

BUT ...*a friendly wager uncovered a source of steady loss!*

THE scale expert finished his earnest talk to the factory superintendent. And *now*, all he asked was simply permission to make a complete survey of the plant's weighing equipment

But the busy superintendent was not convinced. And suddenly he thought of a way to get rid of the scale man once and for all!

"Ten dollars says our scales are correct," he interrupted, "and we'll leave the decision to that old scale just outside my door!"

The Toledo salesman smiled, and, without a word, brought from his car two official 50-pound weights. Quickly he placed them on the old-fashioned, non-automatic scale—this 100 pounds of *known* weight. *But the scale read 97!* That scale was in the receiving room and thousands of dollars' worth of expensive materials passed over it every day.

The factory superintendent could hardly believe his eyes. But imagine his surprise when he went with the Toledo Scale man from floor to floor, from building to building. Again and again they found old-fashioned scales off many pounds, at weights not ordinarily used in the company's own check-ups. Errors that had been hidden for years quickly came to light under this scale-audit by a qualified scale-expert.

Of course, the results of this survey really shocked the factory executive. But he was more than compensated for his embarrassment by his savings after modern automatic weighing equipment was installed throughout his plant

And that is like the story of thousands of Toledo Scale Surveys. Toledo experts, without a penny of expense to you and absolutely no obligation, come to your plant and make an impartial study of all your weighing operations. If losses are found, they show them to you—prove them to you beyond question—and suggest corrective methods.

No pressure is brought to bear upon you to buy new scales—but Toledo experts point out to you how well Toledo Scales are adapted to involved industrial operations—how lastingly accurate they are—and how the unique features of Toledo Scales stamp them as the world's most dependable weighing equipment.

Toledo automatic models cut weighing time Gone are obsolete poise-juggling operations—gone are guesswork, weight disputes. In fact, so great are the benefits that come from replacing old-fashioned scales, that those who now reap the rewards from Scale Surveys, wish they had acted to stop their losses years before!

Today, mail the coupon for the Toledo expert. Remember, he comes to you *free*—and without the slightest obligation to you. Act now—as thousands of other open-minded firms have done—to get the truth about your scales.

Toledo Survey—Case No. 3316

One of the world's largest motor makers agreed to the impartial Toledo Survey. Steady losses were uncovered so great that, when stopped, the money saved was sufficient to pay for the installation of new, automatic Toledo Scales in 60 days and in some departments *in 30 days!*

Toledo Survey—Case No. 2402

The proprietors of a large middle-west flour mill permitted Toledo experts to make an impartial check of all their weighing equipment Steady losses were found, and now this mill saves $90.00 per day through the installation of Toledo Scales.

Toledo Survey—Case No. 5278

The stock room scale equipment of an automotive plant was submitted to the Toledo survey. It was found that the counting scales in use were inaccurate up to 10% of total parts counted. After modern, automatic counting equipment was installed *it paid for itself in 30 days!* Mail the coupon now!

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS · HONEST WEIGHT

SEP 5

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

I am willing to have the Toledo expert come and check my scales. I understand that this will place me under no obligation and will be entirely free of cost to me

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 198)

I secured the services of Samuel Untermyer as special counsel to the governor He expressed a willingness to give his time and ability without compensation to prevent what I still believe was intended to be the alienation of the state power resources by private leasing. Mr. Untermyer hastened to the Executive Mansion on a Sunday and made a close and careful examination of the proposed lease. It revealed that it was nothing more or less than an option extending over a three-year period, for which the state received only such recompense as might be expended by it for engineering services.

A New Object of Interest

After the entire matter had been publicly aired and discussed throughout the state and over the Eastern part of the country, the nearly defunct Water Power Commission receded from its position and caused the withdrawal of the application by the companies.

On January 1, 1927, when I was inaugurated for the fourth time as governor of the state, I sat in the chair used by Gov. George Clinton, the only other four-term governor in the history of the state. During the 1927 session further progress was recorded in making the various bond issues effective, and the reorganized government came into existence on the first of January. I made no changes in the personnel of department heads except to strengthen several of the departments where vacancies had occurred.

For the first time in the history of the state—acting under the reorganization amendment—I formed a cabinet for the governor composed of the heads of the various departments. The theory of a cabinet for the governor worked out very well. It was of great assistance in bringing about coördination of effort among department heads. It gave a better understanding generally of all the problems of the state to those concerned with solving them and administering the departments. At the first cabinet meeting I was astonished to learn that some department heads were not even acquainted with the others. Problems of the state, large and small, were frankly discussed around the table. Committees from the cabinet were appointed to work out the details of some of the graver situations.

The election of 1927 was one of the most interesting so-called off-year elections in the history of the state. Only one statewide office was being filled, and that was a judgeship of the Court of Appeals. By agreement, in 1926, I had induced the Democratic state convention to nominate Judge Henry T. Kellogg, a Republican from Plattsburg, for the vacancy in the court that year, with the promise that in the following year, 1927, the vacancy then to occur would be filled by a Democrat. The retirement of Chief Judge Hiscock, because of the age limit provided for in the state constitution, would create a vacancy in the position of Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. To this vacancy I insisted that Judge Benjamin N. Cardozo be nominated. He was the senior judge of the court, and it is not necessary for me to comment on his ability as a jurist. Many times I have had occasion to discuss legal problems with him, and I have felt deeply complimented when he would call me counselor and treat me as if I were a member of the bar.

Just before the state convention in 1927 there became apparent among some of the lesser leaders of the Republican Party throughout the state a desire to repudiate the agreement. I insisted upon the nomination of my appointee, Judge John F. O'Brien, the son of Dennis O'Brien, who during his lifetime had been a judge of the Court of Appeals. John F. O'Brien was recommended to me by the sitting judges of the Court of Appeals because they were familiar with his ability to present cases on appeal. He had been connected with the office of the corporation counsel in the city of New York for a quarter of a century. The arguments of the wiser minds within the Republican Party prevailed and the leaders in search of patronage were defeated in their purposes by the unanimous nomination of Judge O'Brien.

During the legislative session of 1927 the Republican leaders had maintained their steadfast attitude of hostility toward water-power development under state auspices, but chastened by defeat at the polls, they mellowed considerably with respect to some other large problems. This state of mind resulted in the submission to the people, after legislative approval, of nine additional amendments to the constitution. Six were of minor importance and intended only to correct previous amendments. The three outstanding ones were the recommendation of a four-year term for governor, the final adoption of a constitutional executive budget, and extension of the debt limit of cities by exemption from them of the computation of certain debts incurred for water supply. This last was intended to aid transit construction in New York City and other public works elsewhere.

Deep interest in the amendments to the constitution manifested itself throughout the state. Few people knew anything about the election of the Judge of the Court of Appeals, but the record of that campaign indicates that the people carefully studied the amendments to their own constitution. Most remarkable of all in that election was the adoption of all but one of the amendments. The defeated one provided for the four-year term of the governor, election to occur in the year in which the President was being elected. That amendment caused wide debate. It was universally known as No. 6, because it happened to be the sixth amendment on the ballot. Public disfavor was evinced by discussion on all sides. Political leaders, newspaper slogans, billboards everywhere voiced the sentiment: "Vote No on No. 6 and Yes on all the rest." And that is exactly what happened.

It is interesting that the results of the vote on these amendments were known election night. In previous years the secretary of state and the boards of elections in various election districts did not take the trouble to tabulate votes on constitutional amendments, sometimes for many weeks after election was over, on the ground that there was no public interest in them.

I believe that the campaign of 1927 not only improved the constitution of the state of New York and made a contribution to the state's orderly business procedure but it tended also to awaken interest on the part of the electorate in amendments to their fundamental law

Volunteer Secretaries

Immediately following the election of 1926 it was apparent at Albany that a nation-wide interest in me was developing. This was evinced by personal visitors from other states and by the enormous volume of letters, printed circulars and inquiries that poured into Albany. By 1927 correspondence and requests for interviews had grown to such volume that I did not believe that the state employes should be taxed with the care and consideration of them. Accordingly I permitted the organization of an official volunteer committee of personal friends in New York City to assort and answer as best they could the great volume of correspondence that came.

When the legislature adjourned on the seventeenth of March, 1928, after less than seven full weeks of deliberation, it left me with a mass of bills for consideration. Many were sent to me to embarrass me. Many others had a distinctly political angle. The thirty-day bills disposed of, I turned my attention to the administrative departments of the state government, and by the time the National Convention met I had the state problems fairly well under control.

Usually Albany is a fairly quiet place. One month after the adjournment of the legislature the hum of the winter's business dies down, the excitement of the session has passed away like a storm, after which comes calm But in 1928, thirty days after the adjournment of the legislature, it seemed to me at least that Albany was the hub of the universe. People from all over the country, either on business or on vacation, found their way to Albany and immediately came in search of me. Sheriffs, constables and police officials generally representing other states, appearing in the capital for the purpose of having the necessary papers signed to extradite men accused of crime in their states, usually returned home as quickly as possible. Now they remained around the executive chamber until they had a chance either to see me or speak to me. As one sheriff put it, "I don't want to go back home and tell my people that I was in this building and that I did not see you." That apparently was in the mind of every visitor who came within gunshot of the city of Albany during the period between the adjournment of the legislature and the National Convention.

Good Men and True

My friends who had organized the committee to take care of the preconvention correspondence continued in charge of the preconvention campaign. I am indebted deeply to the loyal friendships of many years' standing which produced the devotion of such men as James J. Hoey, who had been in the legislature with me; George R. Van Namee, who was twice my secretary; Col., now Lieut.-Gov. Herbert H Lehman, James J. Riordan, John F. Gilchrist, William H. Todd and William F Kenny. The old neighborhood produced men strong in their friendships and loyal to the last degree in their devotion to one another. The testimony of William F Kenny before the Senate investigating committee examining into campaign contributions revealed a new character to the American people. Editorial writers and newspapermen spoke of the devotion of my army of friends, and all made special mention of W. F. Kenny's great desire to promote my welfare. To those who know us both, and who come from the old neighborhood, it is easily understandable. He began, like myself, at the bottom rung of the ladder. His father was a fireman. He started as a truck driver and by hard work and the devotion of his friends he attained his present position in the financial and business circles of our city.

To add to the excitement, my youngest daughter, Catherine, was married to Francis J. Quillinan in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany on June ninth. The newspaper accounts of the impending wedding brought visitors from all the adjoining states, and that particular Saturday saw a tremendous gathering in and around the cathedral. My son, Alfred, Jr., had given us a surprise wedding in 1924. I learned of it while campaigning in Binghamton. Arthur, my second son, followed his brother's example and was quietly and secretly married in 1925.

The wedding over, the family started for the Houston convention. Mrs. Smith, my sister and all my children attended the convention as the guests of Mr. William F. Kenny. My eldest daughter, Mrs. Warner, and her husband, remained in Albany with me. My two little grandsons, Arthur Jr., and Walter, sons of Arthur, and my little granddaughter, Mary Adams Warner, also remained with me to keep me company. I was in daily communication with the family in Houston by a direct telephone wire between that city and the Executive Mansion in Albany.

Nation-wide interest in the convention and in the prospect of my nomination had brought representatives of the press from all parts of the country to Albany, and every morning at eleven o'clock and every afternoon at four during the convention days, I was in conference with no less than forty newspaper representatives, usually at the Executive Mansion.

One of the very pleasant experiences of my public life has been my association with newspaper reporters and writers. I have

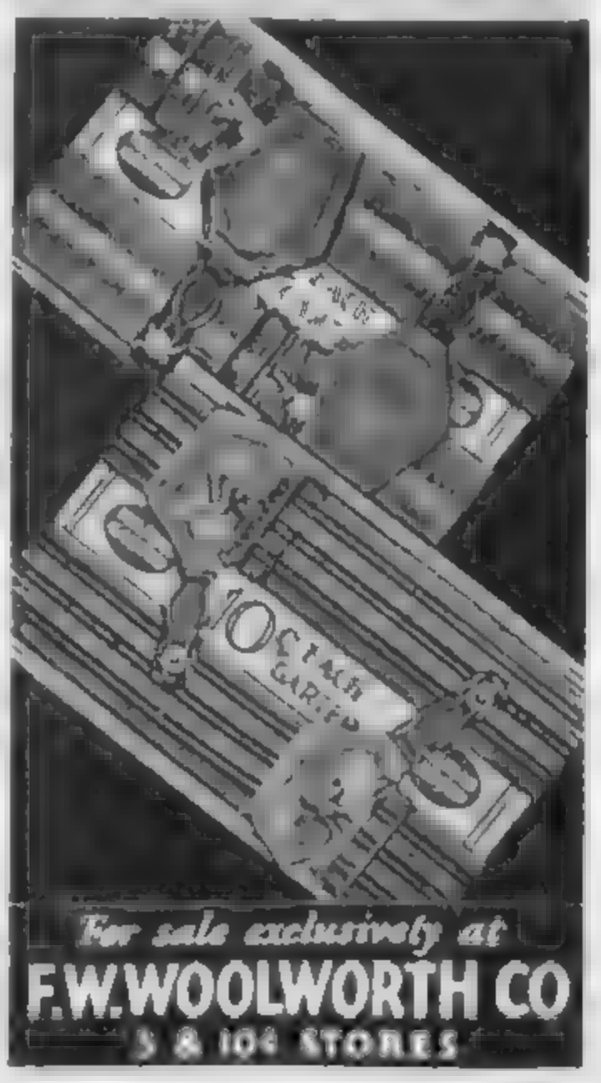
MILFORD MEN'S GARTERS at WOOLWORTHS

Made of fine, fresh, long-wearing elastic—fortified by protected garter-grips—Milford Garters are "built" for service. Every pair is *guaranteed!* Two practical, popular styles—in a variety of handsome designs.

These splendid values in Milford Garters are convincing proof of the power of Woolworth quantity buying.

THE A. J. DONAHUE & CORP. Milford, Conn., U. S. A.

10c each garter



They Steal Your Power

CAMOAH

The Motor Power Thieves

EIGHT out of ten cars on the road lose power and waste gas because the Camoah Bandits (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age, and Heat) have weakened their spark plug wires.

Modern high-speed, high-compression engines impose a tremendous burden on high tension ignition cable. When it deteriorates, which it is bound to do due to the attacks of Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age, and Heat, the sparks in the cylinders are weakened, delayed, or missed entirely, with a consequent loss in engine power.

What good are new spark plugs, a strong coil, and a perfectly timed distributor, if cable leakage is going to undo all of their work? Practically every car that has gone over 10,000 miles or been on the road for over a year, will have more "pep" and use less gas when rewired with a Packard Lac-kard Ignition Cable Set.

Packard Lac-kard is the pioneer corona-proof cable and is superior to all substitutes. *It is used on 36 makes of automobiles, trucks and buses as standard factory equipment.* Be sure to get the genuine Packard Lac-kard in the purple and yellow carton.

For sale by leading dealers.

Write for a copy of the Camoah booklet which shows the Camoah Gang beautifully illustrated in full colors.

"If it isn't Packard—
It isn't Lac-kard"

FOR ALL CARS
$2.00 to $4.75

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The Packard Electric Company, Warren, Ohio

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE CABLE IN THE WORLD

said much to them in my time for publication and much more in confidence. That confidence was never broken from the day I first set foot in Albany up to this writing. I have always had their trust and, in a very marked degree, their friendship.

Political reporters and writers are keen-minded men and in the pursuit of their calling acquire much valuable information. I found them exceedingly helpful when I was seeking advice. They were always frank and open with me, and whether they were working for newspapers politically hostile to me or not, they were personally friendly and always ready to help me.

Never, except possibly in one instance, did I regard newspaper criticism as being directed against me personally, and for that reason I have never hesitated to talk to the owners and editors of the papers and present my side of a question to them as clearly and as frankly as I could. In my daily conferences with the newspapermen I always permitted them as much latitude as they desired. I never hesitated to speak to them over the telephone at any hour of the day or night, either from the executive chamber or the executive mansion. It is told of a group of them, discussing a question at the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, not so long ago, that a bet arose along about midnight. It was decided that my word would be accepted to settle the bet. So they called me on the telephone at the executive mansion and I obliged with the facts in the case.

Mixed Signals

Contrary to the general belief, absolutely nothing was definitely settled before the convention was called to order. That refers not only to the details of the platform but also to the nomination for Vice President. Usually that selection is made by the candidate for President. I was unwilling to make the selection and insisted that it be made by the convention itself. It was a great pleasure to me to find that the choice had fallen on Sen. Joe T. Robinson, with whom I had campaigned in New York State eight years before.

I have never taken any stock in the fairly general political belief that territory or place of residence has anything to do with national nominations and I do not believe that the average man or woman pays much attention to where any man comes from if they are satisfied that he stands for that which is right. Residence is largely a matter of accident. I visited the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and there was no one living there in 1928, and I am certain there could not have been many there when he was born. I was never sure where Andrew Jackson came from until I ran for President.

We lived as quiet and simple a life at the executive mansion as the progress of events in those days would permit. The difference in time between New York and Houston meant that we sat up listening to the proceedings until the small hours of the morning. On the eventful night when the balloting for President began, the mansion was crowded to capacity, and several thousand people were gathered in the streets around the house, on the lawn and on the porch of the house.

When the radio announced that the chairman of the convention directed the call of the roll there was a deadly silence, and as each state was called and the result announced, those inside the mansion gave vent to their feelings. Those on the outside were unable to understand what was going on until Senator Pomerene of Ohio rose in his place in the convention hall and asked that the Ohio delegation be recorded in favor of me, when my daughter Emily, sitting beside me, jumped up and threw her arms around my neck. That was taken from the outside as a notice that the nomination had been made, and bedlam immediately broke loose. The people on the lawn stormed into the executive mansion and were on all floors of it.

The moving-picture operators stationed men in the trees on the mansion grounds with flare lights, and the entire scene took on the appearance of a great Fourth of July rally, the flare lights taking the place of the fireworks. It was then three o'clock in the morning and the assembled crowd had been around the mansion since eight o'clock the night before. By the time I made a speech to them, greeted them, shook hands with as many as I could, it was five o'clock in the morning. I was of the opinion at the time that were it not for the efficient handling of the crowd by the state and city police, they would probably have remained there for the rest of the day.

There followed days of excitement, with congratulatory letters and telegrams literally flowing in from all over the world. One man whom I hardly knew insisted upon telephoning to me from Copenhagen.

The convention over, naturally I was eager for the return of Mrs. Smith and the children to get their observations and impressions of the convention. They arrived in Albany at five o'clock the following Sunday and brought with them as a souvenir a live burro named Sam Houston. Notwithstanding the event and the central figures therein, Sam took his place in the front line and for quite a while was the center of attraction. He was very young and I saw no need of housing him, so I granted him the freedom of the executive grounds, where he chewed Albany grass to his heart's content and frolicked with the dogs and other animals on the mansion property. In the fall the chilly northern winds were too much for him and he contracted pneumonia and died, much to the grief of all the household.

Then came the turmoil and stress of the preparation of my speech of acceptance, and meetings with the national committee to prepare for the long tour of the country.

The march of progress in every human endeavor did not overlook manners and methods of conducting political campaigns. I have spoken of the old-time methods that are within my personal recollection. The improvement, however, was not a sudden development but a gradual growth.

In my first campaign for the governorship I was compelled to rely almost entirely on newspaper accounts of my speeches and the word that would be passed along by the comparatively few citizens who would have an opportunity to hear me personally.

The Very Same Voice

Beginning in 1924 the radio came into play, but in a very restricted way. Campaign speakers were annoyed by the presence of what I called the "pie plate." That was at the ratification meeting for John W. Davis in Madison Square Garden in October, 1924. Amplifiers in the halls gave a metallic, tinny sound to the voice, which also was disconcerting to men speaking, particularly extemporaneously.

Growth and development of the use of the radio were such that in 1928 it played probably the most important rôle in the national campaign. To indicate the value of the radio, let us assume that a candidate for public office made a speech every night for thirty nights. In New York State he could not address more than an average of a thousand people a night. That would mean thirty thousand people, or 1 per cent of the electorate, the other 99 per cent being dependent upon what they heard or read about it in the newspapers.

Back in the old days of campaigning, comparatively few people in the country heard the voice of the candidate or got the slightest idea of his personality or the force and effectiveness of his spoken word. In the recent campaign millions of people listened to both candidates every time they spoke, and acquired a familiarity with their characteristics and mannerisms of speech as well as of their voices. While at Palm Beach this winter a friend introduced me to her young daughter. As soon as I spoke the little girl turned to her mother and said, "Oh, mamma, he has the same voice that he had on the radio."

Continued on Page 205

The Selz Shoe

STYLE AT ITS BEST

This is the Mall Blucher—a Selz Archlast model. There is a certain Prince who quietly, but with unquestionable authority, rules men's fashions through the Dominion and beyond. The tailors, the hatters, the bootmakers of London keep an eye on the Prince. His taste is respected by well-dressed men the world over. He leads the leaders. This is his kind of shoe. Smart custom toe modeling—distinctive toe cap perforations—heavy leather—a Selz selection from a world famous continental tanner, brown—like a frost-ripened nut—or jet black. The Archlast feature for comfort. Price is $8.

THE SELZ CUSTOM BUILT $12 THE SELZ SUPREME $10 THE SELZ ARCHLAST EIGHT $8 THE SELZ SIX $6

A style book of the leading Fall and Winter models will be sent you on request

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POWEL CROSLEY, JR. scores again with MORE BIG NEWS IN RADIO

ALL the wonderful qualities of Screen Grid . . .

—plus the latest refinements and improvements in radio design . . .

—including new features exclusive to Crosley alone . . .

Now you can get them *all* in the new Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad—*at the very lowest prices in the Screen Grid field!*

This Choice of Models

At only $67 (without tubes) the Monotrad is offered in a smart table-set in metal, with panels of burled walnut finish. It is shown at the right.

For $118.00 you can buy the Monotrad in a graceful cabinet model, beautifully finished in satiny walnut veneer. (Illustrated at right below.)

And for only $62 the Monotrad may be had in its simplest form, with front panel, for installation in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you may now possess.

Whatever your choice, you get the remarkable performance of the Monotrad—the utmost in radio enjoyment at the very lowest price.

All of these features!

The new Crosley Monotrad incorporates a new and exclusive feature—*Triple Range Control.*

This ingenious device adjusts the full power of the set to local, medium and distant signals. It makes possible a sensitivity never before achieved!

Note, too, that the Monotrad utilizes: Two 224 Screen Grid tubes in R. F. stages; one 227 tube as power detector; one 227 first audio tube, resistance coupled; two 245 power output tubes, connected push-pull; one 280 rectifier tube. *Seven* tubes in all.

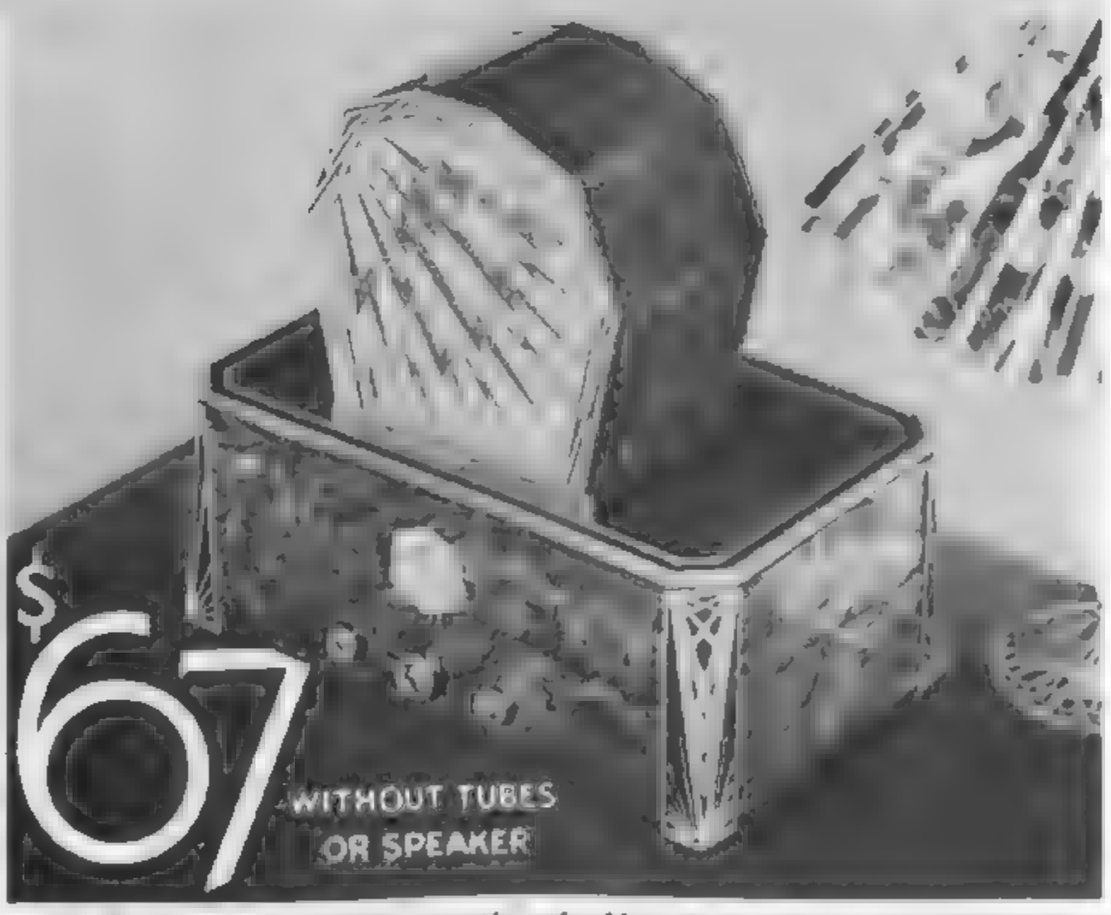
The Monotrad also has the patented Neutrodyne circuit—a feature of *all* Crosley models. And of course every modern improvement, such as power detection, humless operation, etc.

* * * *

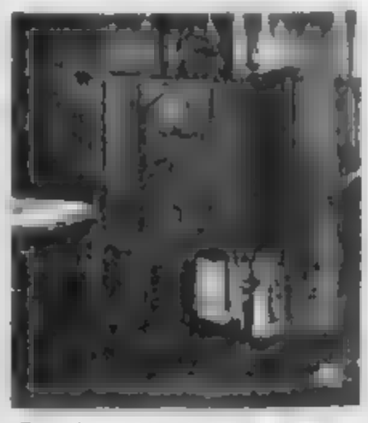
You may see the new Crosley Monotrad, in the models shown here, at any Crosley dealer's. The Monotrad is also available in a wide range of cabinets produced by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers.

We suggest that you go and examine it thoroughly, test it critically—and compare prices. Ask for a free trial in your home.

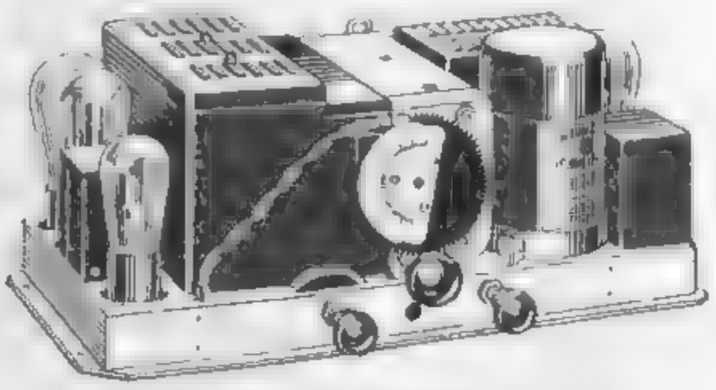
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio
Home of WLW



Crosley Model 31-S, incorporating the Monotrad. Also available with legs at $72. Your choice of two lengths of legs: 17 inches or 21 inches. With Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, as shown, $28 extra



Crosley Model 32-S, incorporating the Monotrad, complete with the Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, at $118



In this form, the Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad may be installed in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you now have or purchase. (Shown here without front panel)

You're there with a

CROSLEY

The Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad (eight tubes including THREE Screen Grid tubes) is available in a wide range of Crosley table and cabinet models. Prices (less tubes) from $80 to $160. The Unitrad is also available in cabinets by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers. Other neutrodyne A. C. sets $55 to $150. *Western prices slightly higher*

(Continued from Page 202)

The radio takes the place of the antiquated method of attempting to circularize the electorate by the mailing of speeches of acceptance and of debates. A large part of these documents was always wasted. Nothing makes such an impression on a person as the spoken word. Oratory and the power of speech will always be effective.

My speech of acceptance of the presidential nomination had to deal with so many issues and had to be given to the press so far in advance, that I departed from my custom of speaking from notes, and read it.

Tuesday, November sixth, Election Day, was Mrs. Smith's birthday. I arranged for a birthday cake the night before and determined that, election or no election, the birthday could not be overlooked and we'd have the birthday party anyway.

The usual crowd of people were at the voting booth in the morning when I went to cast my own ballot in company with Mrs. Smith. To me the day was uneventful, as I was attempting to relax after the strain. After dinner in the evening I went to the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, where the members of the Tammany Society were receiving the returns. Quite early in the evening it was apparent to me that my opponent was victorious and that I must meet defeat. I went back to the Biltmore Hotel and called my wife and sister and all my children into a room and prepared them for what I knew would be very unwelcome news to them. It did not take much persuasion on my part to reconcile them to the inevitable. They received it like good soldiers, Mrs. Smith's only remark being, "It's all for the best. It's God's will. Some of the threats against you might be carried out and, aside from all that, we will see more of you."

After the Campaign

Immediately after election I returned to Albany to give as much aid as I could in the preparation of the first executive budget and, later, to confer with Governor Roosevelt.

One of the greatest satisfactions of my governorship, as I look back over it, was the love and affection of the people of Albany. They never neglected an opportunity to display it. Probably no governor in the history of the state knew personally as many of the residents of the capital city as I did. Due largely to the twelve years of residence during the wintertime and the long period I spent in the executive mansion, I came to know the prominent men of Albany and their families as well. I became acquainted with almost all the neighbors living around the executive mansion.

There was no political significance in the friendships I formed in Albany. As a matter of fact, before I reached that city as governor the section around the mansion was strongly Republican. Many of my closest Albany friends were and are today Republicans. The Chamber of Commerce, of which I was an honorary member, was made up largely of Republicans.

I will never forget the reception that was given to me when I returned to Albany after the national election was over. I could not have been received with wilder acclaim had I been elected President of the United States. The entire police reserve of Albany was stationed along the line between the Union Depot and the executive mansion. I marched with the paraders all that distance. Women seemed to me even more enthusiastic than men.

When the stress and strain of the national campaign were over, it was quite natural to seek a place of rest and relaxation. In company with Mr. Raskob, Mr. Kenny and a number of my friends, I went for a short vacation to Biloxi in the state of Mississippi. When the newspapers published the news that I was to leave for Biloxi, United States Senator Pat Harrison, from Mississippi, was calling on President Coolidge on a matter of Federal business.

The President said to him, "Senator, I understand Al Smith is going down to Mississippi on his vacation."

Whereupon the senator replied, "Yes, and I am going with him."

President Coolidge immediately remarked, "Tell him not to overlook Massachusetts."

I had never heard of Biloxi before. In fact, from its spelling I had difficulty in pronouncing it. Mr. Kenny called up the weather bureau on the telephone and asked what part of the country had the mildest climate on that particular day, and the reply was "Biloxi," where it was seventy-eight degrees in the shade. That is how I happened to go to Biloxi.

The trip was made in Mr. Kenny's private car. It resembled a second campaign trip. At every stop of the train the crowds poured around the station to remind me of the preelection days.

After a short rest I returned to the capitol and took up in real earnest the difficult job of preparing the estimates for the appropriation bill and the report of the fiscal condition of the state. In due course preparations began for the last Christmas Day in the executive mansion, when there was a full gathering of the family, including my son Arthur's two boys and my daughter Emily's little girl. These were just at an age when they had some understanding of how Santa Claus really performs. The large, spacious, open fireplaces and big chimneys of the executive mansion gave me a good opportunity to explain to them that miniature automobiles, small horse wagons and baby carriages and dolls were brought down through the chimney by Santa Claus from the sleigh on the roof the night before Christmas.

Finally, at midnight on December thirty-first, I laid down the reins of government after six consecutive years and eight altogether and found myself out of employment for the first time in forty years. I had been in the service of the state or some of its civil divisions for thirty-four years, and under the state retirement law, being a member of the Employes' Retirement System, I found myself entitled to a pension of about six thousand dollars a year for the rest of my life. On New Year's Day at the formal inauguration I handed the government over to Franklin D. Roosevelt and, after the ceremonies and shaking hands with as many of my old friends as I could, I started for New York. I arrived at the Grand Central Station and was escorted to the Biltmore Hotel by the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, which had escorted me to Albany in 1919 and now brought me back again.

On Foreign Soil

I heaved a heavy sigh of relief and felt that I was coming into a new freedom it had not been my pleasure to enjoy for a long while. Never having been out of the city of New York in the wintertime in my life, I naturally journeyed to the South, where my favorite recreation of open-air swimming was at my command. I visited Palm Beach, Sarasota and Miami Beach. At Miami, I paid a friendly visit to Mr. Hoover and we told each other stories of the lighter side of campaigning for the presidency. At Sarasota I was the guest of John Ringling, the owner of Barnum, Bailey and Ringling Brothers' circus and I spent two days with the animals in their winter quarters. I had been such a frequent visitor to the circus that I recognized the actors in their cages.

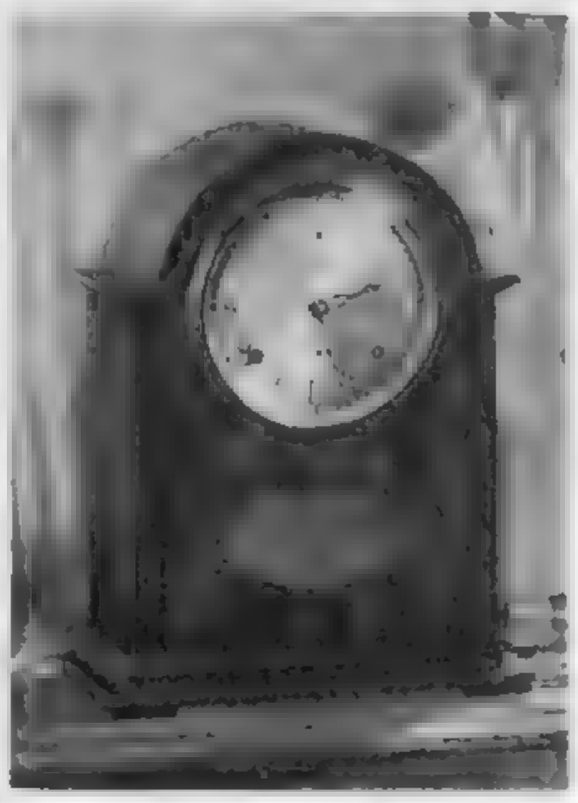
In February I made a trip from Miami to Havana, Cuba, and when I stepped from the deck of the steamer I had put my foot on foreign soil for the first time in my life. Havana was the first city I ever was in that did not fly the American flag. I was quite thrilled with the city. The foreign customs, the foreign language, the difference in the advertisements on the billboards, the street cars and the busses, and the generally old-fashioned character of the city, particularly of the part of Havana bordering on the harbor, were all exceedingly interesting.

My vacation over, I returned to New York and found a novel to keep me busy during the writing of what you have herein read. I very earnestly hope that it has entertained and interested my readers. I have tried to make it a plain story of a plain, ordinary man who received during his lifetime, to the fullest possible extent, the benefit of the free institutions of his country. It is written from memory and is a recital of fact and experience from as far back as that memory goes, up to now.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Governor Smith.

A Lake Champlain Headland

Acquaint
RADIO
FEATURE



that casts a Spell of Old World Witchery

Through the microphones of 22 great radio stations a remarkable clock broadcasts the magic melody of Sessions Westminster Chimes. Its clear soothing voice has won a place in thousands of homes for Sessions Westminster Chime clocks.

This faithful reproduction of old Westminster's charm brings peace to tired nerves, cheer to drooping spirits. Every quarter hour these fine clocks softly ring the age-old melody. Year after year they tell time loyally. And they are actually inexpensive. *Twenty-eight to thirty-seven dollars.* At most stores where good clocks are sold. If your dealer cannot supply you, please write directly to us.

Send for Interesting Booklet

Learn how Sessions craftsmen captured all the tone and mystery of old Westminster, and reproduced them in fine clocks at prices within the reach of all. A post card brings you a free copy of the new colored 16-page booklet, *"Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old World Witchery."* Address The Sessions Clock Company at Forestville, Connecticut.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local program for time)

EAST

WBZA Boston
WBZ Springfield, Mass
WOKO Poughkeepsie, N Y
WOR Newark N J.
WIP Philadelphia
WPEN Philadelphia
WRVA Richmond Va
WWVA Wheeling, W Va
WSAZ Huntington, W Va
KDKA Pittsburgh
WAPI Birmingham

CENTRAL

KYW [illegible]
WGRD [illegible]
KMOX St Louis
KSCJ [illegible] Neb
WDAY Fargo N D
WRBQ Greenville Miss

WEST

KGO Oakland, Calif
KOL Seattle
KOA Denver
KDYL Salt Lake City
KGRS Amarillo, Texas

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SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

Be Happy ~ Be Prepared!

IF YOU are not protected when it rains, your spirits and your clothes get a thorough dampening—just another lesson in preparedness—own a good raincoat!

Owning a raincoat, however, is not the only way to be prepared for emergencies. Possessing a roll of DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape may save you even greater annoyance, inconvenience and loss than getting wet on a rainy day.

DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape is kept handy in thousands of homes, garages and factories. Makes instant, permanent repairs to wiring on electric household appliances, auto ignition systems; for repairing leaky garden hose, wrapping tool handles, athletic equipment, etc. There are hundreds of other uses that save time, annoyance and money.

DUTCH BRAND is the tape big industries and electricians have preferred for years—it's safe!

Don't take any chances; buy a roll of DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape today! Electrical, radio, motor accessory, hardware and general stores sell it in 5c, 10c, 20c and 35c rolls.

World Wide Distribution Through Jobbing Channels

VAN CLEEF BROS. *Established 1910*

Manufacturers Rubber and Chemical Products

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Rainy Day Rainwear

For the Street—For Sports

Leading makers of distinctive rainwear—those smart waterproof garments that look so well rain or shine—use VANITEX Rubberized Fabrics—fabrics that are truly stormproof and durable, made in Fashion's latest shades and finishes.

The retailer who wants to give his customer the best the market affords will supply you with Rainwear made from VANITEX Rubberized Cloth. The woven silk label as shown above identifies VANITEX Waterproof Fabrics for your protection. Look for the label—it insures satisfaction.

VANITEX Waterproof Fabrics manufactured by the Rubberizing Division, Van Cleef Bros., Chicago

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

(Continued from Page 33)

invariably been most gracious, considerate and friendly. I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, the interview tended to clear the atmosphere. . . . Needless to say, the passage of the bill on the eve of the conference would be most unfortunate. Could it not be averted without impairing in any degree our rights? . . . The ideal thing, to my mind, would be to induce Borah to let the business rest and slip by without publicity."

This wise counsel of the ambassador's happily prevailed. The exemption bill, which had been introduced by Senator Borah and which was supported by Senator Knox, was indeed passed by the Senate, but was shelved by the House and never became law.

The bestowal of the American Medal of Honor upon the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey gave Harvey occasion for another long and interesting letter, in the course of which he said:

"The ceremony in the Abbey was the most impressive I have ever beheld. There was not an empty place in the whole great edifice, and our country was adequately represented. . . . I had some difficulty in keeping my face straight when Lloyd George was speaking. With characteristic foresight he got from me on Sunday a copy of my remarks, and took his cue therefrom, both as to line and length. He had his speech before him, as usual, but soon betrayed certain evidences of embarrassment which were quite obvious to me. It is his custom, when speaking, to interject casual and humorous observations as they occur to his extraordinarily facile mind, and he started several times unconsciously on this occasion, only suddenly to realize that it was not a fitting thing to do; so, consequently, he was constantly dropping or fumbling his glasses in getting back to solid ground and staid utterance. On the way out he confided to me that it was the first time he had ever spoken in Westminster Abbey, and this new experience had clearly bewildered him. However, he got through very handsomely. For myself, I have to admit frankly that I was quite gratified by the compliments that were showered upon me by the royal duke, Winston Churchill, Lord Lee, Worthington-Evans, the Dean and many others. In fact, to tell you the truth as modestly as may be, my simple expression constituted the chief topic of conversation at the duke's luncheon."

Let me here interject that Harvey's "simple expression" was widely esteemed, by those well fitted to judge, to be his own masterpiece and one of the supremely felicitous utterances evoked on such occasions by the World War. The letter continued:

"The important fact is that this performance came at precisely the psychological moment. The prospective conference was slipping in interest here, in the government and in the government press. Curzon's nose was considerably out of joint because his every nod was not accepted as a command, and more than once he had remarked to me that President Harding could not expect to have his own way about everything; all of which I accepted most placidly, with the observation that I was unable to perceive wherein my Government had not gone to the extreme in consideration and in courtesy; remarking only once, in a half jocular way, that the President was certainly entitled to considerable say about matters, for after all it was his party.

"Lloyd George, as I have intimated before, was playing battledore and shuttlecock from the beginning, and deliberately tried to maneuver things in such a way that he would be the king pin of the whole business. He got his first jolt when Briand took the bit into his teeth and remained steadfast. Since that time he has emulated Br'er Rabbit to a considerable extent, but as this ceremony approached he obviously got some kind of word from the King, and began to realize that he was getting into deep water and had better look sharp. . . . As a consequence of the tremendous outburst of pro-American sympathy in connection with this ceremony, he can be relied upon, I am positive, to go straight ahead, without swerving, in full cooperation. I am equally confident that, as a result of my conversation with him last night, Curzon will do likewise. Altogether, things are in vastly better shape than I dreamed would be possible a month ago. The King is as square as a die, and as steadfast as they make them, and, when all is said and done, the people follow the King pretty closely in international matters, so long as he keeps scrupulously within

(Continued on Page 209)

The Princess Mary as a Bride, With Her Husband, the Viscount Lascelles, the King and the Queen

The Willard Battery demonstrates every point of its built in quality right before the eyes of the engineers. It must speak for itself

What these CAR BUILDERS' TESTS mean to Battery buyers

When automobile engineers buy batteries for original equipment the battery manufacturer is forced to prove his claim for quality.

In spite of its 28 years of quality leadership the Willard Battery is not exempt. It, too, must undergo all proving ground tests, just as if its name were unknown.

In this way Willard meets the tests of 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses who choose its built-in quality for original equipment. Since there is only this *one* quality leaving the Willard plant, the car builders' acceptance is battery insurance for you. It means that the same battery you buy at any one of the 30,000 Willard Service Stations has already passed the most rigid series of battery tests that can be imposed

A glance at the Willard Chart, with which each Willard Service Station is equipped, shows moreover that your battery checks exactly in *electrical size* with your own car builder's recommendation.

These known values—built-in quality and correct electrical size would put the price of a Willard beyond the reach of the average car owner's pocketbook were it not for Willard's tremendous production.

The price of a Willard is placed at the *safety point*, below which known quality ceases and hazardous bargaining begins. At this safety point, the known value of a Willard makes it the most economical battery you can buy.

Continuous speed test All parts driven to point of actual abuse In the battery an inferno of heat. Willard wins the okeh

The killing cold weather test Temperature 20 degrees below zero Long exposure. Under these conditions the capacity of all batteries shrinks to about half of normal. Yet a Willard starts the car

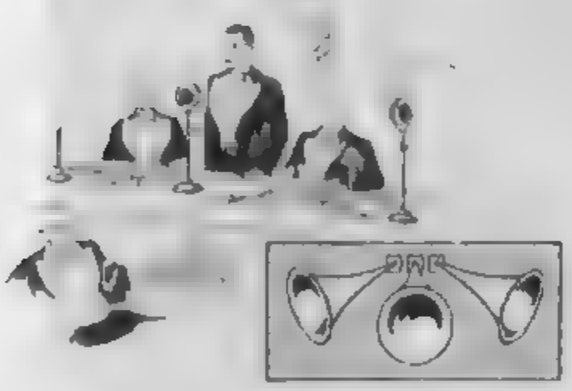
Rain, heat, cold, battering rutty roads—test follows test Repeated for days, over thousands of miles. Battery abused. Willard approved.

Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

CLEVELAND·OHIO

Widen the Circle . . .

Let the people in the *rear* seats H E A R

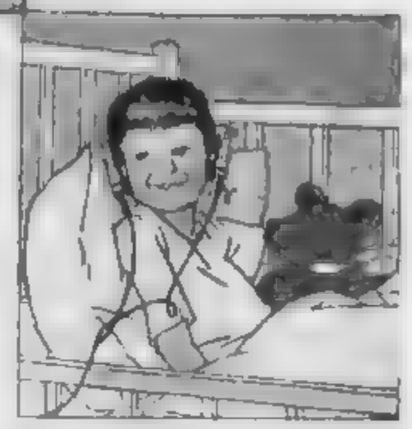


EQUIP a convention hall or large dining room with the Western Electric Public Address System, and you enable the entire gathering to hear the speakers with equal ease.

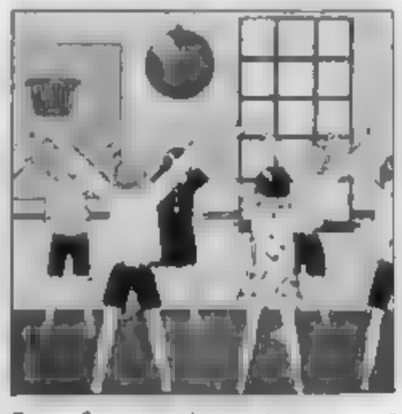
This product of the telephone amplifies sound and distributes it to all sections of a crowd, indoor or outdoor, and to any number of rooms desired.

More and more hotels are turning to the Public Address System as a means for making their meeting rooms more popular. It is moreover a medium of economy because it permits a single orchestra to play at the same time in restaurant, grill, lobby, and everywhere else that loudspeakers have been installed.

The apparatus which thus "widens the hearing circle" is made with all the skill and care which have so long characterized the manufacture of telephones and communications apparatus by Western Electric. It is clear toned, faithful in reproduction, dependable, modern. It has a wide variety of uses and is made in sizes to fit every need.



Healing by music—a service of the Public Address System in hospitals.



One of many interesting uses of Public Address in the schoolroom.

Western Electric

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS

DISTRIBUTED BY GRAYBAR ELECTRIC COMPANY: OFFICES IN 72 PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 206)

his prerogatives, and this he does with amazing skill. Take, for example, that silly misquotation about his ordering Lloyd George to stop killing his Irish people. Anything of that sort is the last that he would dream of saying. What he did say to Lloyd George, after he had made his speech at Belfast, was: 'Now I have done my part, I have a right to expect that you will do yours and carry this matter through to a successful settlement.' Those were his exact words. I happen to know, because he told me so himself."

Water on a Duck's Back

Harding frequently referred in his letters to the attacks that were made upon him in the press, and the need of philosophy to endure them, and this moved Harvey to write to him in the course of a long letter on November eighth:

"I may have recounted to you a bit of conversation I had along this line last summer with Lord Curzon, when he was so broken up by the assaults upon his pomposities by The Times that he almost wept on my shoulder in search of consolation. I told him that in the course of constructive criticism, to which I had been somewhat addicted in the past, I had discovered that from the moment the public suspected that a public journal was actuated by sinister and unworthy motives, even fully warranted unfavorable comment, to say nothing of virulence, not only failed to injure but actually benefited the object of attack It could safely be regarded, I said, as 'water on a duck's back.' He was puzzled by the simile, possibly because in the course of his existence in the highly rarefied atmosphere of statesmanship, his attention had never been drawn to the humble members of the quacking family, except when duly served with suitable sauces at Buckingham and other palaces. Nevertheless, after he had meditatively repeated the remark two or three times, he professed comprehension of the idea and seemed to be relieved in his mind."

Then, turning to a more important matter:

"Just a word about a few remarks of my own the other evening at Liverpool, in the course of which I gently intimated the improbability of America engaging in definite alliances with other powers. I had a distinct purpose in mind. Information had come to me from Paris to the effect that Briand's enemies, headed by Tardieu, were filling the minds of the French with the notion that Briand would return from Washington with a treaty of alliance in his pocket, guaranteeing America's support in case of need with force of arms. This suggestion was being conveyed rather subtly, but none the less most effectively, through their popular public journals; knowing perfectly well, of course, that such expectation had no hope of realization. They were laying the ground for so great a disappointment at his inevitable failure that upon his return they could wipe him off the political slate.

"Having had something to do originally with getting Briand to agree to go, and feeling properly grateful for the sturdiness with which he kept his promise to me in the face of all the obstacles put in the way by his opponents, I was keen for an opportunity to upset their apple cart. Lord Derby gave me just the chance I wanted in expressing at the Poincaré dinner his hopeful anticipation of a specific alliance of Great Britain, France and America. It was at his earnest solicitation that I went to Liverpool, and we were his guests while there. . . . It seemed to me only decent and just to Briand to deprive his enemies of the trap they were setting for him, and, rightfully or wrongfully, wisely or unwisely, I did it without evoking the slightest displeasure from either Derby or any part of the British press. . . . The French clique was discomfited, naturally. . . . I have a strong notion that Briand and Jusserand will understand."

In response, Harding wrote in his next letter:

"I have noted the remarks which you made at Liverpool. On the whole, they produced a very favorable reaction in the United States, though I realized full well that you designed to have them felt in other quarters. It may be accepted as well established that alliances are quite out of the question with the United States."

In a long letter on December ninth, Harvey discussed the questions of stabilization of European currencies and of German reparations, and gave an acount of a visit from Walter Rathenau, the German industrialist and political economist:

"Rathenau came to see me the other afternoon, and remained for an hour or more. He recounted his conversations with Sir Robert Horne and the governor of the Bank of England with respect to the loan he was seeking to meet the reparation payments for January and February, and was dejected by the prospect of getting nothing. His purpose in coming to me, he said, was to get my advice, and I complied to the extent of suggesting that he await a definite response to his application. That seemed safe enough and was, I imagine, all he expected

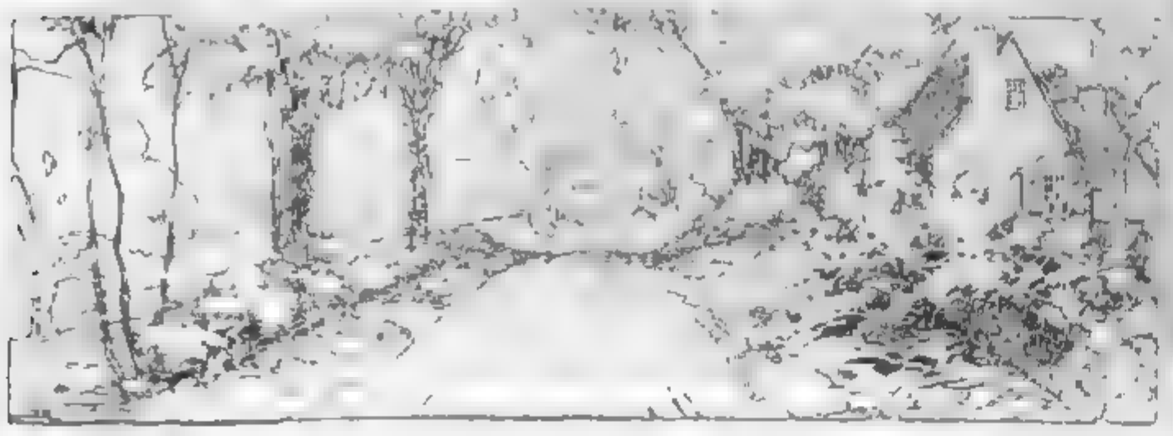
"What he really wanted to do was to put the whole German situation before me, and I was very glad to have him do so, because what he told me bore directly upon the whole matter of readjustments. Somewhat to my relief, he declared at the outset that he had nothing to expect nor to ask from the United States, because the United States was not a participant in the reparations."

Rathenau's Little Joke

"What distressed Rathenau most was the possibility of the French obtaining a pretext to occupy the Ruhr Basin. The mere thought of such a happening filled him with horror, and in this, at least, he was obviously sincere. I asked him if Sir Robert Horne had given him any indications as to whether the British Government would protest in the event of the French pursuing this course, and he said that he was satisfied that they would; but he personally feared that might not suffice in the present tense relationship of England and France. If only the United States would join with Great Britain in making such a protest if the necessity should arise, then there would be no doubt about it. So at last he revealed to me the real meat in the coconut as to why he came to see me."

Another long letter just before Christmas related an account of Harvey's call upon Briand at his hotel after his return from the Washington Conference:

"He had just dined happily with Monsieur Loucheur and Monsieur Berthelot



Model 444
An ultra-modern screen grid set, with rich five-ply walnut cabinet and two tone maple overlay Modern and attractive in every detail and equipped with the famous Quam Dynamic Speaker

AT LAST..
AN EXCELLENT RADIO SENSIBLY PRICED!

LIST PRICE $89.50 (LESS TUBES) MODERN SCREEN GRID RADIO

NOW every family can own a finer radio—can know the thrill that comes of having something better at a sensible price!

Never before in radio history has there been so striking an example of simple, reliable radio construction . . . and every important part of the Sentinel is produced in one factory, under one roof. Expert engineers have been working for years to make it a masterpiece of design, a genius in tone!

So simple to operate—just turn a single dial—and you can tune in stations that are near or far away. Instant, clear, perfect reception. Super-selective. Volume regulated automatically.

The Price is Right

Sentinel Radio is priced sensibly low, filling a long felt want for quality product at a popular figure. Just compare these models with any radio—at any price—you'll quickly recognize the astonishing values we are offering

LIST PRICE $99.50 (LESS TUBES) Modern Screen Grid Plus

Model 666
A splendid nine-tube set, using 4 screen grid tubes plus the new 227 tubes and two 245 tubes in push-pull . . . handsome five-ply walnut cabinet with two-tone maple overlay . . . and equipped with the famous Quam Dynamic Speaker

Famous Quam Dynamic Speaker

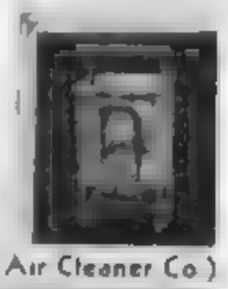
The famous Quam Dynamic Speaker, which gives you such marvelous volume and wonderful tone, is standard equipment in all Sentinel sets. Like the armed sentinels of old, who were ever ready to serve with precision and power, so the Sentinel Radio today can be depended upon for the finest performance. Such an excellent radio, so sensibly priced, is sure to amaze you. Better dealers everywhere will say "You're Safe with a Sentinel!" For details and quick delivery consult your nearest dealer today . . . or write us for free booklet in colors!

Prices slightly higher Colorado and West

EASY TERMS

Model 666-C
A modern radio phonograph combination, complete in every detail and priced at a figure you would ordinarily pay for a radio alone

LIST PRICE $149.50 Less Tubes



SENTINEL MANUFACTURING CO.
9702 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.
(Division of United Air Cleaner Co.)

Sentinel
THE ULTRA MODERN RADIO

SAVE
30 TO 50%
Relaying Rails
for Mills, Mines, Quarries, Industrial Plants, Cement Works, Contractors, Etc.
Available for delivery anywhere. Guaranteed to build perfect trackage
Phone, write or wire
L. B. FOSTER COMPANY
FOSTER RAILS
1 TON OR 1000

THE MODERN DIOGENES

If Diogenes came back today, he would be pleasantly surprised to find his modern counterpart carrying a Delta Apollo lantern. Had old Diogenes been equipped with a Delta, his search for an honest man would have been less difficult. Deltas are just as valuable when searching in dark basements, attics, tents, boats, automobiles, etc., etc.

Delta
APOLLO ELECTRIC LANTERN
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and was in an exuberant mood. He grasped both my hands, and for a moment I anticipated, with no little apprehension, the traditional French salutation upon my rugged American cheek. Happily, however, I was spared. He was effusive in his praise of the conference and its success—of yourself, of Mr. Hughes, and of all others who had had to do with it. Characteristically, he could not resist the temptation to have his little joke, and, waving his hand toward a bottle of fine champagne, invited me to join with him in a toast to the illustrious President of my country; and added, with a twinkle in his eye, that I would find the beverage different from that which he had received at the hand of Mr. Hughes or even at the White House, but assured me that, nevertheless, of its kind it was in all respects agreeable to the taste."

In the same letter he reported a meeting, at dinner, with Bainbridge Colby, who had been President Wilson's last Secretary of State, and for whom he had always had high regard:

"He reported, in common with others who have passed through, that the President had grown immeasurably in public esteem, but that he had in Congress a heavy load to carry through the next congressional election. Incidentally he remarked that he saw Mr. Wilson immediately after I made my first speech to The Pilgrims, and asked him if he had read it Mr. Wilson replied that he had read every word of it, and that his only comment was that, if I believed what I said, he greatly respected me for saying it. Colby thought this was quite fine, and asked me if I thought he could have said anything more under the circumstances. I replied simply and truthfully that I thought not. Colby also told me that he had lunched with a friend of his in the Foreign Office, whom he had known in Washington, who informed him that the entire department, from the Foreign Secretary down, found the present ambassador a most satisfactory person to deal with, as they had learned to know that whatever he told them was so. Being partly human, I was not displeased."

John's Exit

"Speaking of the Foreign Office, I must not forget to relate what Lord Curzon described as a most amusing joke on himself. He told it last summer, when we were in Paris. It seems that His Lordship had found it necessary to discharge his old coachman, who had become his chauffeur, for inattention and inefficiency. Shortly after having given him his notice, however, his tender heart relented somewhat, and one evening as he was sitting alone in his library, he decided to reinstate his faithful servitor and finally pension him off according to custom. While he was indulging in a bit of self-gratification over his generous impulse, the butler announced that the old coachman would like a word with His Lordship. This seemed to the marquess a quite interesting and pleasing coincidence. Immediately, therefore, old John was ushered in and stood before his master in sturdy British fashion, twirling his hat; whereupon His Lordship said: 'John, I am glad you came. I was thinking of you at that moment. I know what you want, and I am not going to insist upon your asking. I have already decided to reinstate you and retain you indefinitely, with a suitable pension for your closing years.' John did not evince the gratefulness which His Lordship had anticipated. On the contrary, he said: 'I did wish to see you, My Lord, but not for the purpose you mention. I simply wanted to say to you that you are the damnedest cad in England! Good day, Your Lordship.' And John walked out.

"I happened to pick up Thomas, the Labor leader, for a game of golf the other day. He told me that you had been most gracious to him—so frank and straightforward that he had lost his heart to you completely. . . . He expressed surprise that men of such varying temperaments as those who comprise your cabinet should be able to get along well together, and he seemed to doubt that all of them did see eye to eye on all matters. The one whom he held in highest esteem was Mr. Mellon, who, as he put it, has 'more above his ears than any three of the others put together.' Thomas himself stands very well over here as a shrewd but absolutely square and broad-minded man. He is the Labor member of the King's Privy Council, and on more than one occasion His Majesty has spoken to me most highly of his ability and good judgment. Nevertheless, I discovered that I could beat him at golf!

"By the way, I ran across a new British golf rule the other day in a club book, reading as follows: 'It is forbidden to pick up a lost ball until it has stopped rolling.'"

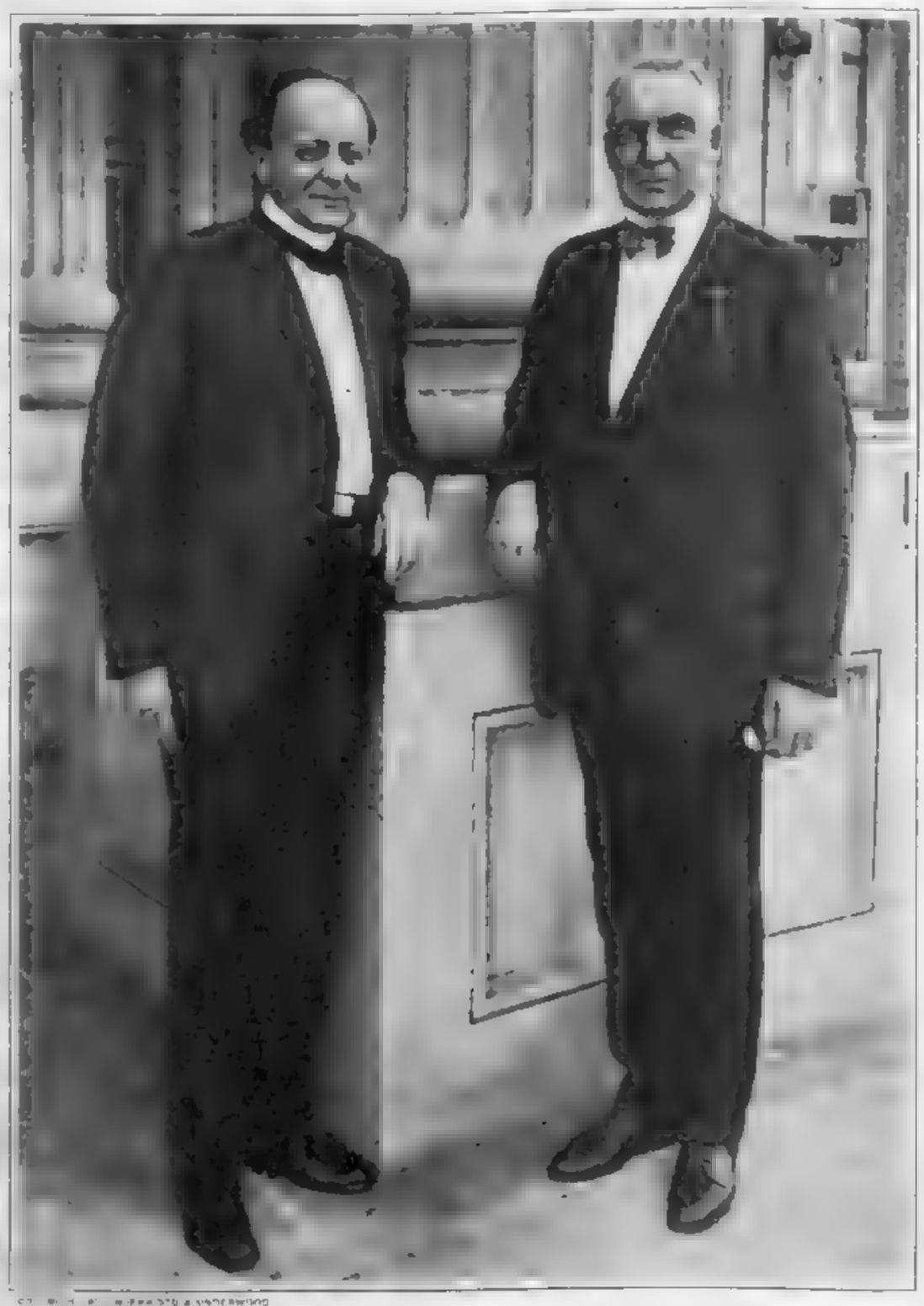
In his reply to this, in a much longer letter than he usually wrote, Harding spoke again of the trials of presidential life, and said:

"Frankly, I think I would rather be an ambassador. I suspect you get more golf, and probably play better than any President has ever been known to play. . . . You ought to introduce to your English friends the sportive game which we know here as 'ups and downs.' I am sure they do not know it, because I played in the foursome which originated the game. I had the satisfaction of introducing it to Sir Harry Lauder, and he chuckled over it quite happily, especially when he had the fortune to make par in two holes out of eighteen. An up and down consists of a wager that one side of the foursome will make par, and coupled with that is a wager that the other side will not make it. It is what you call in some other sports a whipsaw wager. Of course, it is unbecoming to commend undue wagering on the golf course. Personally I can have as much fun playing for one golf ball as for half a gross. But it is different with ups and downs. You may wager with a contestant that you will make par and that he will not. The stake may be a shilling or a pound. If you make it and your opponent does not, he settles. If he makes it and you do not, you settle. If you both make it, or if you both fail to make it, there is no settlement to be made."

What the President Had to Say

There were, in March, 1922, some rumors, originating in London, that Harvey was to resign or be recalled, which the President promptly denied. Then Harvey wrote him:

"Let me thank you for your quick and crisp denial of the rumor printed in the Bolshevik paper here. It served its full purpose in putting a stop right off the bat to gossip and rumors which, if continued for twenty-four hours, would have been at least annoying and more or less harmful . . . It may interest you to know that late in the afternoon, while I was in my wife's sitting room, her evening paper was brought to her, and before she opened it, I said: 'Well, see what the President has to say.' She opened the paper mechanically and read your statement in the press dispatch, then laid it down and looked at me, somewhat bewildered and perhaps a little accusingly, as if I had played a trick on her, and asked: 'How did you know there was going to be a statement from the President in tonight's paper?' At which, naturally, I laughed and replied: 'I didn't. But I know the President!' So you see I was not overwhelmed with surprise. Nevertheless, I was greatly gratified, not only



The Senators From Ohio, Atlee Pomerene and Warren G. Harding

Continued on Page 213

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(Continued from Page 210)

at your doing it but at the way in which you did it. I could not but contrast the inaction of the people here when, immediately following the conference, the papers were filled with reports from America to the effect that Geddes was to retire. They simply paid no attention to the matter whatever, and as, of course, his hands and tongue were tied, he must have been seriously embarrassed for several days."

In response, Harding wrote:

"I had not imagined that the rumor concerning your recall had been taken seriously by anybody in the British Isles. I do not believe anybody took the gossip seriously here. You understand, of course, what impels the disagreeable outcry. It is wholly the feeling that the friendly relations of this country to Great Britain are inimicable to Irish interests and, therefore, unlikely to be helpful in appealing to the Irish vote in this country."

Writing to the President on the very day on which the Senate was to vote on the treaties resulting from the Washington Conference, Harvey assumed that it would ratify them:

"I cannot rid my mind of the impression that the magnitude of your achievement has not yet been fully realized in either America or Europe. That this should be the case here is easily understandable. It was only natural that the shock given to Europe by the Senate in rejecting the League in the face of Wilson's positive assurance to the contrary should have created doubts to the last moment respecting the Senate's final action upon your proposals. I look for an immediate and noteworthy enhancement of your prestige as the true spokesman and real leader of the American people, as a consequence of ratification. . . . When I saw Lord Curzon the other evening and obtained the friendly message of reassurance which I cabled, I could not fail to contrast his personal attitude of today with that of some months ago. You will recall how politely condescending and, at times, slightly contemptuous, His Lordship seemed. It was quite interesting, therefore, the other evening to hear him say: 'Mr. Harvey, I have become convinced, both from what Mr. Balfour has told me and from my own observation, that the American people are extremely fortunate in having as their President a man of Mr. Harding's temperament and breadth. It is, in fact, a matter of congratulation upon all sides, because of the universal recognition here of the dependability and consideration of the American President with whom we have to deal in these trying times.'

"I am not prepared to say that he did not have in the back of his head, by way of contrast, a picture of the Prime Minister, as he certainly did of Mr. Wilson. But the remark was good to hear in any case, because whatever may be said of Lord Curzon's manner at times, he does not say what he does not believe."

A Fine Day In London

By curious coincidence, in April, 1922, Harvey wrote to Harding, urging him to seek escape from the political turmoil of the coming congressional campaign by making a trip to Alaska; something which he knew the President would like to do, but which, in fact, he did not do until the next year, when it proved to be his last journey in life. The response to this came from Mrs. Harding, who wrote:

"We are hoping against hope that it may be our good fortune to get off to Alaska, but really know there isn't the slightest chance of it this year, for Congress seems to show not the faintest sign of adjourning. The usual effect of a long session seems to be apparent in outbursts which almost pass the bounds of wordy encounters, as the paper this morning describes rather heated scenes in both the Senate and House. When women come into what some of them feel is 'their own,' I wonder if they will work off their nerves on such occasions by a tear or two!"

Harvey wrote to Mrs. Harding an account of the wedding of Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, which occurred on February 28, 1922. He made of it not so much a letter as a brochure. Plunging at once *in medias res*, this was his story:

"Well, then, it was a fine day. It was not a bright day. A bright day in London is when you can see across the street; a fine day is when, if you look sharp and persist, you can get an occasional peep at the sun. This was a fine day.

"I got out of bed to go to the wedding. I had to! I had been in bed for three days; consequently, if I went at all, I had to make my departure from that restful place. But that is another episode to which I shall refer in my process of working backward to the beginning.

"It is scarcely a mile from my house to the Abbey, and the going was easy, because we had the right of way through the palace grounds. The sight was more than interesting; it was impressive and significant. We had followed the same route when attending the opening of Parliament on two occasions, when, also, the royal equipages were brought into evidence for the delectation of the people."

Princess Mary's Wedding

"Previously, and especially soon after my arrival, during the coal strike, I have to confess that I was somewhat dismayed by the apathy of the crowd. The atmosphere had been laden with a peculiar sense of downheartedness, relieved to only a slight degree by reconciliation to a rather hopeless situation. But this was quite different. Not only was there a vastly greater number but there was also an unmistakable spirit of animation, even of buoyancy, manifest upon the countenances of the great masses of those who lined the way, despite the odd stillness which always characterizes an English multitude and with which we are totally unacquainted at home. There was a distinct challenge of exhilaration in the air, such as you have experienced in crossing the mountain ranges in the Far West.

"We arrived in due course and, under the absolutely perfect arrangements of such functions, quickly found ourselves in our most excellent places. It was a truly wonderful spectacle. So many and so resplendent uniforms and gowns have probably never before been brought together; all were new, bright and sparkling. The ceremony itself was remarkably beautiful in its simplicity. There is a legend that some seven hundred years ago the daughter of the king was married in the Abbey, but it is only a legend. There is no record of historical value to that effect. The mere recognition of this fact undoubtedly made a subconscious impression upon those present. Moreover, it was quite obvious that even though a like event had taken place at some previous time, it could not have approached this one in either dignity or splendor.

"We got away as easily and comfortably as we went, but could not return by the same route, because it was blocked by the royal procession, and we had to make our roundabout way as best we could through St. James's Street and Piccadilly. It was while we were going up St. James's Street that we had our most interesting experience. Both the sidewalks and the street itself were packed with people. I had not recognized them at first, and in fact was quite bewildered, until suddenly I realized that they were not Londoners at all; they were part of the million or more that had poured in from the provinces. Nine-tenths, I should say, were young women with the red cheeks that you never find out of England, and with the most laughing eyes it has ever been my good fortune to behold. They simply radiated joy and good nature. As my chauffeur was patiently striving to restrain the ardor of his galloping car, the Japanese Ambassador drew alongside in his stunning equipage, about twice the size of mine and most conspicuous. The crowd at first suspected it was a royal coach, but on closer examination discovered it was occupied by my friend Hayashi, and their interest waned.

"About that time somebody recognized me, or my spectacles, or something. At any rate, the word went round that this was the American Ambassador, and the whole crowd swarmed round us, pressed their faces against the windows at the sides, climbed up the steps, hung on behind, stood in front to prevent the progress of the car, and smiled and laughed, and waved welcomes and joyous greetings to a degree that was really very embarrassing, though I need hardly add, most gratifying. It took us a good half hour to worm our way along for a couple of blocks, and it was not until we reached the entrance of Hyde Park that the friendly and gleeful multitude dropped back on one side, and waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted all kinds of friendly messages as we at last began to speed on our way home.

"That is about all I find to say about the wedding. I shall now proceed according to plan, to work backward.

"We returned on February second from Paris, where we had stopped off ostensibly to avoid the effects of the very bad weather then prevailing in London, but really to enable my wife to buy a new hat for the wedding. A somewhat interesting episode took place the evening we arrived. I was sitting by the fire, comfortably reading the evening papers, when the new Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Atholl, was announced. His predecessor, Lord Sandhurst, was as fine an old courtier as ever was. It happened, however, that he died about six months ago, and the Duke of Atholl was appointed his successor. The making of all arrangements in connection with the wedding was his first task, and it was a very severe test, as it was neither quite official nor quite private, but a kind of blend of the two. I had never met him, but of course knew about him—that is to say, I knew he was one of the best of the Scottish peers, with a title running back a thousand years, and with an army of his own on his estate in Perthshire, which he still maintains."

What a Diplomat Should Wear

"He was ushered in promptly, of course, and appeared before my eyes as about as husky a specimen of Highlander, of perhaps fifty years, as I have ever seen. He squared himself with his back to the fireplace and, after lighting a cigarette, turned to me and said, with deep solemnity:

"'Mr. Ambassador, I am having a hell of a time.'

"I nodded my head understandingly, and he repeated the observation with even greater emphasis, and added:

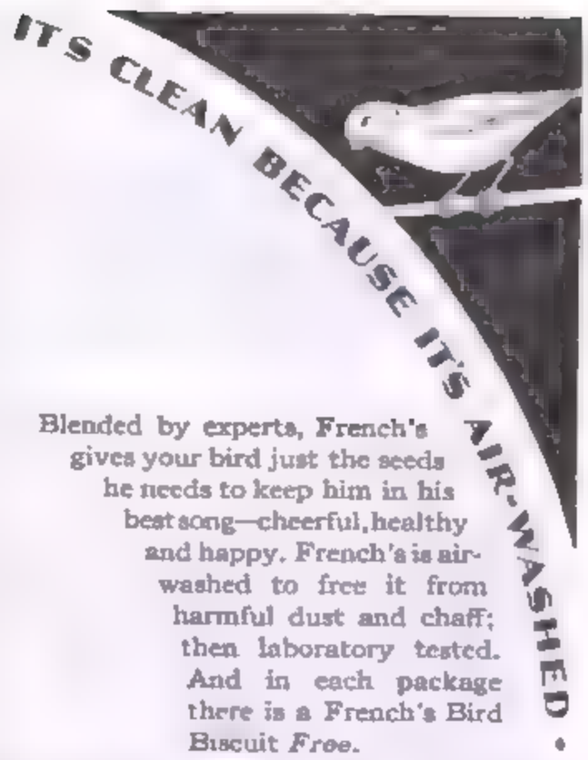
"'I have come round to ask you to help me out.'

"I intimated my willingness to do whatever I could to that end.

"'Well,' he said, 'it's like this: There are no fixed rules about costumes in connection with this wedding, and yet it is impossible, of course, to avoid observing certain customs. Now, the whole business is entirely new to me, and I think I have got everybody fixed up pretty well except the Diplomatic Corps, and there I have come to a standstill. I have talked with the Foreign Office, and they know nothing about it, or at least they say they don't, probably for the purpose of avoiding responsibility. I have consulted others, also, but have arrived nowhere. Finally there was nothing left for me to do but to put the whole matter before the King, and I did so this afternoon, and have come straight from the palace here. Now, this is what the King said:

"'"You go and see the American Ambassador, and ask him what he is going to wear. Whatever he says, you accept as final, and issue your invitations to the others accordingly."

"'Now,' said the duke, with an air of finality, 'what are you going to do about it?'



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"'Well,' I said, 'that is most considerate of the King, and I fully appreciate the motive which actuated him; but so far as you are concerned, it looks to me very much as if, as we sometimes say in the States, you are trying to "pass the buck" to me.'

"He laughed, and said: 'That's right. I am. I told you I wanted you to help me out.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I am going to wear whatever costume is prescribed, of course, and I don't care what it is.'

"'I know,' he said. 'That is all right. But it doesn't help me out.'

"'Very well, then,' I said. 'As I understand it, the ambassadors or ministers who have court costumes or uniforms prescribed by their governments will wear them, and your question applies to only the German Ambassador and myself and the ministers who do not exploit gold lace and three-cornered hats and so forth?'

"He said that was correct.

"'Then,' I continued, 'as I understand it, there are three possibilities for the rest of us. One is the full court costume, consisting of velvet coat, ruffled shirt, and so forth. The second is the regulation court costume, such as we are accustomed to wear at balls and other functions attended by the Queen and ladies of the court. The third is levee costume, such as we wear when the King receives without the Queen, consisting of evening dress with trousers. It is a choice among these three, as I understand it.'"

Breeches for Etiquette

"'That is right,' he said, 'and that is the choice I want you to make.'

"'Well,' I said, 'you will have to excuse me from making a choice. But I will tell you what I supposed we should be directed to wear—namely, regulation court costume, consisting of plain evening dress coat, white tie, white waistcoat, knee breeches and silk stockings.'

"'That settles it,' he said. 'Regulation court costume it is and will be. I think myself that is exactly right, and know the King will think so also. Mark my words, though,' he added somewhat gloomily, 'I am still going to have a hell of a time. You see, the others want to wear velvet and show off. Some of them have been asking me about it already, and they will be again. But,' he declared, thumping his fist upon the mantelpiece, 'it is settled, and I shall stand by my guns.'

"So, when the formal invitation came, it bore the expected words:

"'Court dress for those not in uniform'; and I forgot all about it. Nevertheless, when we arrived at the Abbey, the duke dropped alongside as we walked to our places and again whispered his favorite phrase:

"'I had a hell of a time, but I stood firm. Two or three asked me if this were a positive order, and I said, no, it was not. I told them that was the costume the American Ambassador was going to wear, and if they thought they ought to wear something else, more showy than the American Ambassador, I should have great pleasure in presenting their applications to the King. They wanted to know if I wouldn't take up the matter with you again, and I said I could not, because it had been settled so far as you were concerned. So,' he added complacently, and with a real Scotch grin, 'I had them there, and that ended it. But,' he whispered finally, 'I shan't forget that you helped me out of my hole, and the King thinks it is exactly right.'

"I judge, from scraps that have crept into the London papers, that there was some comment in the American press upon my wearing breeches instead of baggy trousers. As to that, of course, I was technically beyond criticism in wearing the costume prescribed by the court regulations, and ordered by the State Department instructions, and worn by Choate, and Reid, and Page, and Davis, and several times by myself. In point of fact, oddly enough, as I happened to discover the other evening, looking through an old book of reminiscences, the costume was identical with that worn by John Adams, our first minister to this court.

"I remarked some time ago that I got out of bed to go to the wedding. That came about in this way. When I got back from France I found, naturally, an accumulation of matters requiring attention, and a number of engagements made some time before which were unescapable. . . . As hard luck would have it, I had promised weeks before to make a speech at Plymouth on Washington's Birthday. . . . That meant a five hours' railway journey, into the worst sea fog I have ever experienced, practically no sleep at all, and a big official luncheon party prior to my rushing to the train for another wretched five hours' trip to London in order to attend the special court for Princess Mary that evening. It seemed to me, in the morning, at Plymouth, that it would be a physical impossibility to attend this function, because of the distressing asthmatic cold I had accumulated, but in as much as I had begged off from the previous levees, and really had no time to make proper excuses, I decided at dinner to go ahead at about ten o'clock. And so I did.

"I was very glad that I acted on that decision, because it was quite evident, as we approached the receiving line, that the King was looking for me. He said, immediately as I shook hands with him, that he had heard that I was at Plymouth and might not be able to get there, and that he was greatly pleased that I had been able to manage it, because, as he put it: 'My mother had been very anxious about you ever since your accident'—at Cannes—'and she came here tonight determined to see with her own eyes that you had fully recovered. She is there now, waiting for you.' And surely enough, there she stood, fragile, but resolute, next to the Queen, and was so eager and gracious and friendly that I should never have forgiven myself if I had disappointed her. . . . When I got my bump at Cannes she was at Sandringham, and the very first telegram I got was from her, reading as follows:

"'So greatly distressed to hear of your accident. Do hope nothing serious and that you are recovering from any injuries.

"'ALEXANDRA.'

"Simultaneously there came one from her daughter, who lives with her:

"'So very sorry to hear of your accident, which I am afraid must have been a bad one. Do hope no severe injuries and that you will soon be able to get about again without any ill effects. "'VICTORIA.'

"I do not mean to intimate that these were the only kindly messages that arrived from England. In point of fact, there was a small multitude of them, beginning with the King, who sent his secretary, Lord Stamfordham, every day to inquire, and forwarded a lot of pheasants to encourage my appetite.

"President Millerand also sent special messages, and the two Prime Ministers came and sat by my bed and made jokes to cheer me up, and so forth. But I will not bore you with all the details of that. I mention this circumstance now simply to indicate why I was glad I screwed up my courage and went to the court on my return from Plymouth.

"The unhappy fact remains that it came near to being my undoing. I gathered up some more chill, and found myself in the morning with a sky-high temperature and a chest and back that, in the words of the doctor, sounded like a full orchestra. He experienced a good deal of difficulty in combating the fever, but both my wife and myself felt that in the circumstances, if in any way possible, we should attend the wedding. The doctor would not listen to it at first, but after I had explained the situation, he buckled down to his task, and on the morning of the fourth day the thermometer registered under 100, and the weather, as I have said, was fine; so he reluctantly assented, and off we went, as I have related.

"That was a week ago yesterday. Naturally, the doctor kept me in bed a few days, until I regained a state of what has been designated by a high authority as normalcy. The real trouble, he tells me, was that I had not allowed quite enough time to recover after the motor shock, and so was an easy mark for the germ patiently awaiting my arrival in London.

"And that is the story of the wedding, told precisely as I promised, from the ending to the beginning, working backwards. You will not have to read it if you do not care to do so. My advice is not even to make the attempt."

In the Finger Lake Region of New York

Even Jupiter——

Another of Harvey's long letters to Mrs Harding was typewritten, but "Dear Mrs. Harding" at the beginning written in with pen and ink. He began it with the explanation:

"This method of address may look queer to you. It is the latest English style. The idea is, I assume, to conceal from the stenographer the name of the person to whom one is writing; so that he or she will be in the dark as to which of, perhaps, many of his best girls he is addressing varied terms of affection. The system has no value to me, because all my home girls went back on me as soon as I left, and only you, who stand at the pinnacle, take the trouble to write to me at all. Then, too, Bowen always does my letters to the President and yourself, and addresses the envelopes; but that does not impair safety because, having a British-born mind, he would never think of associating the address with the carefully concealed address within. . . .

"The opening of Parliament was the most gorgeous spectacle they have had here since the war began. . . . Incidentally, a funny thing happened. The King's speech was the shortest on record, and when he finished there was a dead silence, and the whole party waited in most bewildered fashion. His Majesty was obviously ill at ease, and the Queen looked distinctly uncomfortable, while the Lord Chancellor, Birkenhead, on the King's right, was fumbling in his bag for his papers. He finally found what he wanted, came around, and performed his part according to custom. The fact of the matter was that the King forgot to invoke the Divine blessing upon the forthcoming acts of his faithful Lords and Commons, for the first time in history.

The next day, at luncheon, Birkenhead told me about it. He said that he was flabbergasted to know what to do, but in as much as the King had rolled up his document, he concluded that he had better go ahead. Not one of the papers here touched upon the incident, as it is a point of honor with them never even to hint at the slightest lapse on the part of royalties. When the business was over, however, there was no mistaking a very amused smile on the face of the Queen and a distinct scowl on the flushed forehead of His Majesty.

"While we were waiting for our car, Mrs. Asquith butted in and politely intimated that as she could see nothing of her equipage, she would be willing to accept a ride home. So we took her along and were quite cheered along the route by her accustomed monologue. She informed us that she was about to descend upon America to elevate the standards of our people by readings of her literary products for hire; not because she wanted to but because Henry hadn't a cent and she had to support the family."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Johnson. The fourth and last will appear September twenty-first

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The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ½-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1½, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

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ENDURA

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 5)

"There ain't nothin' we kin do, I tell you," Dan insisted. "That boss of yours got a lucky break when I fixed up that tax thing fer him. He don't know when he's well off. I got to figure on the unions around here. The molders and the core markers are organized an' I got to play up to them some. This is a chance to wave the flag plenty an' show the boys who their friend really is. It's too good a chance fer me to blow, Eddie."

I was thinking a whole lot, because I had sense enough to see that this was a chance for me to get in right with the foundry boss. I guess that's when I first started in being a politician. If Dan Rafferty could go to all this trouble, and put everybody else to all this trouble, just to make a big fellow of himself, I figured I ought to do a little something on my own.

All of a sudden the best idea I ever had hit me right between the eyes. It was simple enough, but it just happened to come at the right time.

"Listen here, Dan," I said, "you're right on this thing, but I was just thinkin' maybe we could build it up even better. There might be a way to work everythin' out swell."

"How you goin' to build it up any better?" Dan asked. "It's a cinch your boss has been talkin' to you about the little plan we had."

"Sure he has," I said. "Now listen here—suppose when the boys gather in here tonight I start talkin' about this sign out at the foundry and you pretend to be pretty sore about it. Then suppose you tell the gang that you know my boss pretty well and know him for a regular guy that wouldn't do a thing like this unless he was forced into it ——"

"Where does that help me?" Dan cut in. "Why should I advertise your boss? He owes me plenty right now for what I done on that tax thing."

"Sure," I agreed; "I guess he knows that all right. But listen here, Dan—you can do some heavy thinkin' fer the gang tonight an' finally spring a line about you bein' the only man alive that sees through this thing. After that you can make the fellows all think that somebody is ridin' my boss an' forced him into this sign-hangin', but that you're big enough to bust up the scheme. That'll make you bigger'n ever after the boss takes down the sign."

As I talked, I saw Dan's face light up, and though there was always a smile there, it changed a little bit then and looked kind of real. I could see I was making headway with him.

"I hate to cuff your boss around," he muttered, hooking his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. "He's a pretty good guy an' I didn't think we'd make quite so much trouble with that sign."

"Well," I said, "you can tell the boys to lay off any rough stuff till you have a couple of days to work. Get them to promise that here tonight and that'll make a big guy out of you, because they'll think for two days about how you are workin' for them.

"Then, in a couple of days, I'll get my boss to come down here and throw a party like Larnin is tonight. We can take the sign down and tell the boys the outin' is on and that the foundry boss is their friend and meant right by them all the time. That way we can make it look great, because the boys will see all the pull you've got and we can square the boss with them as well."

Dan rocked back and forth on his heels and toes and kind of chewed the inside of his lips like he was doing some heavy thinking. I could see that the idea set pretty well with him.

At last he said, "That ain't a bad hunch, Eddie. . . . I don't see why you're wastin' your time on a cleanin' floor!"

I didn't answer him and he rocked some more; finally unhooked his right thumb and lowered his hand until he played with a gold watch chain which hung across his vest. I took out a cigarette and lit it and offered him one.

"No, thanks," he said—"no, I don't want any coffin nails. . . . Here," he finished suddenly, reaching into his vest pocket, "smoke a cigar, Eddie. You and me'll get along."

I threw away the cigarette, and as Dan and me walked over to the table we were both puffing cigars, and he whispered to me, "Wait till a good big crowd gets in here, then start talkin' about that sign."

"Sure," I nodded, and we sat down at the table and had some more to drink. The fellows began to gather in the room.

There was a certain kind of feeling about Rourke's place that seemed to satisfy the gang. You could go in there in a flannel shirt, and if your shoes were not shined that didn't make any difference either. For two or three dollars you could get in with the boys and buy when your turn came. That way you could have a pretty good time before the night was over, and have it cheap. All the boys knew that, but when Rafferty was around they knew they wouldn't have to do as much spending as usual and they would get more to drink. That was why they always gathered when word went around that Dan was spreading his wings.

Just as soon as they got a few drinks that night they began telling Rafferty about the sign. He pretended to be surprised. I didn't say anything, because I wanted to wait until everybody possible was there.

Larnin got pretty drunk. All he did was pay for drinks and try hard not to fall off his chair. The cop from the beat came in and had a couple of hookers. Rafferty talked very big about what he would say to the captain of the precinct if any kick went in about the noise we made.

When things got rolling good I slipped across the street and called my boss on the telephone. I felt pretty good over what I had done, and when I told the boss, he said:

"That's great work, Eddie. That looks like an easy way out. You tell Rafferty I'll go the limit on throwing a party at Rourke's place day after tomorrow night. And be sure to have him tell the boys on the square that I'm a good fellow and to lay off me till we're able to see just how this works out."

When I got back to Rourke's I figured I didn't need to worry much about the next day's work at the foundry. After doing the boss as big a favor as I had, I thought he ought to play the game with me. So I went for Larnin's bank roll like the rest of them did. We all got pretty drunk, and when the biggest crowd was there I put the proposition to Dan Rafferty. He promised to get to the bottom of things and defend the rights of his friends. The boys agreed to lay low until he had a chance to work.

The result was that we broke up about two o'clock in the morning, everybody feeling good, and trouble at the foundry stopped while Dan was working to fix things. I went home that night feeling swell, because I figured I had put myself in solid on my job at the foundry.

But I know now that what I really did that night in Rourke's back room was to get myself into politics.

II

DURING the outing I got closer than ever to Dan Rafferty. Of course he was pretty busy that day, but there were lots of little things about the beer and the ice and the food that needed looking after. He asked me to help him on that.

The outing was held on Blackberry Island and we went down the river on a big tugboat belonging to Patrick Sweeney. Sweeney ran a towing corporation and had about eight or ten tugs and twenty or thirty barges. He was a big shot in the downtown organization. He always furnished a tugboat to take the men to Rafferty's blow-out.

The night before, we all gathered again at Rourke's place and Dan asked me to be down at the dock early the next morning to see that everything went along all right.

"Put the ice in the stern of the tug," he told me, "an' fix it so we can lay six barrels of beer right on the cakes. The captain of the tug'll have some canvas to spread over the ice an' the kegs an' that'll keep the sun from gettin' at 'em. There'll be three washtubs down there loaded with steins. See that these are filled up with cracked ice spread around over the steins so that the boys can have their beer cold. An' you wanna be sure to see that all six barrels are tapped.

"Find a place back there on the after deck to put the sandwiches so the boys can eat while they drink. See that everything's opened up, Eddie, so that nobody has to do nothin' but help themselves. This is a Dan Rafferty blow-out an' she's got to run true to form."

I promised to go down there early and do what I could. I felt a little proud that Dan had picked me out for such a job. With my boss from the foundry going along and Dan himself there, I felt like I was getting a pretty solid pull all around.

"There won't be any jam about the booze, Dan?" I asked him. "I'd hate fer to get in a jam about loadin' that booze. These Federal guys, you know ——"

Dan threw back his head and laughed his heavy laugh. "Gee," he grinned at me, "you're a babe in the woods. Who'd try to bust up a Dan Rafferty racket? Local or Federal, they're all the same to me. You go on down there and get that boat ready. If any police inspectors show up an' start askin' questions, hand 'em a sandwich an' a stein an' tell 'em to eat an' drink till Dan Rafferty shows up."

I was at the dock about six o'clock, and about 6:30 the ice showed up and I got that stowed away like Dan said. The boat was due to start at eight o'clock so we'd have all day at the island. About 7:30 a whole truckload of beer showed up on the pier and lots of the fellows who were there early helped the driver to unload the kegs and roll them down onto the boat. Dan saw to it that three or four cops were there to keep outsiders away, and just as soon as I had the first keg tapped, I called the cops aboard and gave them all the beer they could drink. That put us in solid with them.

Dan never showed up till half-past eight. He drove up in a big limousine with a flag flying on the front of it. Everybody stood around and cheered Dan. Right away an alderman and two state senators and other politicians showed up just as though they had followed Dan to the dock.

I recognized the police inspector. He came aboard in civilian clothes and walked over to me and said, "How's the beer?"

"It's great, inspector," I told him. "Mebbe it'll be a little better when it gets colder. Wanna try some?"

"I guess I will," the inspector said. "Y'know, you can make beer flat if you get it too cold. Since prohibition we've kinda forgot how to drink beer. It ought to be just nice an' cool to get a head on it."

He held out his stein and I filled it. I just let it run, thinking to myself that if he wanted a head on his beer he would get it that way. He did. It foamed up over the top of the stein and flowed over the sides and spattered on the deck of the boat.

"Hot damn!" the inspector said. "Cast a winker on that stuff, eh, boy?" Everybody laughed. "Beer like this is hard to get these days," he finished.

"It's real stuff," I said.

He raised up his stein and blew the foam off the top of it so it spattered all over the canvas covering the kegs.

Lots of men standing around laughed some more and the inspector shook his head and said, "Gee! I thought I'd forgot how to do that."

(Continued on Page 220)

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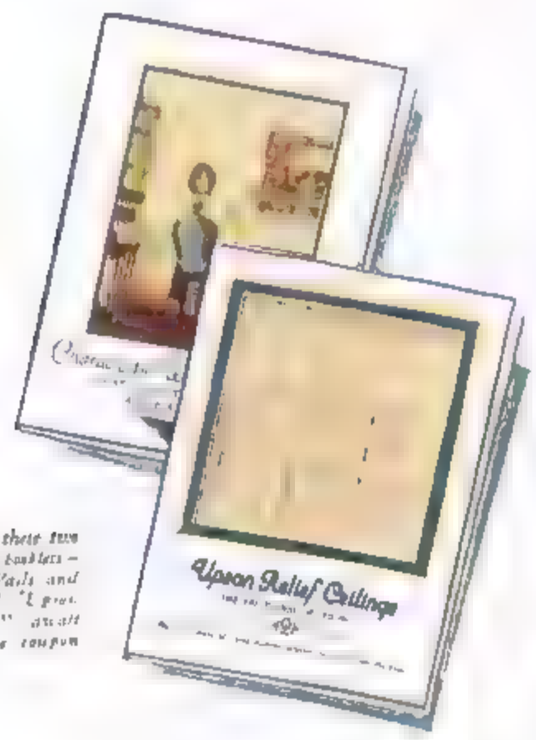

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(Continued from Page 218)

Just at that moment I got a good idea, and I hollered out: "What about the guy givin' this outing? How about three cheers for Dan Rafferty?"

It was a good idea all right. The fellows got so enthusiastic in their cheers that they waved their beer and the foam spattered all over the deck and made it very slippery. As the tug pulled away from the pier, the cops stood there and waved at us.

Just about that time I saw my boss at the foundry standing by himself up near the pile of sandwiches. I reached down and filled two steins with beer and carried them over to him. There's something about an outing like that, especially a Rafferty outing, which makes everybody look alike. So I said:

"Say, boss! Don't be standing there like you were dead from the neck up. This is a picnic. It ain't no funeral. Here, toss this into you. There's forty ideas in every stein of this beer and I'm telling you right now you're going to need a lot to keep pace with this outfit today."

He grinned and took the stein and said, "All right, Eddie, let 'er shoot. . . . How do the boys feel toward me now?"

"Great," I said, licking the foam off my lips—"you're in right now."

"I'm glad to hear that," he muttered, half to himself. He smiled a little and then finished up the stein of beer. "It's good," he said.

I took him by the arm. "Come on over by the kegs, boss. Mix in with the boys a little bit. Let 'em find out you're human," I said.

So we walked across the deck and the boss slipped in the foam there and pretty near went down. All the molders and core markers and cleaners and grinders and sand-blasters from the foundry got a big laugh out of that.

The boss wasn't such a fool, though. Right away he caught hold of a fellow who was at the nearest keg and pushed him aside and turned to the mob and said, "Come on, line up."

That made a big hit with the boys, and I stood there and the boss took the steins from the men and filled them and handed them back.

Up on the topside of the tug somebody started to sing Sweet Adeline.

"Let's go up topside, boss," I said.

So we worked our way through the crowd and went up to where the politicians were all standing around drinking beer, munching sandwiches and singing Sweet Adeline.

The boss and me joined in the circle and we sang too. Some fellow had a pretty good voice and he started singing, "There's a long, long trail ——" I don't know whether it was sentiment or beer, but everybody huddled close together and put their arms around one another and started to harmonize. It was pretty lousy music, but they liked it fine.

Right in the middle of the song some fellow found the tug whistle cord and pulled it all the way down. That broke up the choir, because you couldn't hear the singing, and we all got soaking wet with condensed steam.

I left the boss talking with Dan and went down below again. On the lower deck I met the police inspector. He was having an argument with some fellow I'd never seen before, about some cop that had been transferred from his regular beat out to the sticks.

The stranger said: "He's a regular guy, inspector. Everybody makes a mistake now an' then. He's pretty cozy with Rafferty, an' you're bound to hear of it from Dan pretty soon, so I thought I might just tip you off an' mebbe you could get this bird back on the job without causin' Dan no trouble."

"I can't be moving men around whenever I happen to think of it," the inspector complained. "I get my orders too. This cop never should've made that pinch. He must've been soused when he did it. But I'll look into it and see what I can do about it." I could see that politicians never stop working, and I realized from this conversation that they are always being asked to do things for people.

I passed them, and just as I did somebody reached down from the top deck, lifted up the inspector's straw hat and shied it right out into the middle of the river. Everybody saw a lot of humor in that, so the inspector couldn't get very sore. He just reached over and took this stranger's hat and threw it after his own. Then they both swore at each other in a friendly way and locked arms and went back to the beer kegs.

Pretty soon two of the beer kegs on ice were empty and there was a terrible squawk from the gang around them. The first thing I knew Rafferty was hollering for me.

"Eddie," he said, "you're the manager of this outfit, an' you're a reg'lar little diplomat. From the minute you met me your future began to git brighter an' brighter. See that them beer kegs is fixed up fer the boys."

Well, everybody heard him say that, and two or three of the fellows came over and told me I was getting a break in the luck. One of them said:

"You're a good guy to know. It's easy to see Dan likes you, an' if I was you I'd play pretty cozy with him."

So I did that. I watched everything on the boat, and when the sandwiches ran out I had more boxes opened. I kept full kegs on the ice.

"Things is goin' along great," Rafferty said. "This is a day nobody'll ever forget." That pleased me, because I could see Dan was pleased.

We reached the island about ten o'clock and most of us got into bathing suits and went over and had a swim. We had a great time until, just about noon, they served the big feed. Everybody ate lobster and chicken and clams and fish and sweet potatoes until their eyes bulged.

While we were sitting down at rough wooden tables packing in the chow, the inspector got very sentimental and cried a lot and sang Mother Machree for us. Finally he made such a fine speech that he passed out at the end of it and we spread him out in the shade of a bush.

It certainly was great to get to know these big men like I was getting to know them.

Dan broke out baseball gear at three o'clock. The game was to be one of the day's big features. It started out with a senator as umpire. The first man up to bat was Dan Rafferty and he got to first base.

It was hot and Dan was all tired out by the time he had run that far, so he called for a glass of beer. That gave the senator the idea of putting a keg of beer at first base and giving every man who made a hit a drink of beer as a reward.

The opposing team never did get to bat and we never did score a run. Once there were seven men on first base. But everybody was laughing and having a good time. Everybody seemed to me to be the best of friends and I never caught any sign of trouble at all. Of course, I was pretty busy and not watching too close.

Anyway, while everybody was milling around first base and shouting and laughing and drinking beer, the senator went over and called all but one of them out. First thing we knew, one of the boys took it to heart and pasted the senator right on the eye.

It would have been a great day, even at that, and I would have laughed it off just like everybody else, except that just as we got the tug turned around and started toward the city, Rafferty came to me. There was no smile on his face. He took me by the arm and led me inside the engine-room hatch. I could see he was pretty mad and a little bit worried.

"That fight, Eddie," he whispered—"that wasn't no sudden thing. Nobody's kiddin' Dan Rafferty about that. The feller that socked the senator is tied right in with Freddy Creedon, an' I guess you know who Freddy Creedon is."

Well, I didn't know who Freddy Creedon was, but I had heard people speak about him once or twice. I just looked at Dan and he made it plain who this Creedon was.

"He's head o' the Blues, Eddie—that's what he is. An' the feller that socked the senator was planted on this party by Freddy Creedon. It'll be a swell thing to have the senator from our district come home from Dan Rafferty's party with a shantied eye, won't it?"

Dan seemed about ready to explode and he gripped my arm pretty hard in his big fingers.

"I had a hunch there was somethin' doin'," he muttered. "Creedon is makin' a play to steal the district away from us. Before he's through with it he'll find out what a fight is. You meet me in Rourke's place tonight at nine o'clock. We'll fix up a little deal that won't do you no hurt. An' we'll teach Freddy Creedon and his gang who is boss in Dan Rafferty's district. I've seen this fight workin' up for two years an' there's no sense in waitin' any longer to start it."

"All right," I said, "I'll see you in Rourke's at nine o'clock, Dan."

"I'm your friend, Eddie," he said, after a minute, "an' I can depend on you, can't I?"

Just at that time it seemed to me I got the hot smell of the cleaning floor again felt my nose filled with the dust of molding sand, the breath of annealing ovens. My ears, after a day in the open, seemed filled again with the roar of grinders and sand-blasters.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world you can!" I told Dan. "I don't see why I can't be a politician as well as anybody else."

"You can," he snapped, hitting me a crack between the shoulders. "An' by the Lord Harry," he finished, "you will!"

III

ROURKE'S place was kind of quiet that night. It was a good thing. Most of the fellows that hung out in the back room had been on the outing and most of them were in no mind to show up at Rourke's or any other place.

"I guess most of the guys is in the chicken whiskers," Flatfoot said to me when I went in. "You must've had some day of it."

"I guess they are," I said. "It was some outin'."

"You're pretty smart at that, ain't you, Eddie?" he grinned. "Is Dan Rafferty comin' in?"

"I got a date here with him," I said, feeling kind of important again.

"How is it you stayed sober?" he wanted to know.

"I was chief cook and bottle washer. Every time anybody started anythin', I had to finish it. Dan put it up to me to keep the beer flowin' and things goin' right."

"You an' Dan are gettin' pretty cozy, ain't you?" he grinned. I looked up just in time to see him wink slyly, and that made me feel important too, because Dan is quite a guy.

"Oh," I said, kind of careless, "me an' Dan are pretty good friends."

The place was very quiet and Flatfoot stood around the table like he was anxious to talk with me just to pass the time away. I wasn't so strong for that, because a good idea would have fractured this bird's skull and I wanted to do some heavy thinking about what I would say to Dan.

What he had said to me on the tug about Freddy Creedon and the Blues was sticking in my mind. I remembered once a long time ago, when I was just a kid, there had been a political fight in our ward, and I heard my father say that three or four fellows had been killed and lots of others had been banged up plenty on election day. I have learned since that, next to religion, politics makes people fight harder than any other one thing on earth.

The way Dan had spoken to me aboard the tug made me think that perhaps another big fight was brewing up in the ward

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BEAUTY — PRESERVATION

YOU say you love me. You say you love this 'dear old house' of yours. Then, right now, while I'm blistering in the sun, give me something more than words. Give me paint and varnish. These will do more to heal my blisters, now, and keep the weather out, than all the pretty words in the world.

"Give me something more than words"

I'VE heard you say you love me. Only tonight you said that there was 'no place like home'. That's mighty nice of you, but my joints are becoming sieves. I feel soaked—and if you don't do something pretty soon, I won't be the only one. Give me something more than words. Give me paint and varnish.

PITY a poor house on a night like this. You say you love me—but I feel pretty bad. My coat's six years old—it served its time. The weather is getting into me. You know what happened to that house down the street. Give me a new coat of paint and varnish. I can't last forever—just on words.

"I can't last forever—just on words"

LOOK at me. Just look at me! And still you say you love me! It won't be long now, though—not unless you give me something more than words. My joints are loosening—decay is setting in—and I look shabby, shabby, shabby. I can't last much longer—just on words. Give me paint and varnish.

Save the Surface Campaign, 18 East 41st Street, New York

This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

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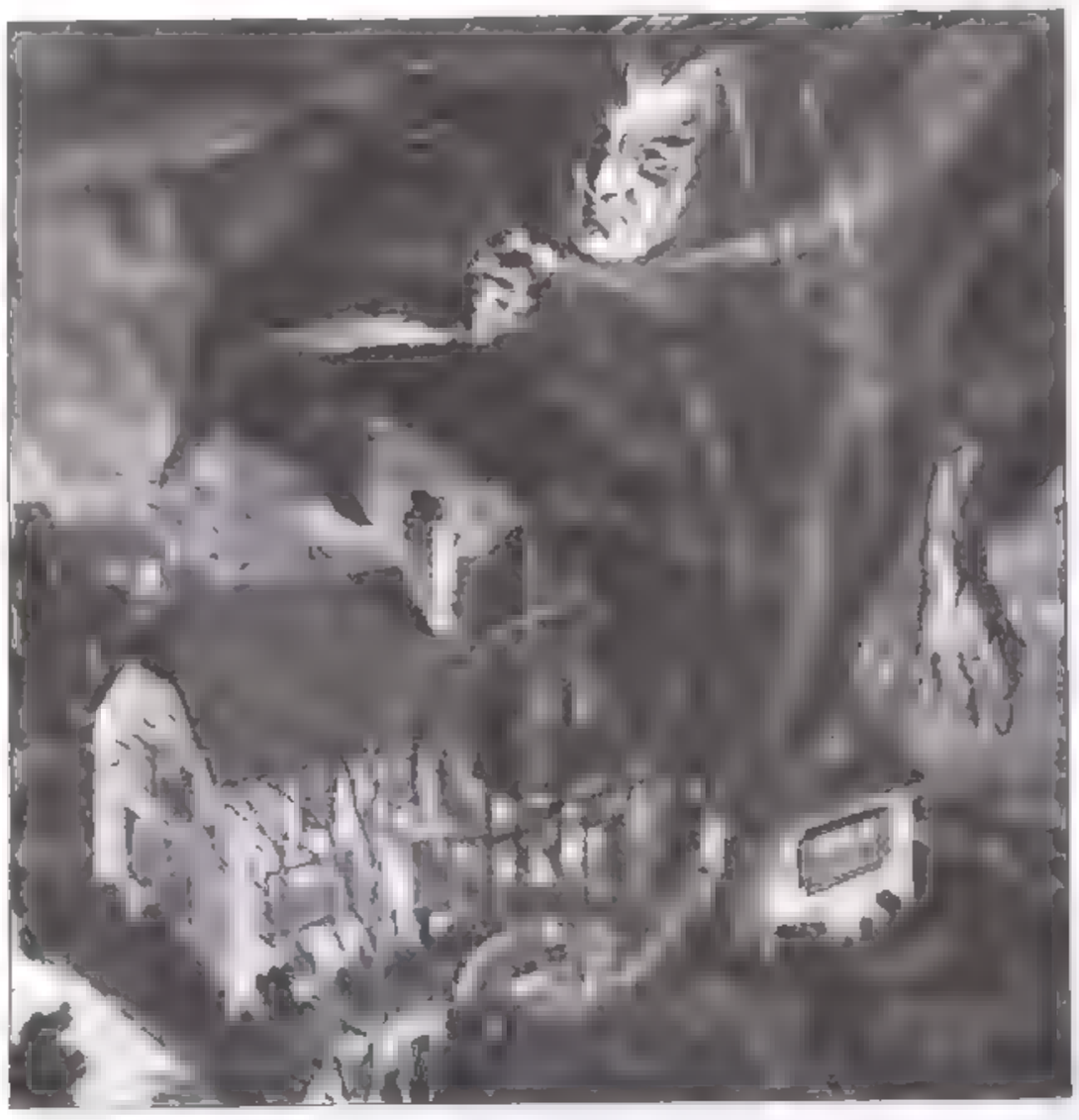

Are Your Doors and Windows
DISCOMFORTS PLAYTHINGS?

HE sweeps along the ground, whisking up dust and dirt. Then he beats against your home and forces in this grime *around your windows and doors*, regardless of whether they are made of wood or metal. During the Fall and Winter he pours in cold and soot . . . causes fuel waste, drafts and discomfort.

Many thousands of home owners have discovered that the best way to shut him out and *enjoy real comfort* all the time is to have Monarch Metal Weatherstrip installed.

Monarch Weatherstrip is unusually efficient in conquering discomfort. Recognized authorities have verified this superior efficiency repeatedly by impartial "air leakage" tests made in their own laboratories.

This high efficiency is made possible by the Monarch tubular interlocked and adjustable principle. Nothing surpasses it for positive results. Whether windows and doors shrink or swell, Monarch Metal Weatherstrip adjusts itself automatically without changing the accurate machine "fit" built into it at the factory. *Monarch always works.*

Monarch not only guarantees material and workmanship, but also guarantees that its Weatherstrip will maintain *maximum efficiency* for the life of the building. Yet, the actual installation cost of Monarch on either wood or metal windows and doors is *surprisingly low.*

Fall and Winter discomforts are coming. Phone one of the *150 Monarch Factory Licensees* and have him explain how you can purchase Monarch Comfort Insurance on an easy *Budget Payment Plan.*

Or, let us send you the complete Monarch story in our illustrated booklet, *"Where Heat Economy Begins."*

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Yes, you may send me your *free book, "Where Heat Economy Begins."*
Name _____
Address _____
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(Continued from Page 220)

The Blues called themselves a social club and they had some kind of rooms down in the third precinct where they used to get together nights.

Creedon paid the rent and furnished the boys with a pool table. He was in the billiard-room business and had made a good thing of it. It was easy to see that he was beginning to get political ambitions. My guess was that he wanted to be bigger than he could be with Dan Rafferty around, and maybe now he was trying to make a move to get rid of Dan. Nobody knew better than me what a fight he would have on his hands.

So I didn't want to talk much with Flatfoot. I wanted to do a lot of thinking and I promised myself right there that if Dan Rafferty made me a proposition to play along with him and get off that cleaning floor, I was just about to become a politician.

It got to be about twenty minutes of ten before Dan came in. He walked through the swinging doors like an elephant through reeds. He saw me right away and I stood up. His eyes just roved about the place; he grunted at Flatfoot, then walked over and dropped into a chair beside my table.

"Hello, Eddie," he said kind of solemn. "Sorry I'm late."

"That's all right, Dan," I said. We sat down at the table and after a minute I said, "What do you want of me, Dan?" I could see a whole lot was on his mind.

"I want you to line up that foundry gang, Eddie," he told me. "First off, though, I want you to go to your boss an' put the bee on him fer five hundred bucks. Tell him to charge it up to fixin' the roof an' to hand it over in cash. If he gets nasty about it, put the screws on him." As he spoke, Dan's voice grew hard and matched the light of his eyes. There was fire in both. I guess I looked surprised, because he laughed with the ringing note of fine snapped steel and went on: "Tell him he'll kick in or we'll start enforcin' a few fire regulations around that dump of his that'll make him wish the place'd burn down!

"You can tell him fer me that it'd cost him more'n five hundred bucks to fire-escape the office buildin' alone. An' he's got those heat ovens of his built too high inside the plant. Hand him a pencil an' ask him what five hundred'd do toward raisin' his roof a little bit or puttin' in new steel construction. If that don't seem to do the trick, ask him what it'd cost him to conduit every electric wire in his joint an' see that the conduits are four inches away from the walls.

"I could tell him a few more things too, but I guess that's enough. He'll kick in all right. I don't want to be nasty about this, an' you can tell him fer me that we'll find a way later on to make it up to him.

"We'll use the five hundred to get somethin' on Creedon. If I have to, I'll fix it with some of my friends to send in a complaint on his billiard room as a common nuisance. Then I'll put the clamps on Glavin an' the inspector so that Mike'll issue an order to close the dump, an' the inspector'll see that it's closed.

"After that, I want you to line up the fellers at the foundry. You can tell 'em fer me that I'm their friend an' we'll blame Creedon fer stickin' that sign up about the outin', an' work it so we'll turn the unions against him. I'll fix it fer the alderman to make a statement to the papers in which it'll look like Creedon's against organized labor an' workin' toward the open shop. You can build that up with the boys out at the foundry.

"Now, Eddie, you get the five hundred from the boss an' spread this stuff around about Creedon among the fellers at the foundry. If you do that job right, I'll have plenty more fer you to do, an' you're workin' on 20 per cent. Just as soon as you shake the boss fer five hundred, one hundred of it goes to you. That's better'n hammerin' castin's in a foundry."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world it is!" I said. "I'm for you, Dan. I'll see the boss in the mornin' and work on him the way you say."

Dan smiled a little bit. "Well," he said, "I kind of figgered you'd go fer this, Eddie, an' I'm tellin' you right now I never went back on a friend. There ain't anybody in this ward big enough to lick Dan Rafferty. You an' me'll show Freddy Creedon that the ward organization here can burn hotter'n any part of hell he ever heard of."

"I'm fer that, Dan," I told him. "I'll see the boss in the mornin' an' be as gentle as I know how. But I guess I can chisel the five hundred out of him all right."

"He's got to pay," Dan cut in. "There's got to be some kind of government! He might better play with us than with Creedon. If Creedon ever gets in, he'll burn your boss worse'n this.

"The silk-stockin' outfit is hot after the mayor an' they always look on us down in this ward as a flock of dock wallopers, drunkards an' gutter lice. If Creedon's smart enough, he could get plenty from the silk-stockin' crowd on the other side of town an' he might come into this ward an' cause us lots of trouble."

"Why don't you fix somethin'?" I suggested. Even as I said it, it sounded a little vague, but I felt like I ought to say something.

"Our organization's always carried this side of town," Dan answered, "an' we drag enough votes along to beat the highbrows on the other side. This ain't the first time somebody's tried to bust up our control here, an' the silk stockin's 're ready to play cozy with anybody that's got any strength down here. Not only because every vote they get here counts double, because it takes one away from the organization man an' gives it to them, but also because strength down here for an opposition candidate doubles his strength everywhere else in town. It gives him a real chance to win. This is a key ward, Eddie. Fer that reason, Creedon, if he makes any showin' down here at all, can expect a lot of help. We won't be fightin' just Creedon—we'll be fightin' the whole town."

"Well," I said, "the mayor ought to see that. He ought to do somethin'. He's a big guy."

"Big!" Dan grunted. "One of the lessons you got to learn if you're gonna be a politician, Eddie, is that you can't depend on a man when he's runnin' fer office. Don't get me wrong. Tom's a good guy an' all right, but you just show him a chance to be licked as an organization man an' he'll flop about as quick as any fish you ever dragged out of water."

I was thinking a lot about the soft hundred dollars I would pick up the next day and I could see that Dan would not give me this chance if he did not have other chances in mind.

I did not think much about whether it was honest or not to get money that way. I guess I just figured it was legal and Dan knew what he was doing when he went after such things.

Any way the cat jumped, it seemed a good break for me. Even if Dan lost his fight with Creedon and I found myself out of a job and out of politics too, I figured I would be no worse off, because it's never very hard for a man with experience in a foundry to tie up to a job as good as I had then.

"Well, Dan," I said, "I'm certainly strong for you, an' I figger you're strong for me. Between the two of us, we can do a lot around this ward. Oh, sure," I said, "I'll play the game for you, Dan."

"You won't lose nothin' by it," he mumbled. His big fingers drummed on the table. "You get that five hundred in the mornin'," he said at last, "an' then see me at my office."

Dan operated an insurance office and got a lot of business through his political connections. In fact, he got so much business, and had so much influence around, that they elected him a director of the River Trust Company. That helped him quite a lot politically, because lots of times he

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Now- this new home use

for America's favorite wrapper for delicate foods

"Just taste it. I cooked it in Patapar."

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Also the same sheet can be rinsed off and used over and over again. Priced at 35c per package (40c west of Denver and in Canada). In each package you will find a helpful 24-page booklet telling all about it, with tested recipes. On sale at leading department, meat and grocery stores. When shopping for Patapar in department stores you will usually find it in the House Furnishing Department.

If your favorite shop has not yet ordered a supply you may write direct to us. *Paterson Parchment Paper Company, Patapar Division, Passaic, N. J.*

YEARS AGO the fresh food packers made a valuable discovery.

They found that Vegetable Parchment, originated by the Paterson Parchment Paper Company, keeps fresh meats *fresh*—moist foods *moist;* that this unique product is a wonderful preserver of the best food values. The result is that today you receive into your own kitchen,—print butter that is fresh and sweet,—hams, sausages, bacon, fish fillets, ice cream,—all in delicious, immaculate parchment packages.

Now a new discovery has been made concerning Paterson Vegetable Parchment. *You can cook in it!* A household package, especially designed for home cooking, is called PATAPAR. It makes cooking easier . . . foods taste better.

Wrapped in a clean white sheet of Patapar, vegetables, meat or fish *cook in their own juices.* Such flavors! The nourishment is cooked *into* the food, not *out* of it.

The Patapar method brings new pleasure to eating. It gives a new meaning to that delightful expression, "Home Cooked Food." Try it!

Paterson Parchment wrappers protect the leading brands.

Fresh milk in transit is protected by this gasket

Sure protection for ice cream

Keeps bacon fresh . . . savory.

Leading hams are "Paterson Parchment Wrapped."

Identifies your favorite brand.

Paterson Parchment wrappers have helped popularize fillets of fish.

Helps keep all the flavor and aroma.

Quality brands are "Paterson Parchment Wrapped."

Preserves the delicate color and flavor of canned fish.

Celery keeps crisp . . fresh . . . in the Paterson Parchment wrapper.

ASK YOUR BUTCHER

At the up-to-date butcher shop your fresh cuts of meat are wrapped in Paterson Vegetable Parchment. This makes your package much cleaner to handle. The juices can't soak through. And when you open it, the wrapper does not stick to the meat but peels cleanly away, leaving no fuzzy fibres. If your butcher does not use Paterson Parchment wrappers, ask him to . . . for your own convenience and protection.

THIS KEYMARK

For your protection many leading packers are now printing this keymark on their wrappers. Wherever you see it you will know your package is safe from all dirt and odors . . . with all the goodness sealed inside. Look for it when buying your favorite brands of delicate foods.

PATERSON·*Genuine*·VEGETABLE·PARCHMENT

THE MOST WIDELY USED WRAPPER FOR DELICATE FOOD PRODUCTS

The Work and Play of School Days *demand* ICE—freshened food

EVERY muscle active—every thought alert—every minute busy—what youngster does not lead an extra strenuous life from September to June!

From school books to "place kicks" is often only a matter of seconds. And the youngster who has the "pep" to readjust himself quickly to the ever-changing demands of classroom and playground is able to make the most of both.

Foods Should be Energizing

Authorities constantly are stressing the importance of "vital" foods for children—and especially during the school season. Many a case of dull mind and delicate body is due to under-nourishment.

"Yes," some mother may say, "but how can I make Bob and Betty eat when they are never hungry?" And how true it is that some youngsters, even some of the most active tikes, never seem to be in the mood for meals. It does seem that the biggest problem some mothers have is to get children to eat!

Tempting Fickle Appetites

Juicy fruits, crisp greens and fresh milk are just as much needed in fall and winter as in summer for the building of strong young bodies. Such foods supply needed vitamins and plenty of calcium for bone structure and teeth. Children actually learn to love such simple foods when kept fresh and appetizing by good ICE refrigeration. Even fruits and vegetables that are to be *cooked*, as well as eggs and meats of all kinds, have much better flavor and greater food value if they are kept in a good ICE refrigerator right up to the time of cooking.

"A good refrigerator, well filled with ice, will easily maintain a temperature of 45° in the compartment directly below the ice, assuring safe preservation of the most perishable foods."

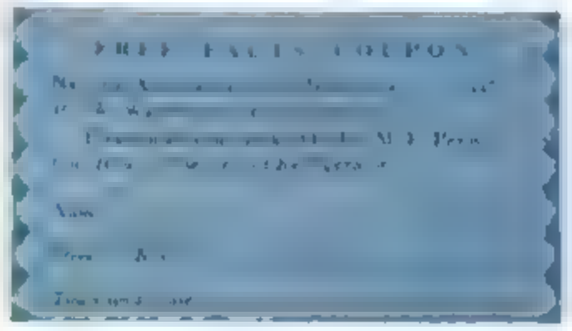
More Than Cold Air Needed

It takes something more than cold air to keep food fresh. The air should keep circulating and constantly be purified and freshened—never allowed to get too dry or too moist. That is why ICE is such an ideal refrigerant. In a good refrigerator, ICE promotes proper atmospheric conditions. It keeps the air circulating automatically, removing food odors through the outlet and preventing unappetizing interchange of food flavors. ICE-cleansed air has a most freshening effect upon foods.

Big Difference in Refrigerators

To enable ICE to serve you most satisfactorily, be sure you have a refrigerator that is well insulated, tightly joined together, and built to let air circulate freely. Also see that it has ample ice capacity to afford those generous table uses which are becoming increasingly popular in better homes everywhere.

Ask your own ice company to help you select a good refrigerator; and send for booklet to help prepare your children for a most healthful and successful school year.



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

(Continued from Page 222

steered through mortgages for people on homes and buildings.

"I'll be there before noon," I promised.

"The best thing both of us can do now, Eddie," he told me then, "is to hit the hay. You go through with this plan first thing in the mornin' an' I'll expect to see you before noon. If the outin' didn't do one other thing, it woke me up to just how far Creedon is ready to go. Unless I miss my guess, it's got you started in politics so that you'll have a chance to make somethin' of yourself."

He stood up as he spoke and fixed the back of his coat collar where it was wrinkled up. His linen collar was pretty well wilted and his tie was twisted around so that the lining and the seam on the inner side showed. That was unusual with Dan, because even if he was a little fat he was always pretty careful about his clothes.

"T'morrow's another day, Eddie," he finished up. Then, without shaking hands or saying good night, he turned and walked past the bar and through the swinging doors. He certainly had wide shoulders. There was something about the way he walked that seemed to cover up what fat he had and make his clothes look as though they were hung over big muscles that moved easily and seemed to kind of flow with strength. Some guy, Dan.

I started to go out the side way and Flatfoot was at the door. He grinned at me. His teeth were green at the gums and he had hair in his ears. I never seemed to notice that before, but now that I was getting into politics I noticed people closer and kind of sized them up for what they were worth.

"You and him are certainly playin' cozy, all right," Flatfoot said to me. As he spoke he rubbed his hands together in front of his white apron. He grinned and his teeth looked greener than ever. He did not wear a coat or a vest—just a white shirt that was not too white and this white apron tied around his neck and waist. But even on that white shirt, around the collar, I could see dandruff. "It's a good break fer you," he whined, "an' fer one, I'm mighty glad to see you git it, Eddie. I spose you'll be runnin' fer alderman or somethin' like that before long."

"Yeah," I said, "it's a good break, I guess. I like Dan. He likes me too. But what'd I be doing running fer alderman? G'night."

"G'night, Eddie, g'night," he answered me. "Good luck to you, old pal."

I grunted at him and went out, but when I got outside I felt pretty swell, because already guys were beginning to show me the respect I deserved.

Outside, the night was sticky and hot. I was pretty tired from the outing, but I was too excited to think a whole lot about sleep. If it had been nice and cool, with plenty of air stirring, then I would have gone to bed.

I just lived in a rooming house then and there was only one window in my room. That looked out on a court. One story below my window was a tar-and-gravel roof and that used to get pretty hot on days like this. Sometimes it would be two or three o'clock in the morning before it would cool off and stop cooking the smells of the tenement houses that surrounded the court.

I could picture myself rolling around on a damp hot bed, trying to sleep while my mind was full of thoughts about politics and easy money, and my nose filled with the heavy smells that stayed around for hours after the foreigners on the block behind me had cooked their suppers.

I walked slowly up the side street and stood there on the corner outside Rourke's place. Under the yellow light that stood on the next corner I saw Dan Rafferty walking along the street. He was swinging along at a pretty fast gait for such a hot night. He had taken his hat off and was carrying it in his hand. I could see him swinging it back and forth as he walked. He passed under the circle of light from the lamp and I saw him fade kind of slowly into the shadows of the next block. Somehow he looked different from what I had ever seen him look before. For a minute it seemed almost as though it couldn't be Dan, but there was nobody else in the block and I had just left him.

I knew that he was walking toward his home and that it must be Dan. Anyway, you never could go wrong on his big figure. It was Dan, all right. And even after the shadows had swallowed him up and the sound of his heels on the sidewalk had drifted out of my hearing, I kept looking after him.

I stood there and lit a cigarette, scratching the match on the brick wall of Rourke's place. Flatfoot came to the front window of the saloon and put out one of the lights. It was a pretty quiet night following the outing. Then I looked back again in the direction Dan had gone. I kept wondering what made him look so different. All of a sudden I realized: That was the first time in my life I had ever seen Dan Rafferty all alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38

But she soon fell asleep
If the plot was too deep,
For she never was much of a reader.

They say Dante Alighieri
Was crazy about Lovey Mary:
He read The Green Hat
And he didn't like that,
But he simply adored Phœbe Cary.

The emperor called Barbarossa
Was fond of the Lyra Jocosa.
When they brought him Black Letter
He said, "I like better
Odd volumes of old curiosa."

It's related that Mr. Hall Caine
Read The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain;
"It's all right," he said,
"But give me instead
The works of Mrs. Aphra Behn."

Carolyn Wells.

The Family Car

THE girls dislike it because the top doesn't come off.

The boys ridicule it because it won't do over forty.

Mother is ashamed of it because the body is as out-of-date as Noah's Ark.

Grandma thinks it's terrible because she has such a hard time getting antiques through its doors.

Nobody except father has a good word for the car.

But he never drives it.

It is always in use by somebody who can't endure it another day.

McCready Huston.

The Summer Vacationer's Lament

THE radio brings the town to me,
Although I flee to peak or sea;
They are not what they used to be,
Our calm vacations!

By craggy cliff and mossy dell
We are pursued with shout and yell
Assiduously still by fell
Broadcasting stations.

Why camp within a grassy valley
To hear the strains of Tin Pan Alley?
There are no quiet little places.
Even in the Antarctic spaces
The fiends, by pity quite unstirred,
Broadcast to poor Commander Byrd!

-Mary Carolyn Davies.

Background

A SUPERBUSINESS superchief improved each shining hour with supersales of supergoods produced by superpower; he sold them by the million ton and made his superpile; he added art to artifice, and nothing cramped his style; he sponsored household merchandise, from furniture and rugs to draperies, peculiar lamps and futuristic jugs; he taught the masses what was smart from attic to veranda, and won a goodly public through intensive propaganda. Live down, he urged, the moldy past and bygone fads artistic; we need new vision in the home—be free and modernistic! A self-made man, he knew his stuff, and people often said, "He has no cultural background, but, my goodness, what a head!" He educated worthy folk till they were keen to change their old familiar hand-me-downs for something rich and strange; and blithely from their beds and chairs and tables did they part; why be content with shabby things, when all your friends are smart? The bureaus and the mirrors and the plain, old-timey pewter they sold because the Joneses' things were snappier and cuter; they junked the individual slant, the stuff their fathers prized, and then they fell in line and had their houses standardized.

Of course the standardizer's home was furnished like the rest? Nay, nay, my simple-minded friend, this is no time to jest! The man upon the street whose social rating is at stake may emulate the Joneses whose career is on the make, but plutocrats with young to rear should build for charm elusive and cultivate an atmosphere traditional, exclusive. Although he preached conformity to product-conscious men, the rise of his dynastic house was something else again; no hint of mass production should degrade its precincts chaste, no pattern that a mob enjoyed encroach upon its taste; his home must be exceptional, its furnishings unique—those rare old treasures, made by hand, original, antique—and, having standardized the land, his task was well rewarded when dealers sold him lovely bits his public had discarded; when someone scrapped a setting which an ancient line had prized, the standardizer got it, for he wasn't standardized. So, if distinctive relics from your grasp have been beguiled, grieve not; they'll furnish background for the standardizer's child!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Thanks for the Roses

"MY TROPIC rose," your trembling voice did murmur,
That fateful day;
Your accents growing gradually firmer,
You said your say:
"Ah, with a crown of roses let me crown you,
My tiger rose,
And in the fragrance of the rose I'll drown you!"
I blew my nose.

No doubt your overardent heart supposes
That I was pleased
When I received today two hundred roses,
I merely sneezed.
Though I was shaken by your lyricism,
It must be told,
You put me through a dreadful paroxysm
Of my rose cold.

No, I will be your sister or your mother,
But I'm afraid
That for your wife you'll have to ask another
And healthier maid
You're dumb, my dear. You always would offend me
Some silly way.
In the hay-fever season you would send me
A bale of hay. —*Morris Bishop.*

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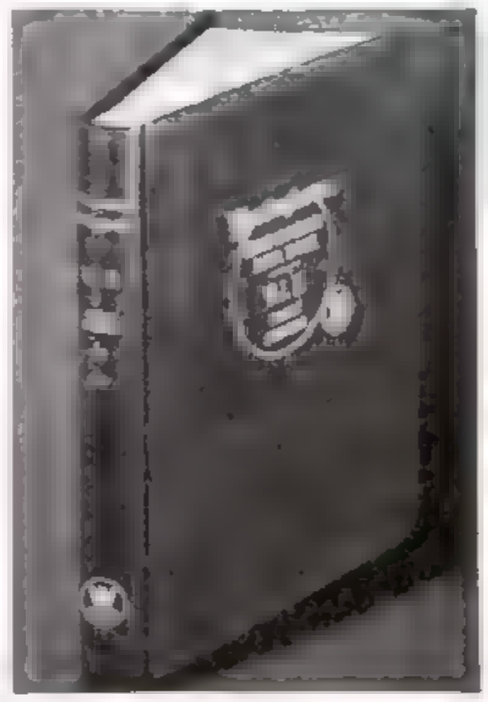

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The folding steel frame of the davenport bed is fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

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KROEHLER

The Kroehler Label identifies the genuine

ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 27)

described them. Virtually nothing has been published about the life history and habits of the mammals, except as whalers' accounts. It was all closet-naturalist stuff.

Here was the most extraordinary group, from the standpoint of adaptation and evolutionary history, in the entire animal kingdom just waiting for someone to expose its secrets. I had made up my mind long before the study of the Amagansett whale was finished that the best opportunity for a young scientist lay with whales. The men who had worked in that subject were too old. It needed youth, enthusiasm and the willingness to undergo hardships, to get out on the sea and really find out things. Moreover, the American Museum of Natural History wanted whales. It had recently been presented with a considerable sum of money by Mr. George H. Bowdoin to make such a collection. I figured that with the start which the big model and the Long Island whale had given me, I ought to get the job. It was not just opportunism on my part. I had become fascinated with the subject.

Our Amagansett specimen belonged to a group known as the right whales; so called by the early Basque hunters because, since they have the longest and finest whalebone and the fattest blubber, they were the right kind of whales to kill.

The wrong whales are technically known as the Balænopteras, or rorquals, all members of which have short coarse whalebone and thin blubber. The sulphur bottom was one of the wrong whales.

Then there is still another great division called the toothed whales, of which the sperm is the best-known representative. It also includes the dolphins and porpoises. Until comparatively recently the wrong whales, or rorquals, had been left severely alone by the commercial whalers. They gave too little money and by their great speed and agility wrecked too many boats. They are the greyhounds of the sea, while the right and sperm whales are slow and ponderous in their movements.

But a Norwegian by the name of Gwen Foyn had invented a harpoon gun which could be fired from the deck of a small steamer. By this means the rorquals could be killed with comparative safety, towed into definite ports and there converted into oil and fertilizer at great plants. This is known as shore whaling. It first started on the coasts of Scandinavia and later extended to Newfoundland. It was there that the late Dr. Frederick True, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. F. A. Lucas had made a study of certain Atlantic species. As the whales were drawn completely out of the water onto a slip by means of a steam winch, they gave opportunities such as a scientist never had had before for photographs, studies and measurements.

The First Expedition

True had written a superb monograph on the Atlantic rorquals. However, the Pacific whales remained almost unknown. One interesting question was whether or not the large whales migrated from one ocean to another. Two shore stations had been established on the coast of Vancouver Island and one in Southeastern Alaska. I made up my mind to go there.

In the meantime I had been transferred to the Department of Birds and Mammals under that wonderful pioneer naturalist, Dr. J. A. Allen. Frank M. Chapman was his associate having charge of birds, while Doctor Allen devoted himself to mammals. No sweeter character or truer scientist ever lived than Doctor Allen. The days I spent at his side were all too few, due to my restless, adventurous spirit, but to work with him was one of the greatest privileges of my life. When I was admitted to this constant association with Doctor Allen and Frank Chapman, I seemed to have reached my greatest ambition.

My work consisted chiefly of revising and rearranging the study collections of small mammals. This gave me a general and valuable perspective of mammalogy, but my thoughts were always centered upon the opportunities presented by a study of whales.

In the spring of 1908 I asked the director to be allowed to go to Vancouver and Alaska. I offered to go without salary if they would pay my expenses. I argued that I was an unknown quantity and that if the museum was willing to risk a thousand dollars in expenses I certainly could risk less than half that amount in the salary I would have received. Doctor Bumpus said, "Yes," and I started off early in June on my first real expedition. I had been in the museum less than two years then, and every day of it had been filled with excitement and *joie de vive*.

Already I had found life to be a wonderful adventure. Why? Because I was doing exactly what I wanted to do, what I had dreamed of doing since I was old enough to dream of anything. Right here I want to say just one word to parents who have a growing boy. Find out, if you can, what he wants to do, and when you have learned, let him do it. Don't make him do what you would like him to do. It is his life and he must live it. The chances are he will make a success if he has a real ambition and you let him follow it. I know a hundred men who have muddled along discontented and sometimes deeply unhappy because blind parents had forced them into business when they wanted intensely to do something else. My moral may seem to be a bromide, but, by Jove, the practice goes on even in this enlightened twentieth century. I know, because I have such a tale of woe brought to me almost every week.

The Professor Arrives

Victoria was my first objective. I had to sell myself and my plan to the whaling company. They said, "All right," and put me aboard a coastal steamer bound for the whaling station on Barkley Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

We had a rough passage. Great Scott, wasn't I seasick! It dampened my spirits, but did not cool my enthusiasm, even though seasickness became my curse. I am all over it now and no storm ever bothers me, but during all the years I spent on whaling ships I had to fight seasickness. Even the smell of a ship made me ill. I just had to go into it doggedly, knowing full well what was coming to me. I wonder if I would have the courage to face the same thing now! Honestly, I would rather stand up to a band of Chinese brigands with the numbers thirty to one against me than again go through those days of suffering.

The whaling station was a group of large buildings at the end of a beautiful bay backed by a sheer wall of somber spruce forest. From the water it looked like what it was—a factory. Over all hung the peculiar acrid odor of the meat dryer and whale oil. At first it nearly made me ill. Soon I came to like it. Even now, when I smell something resembling it, my pulses quicken with a rush of happy memories.

On shore I had to sell myself all over again to the station manager and the fifty men. There were six nationalities represented: Norwegians, Americans, Newfoundlanders, Japanese, Chinese and Siwash Indians. The idea of having a professor among them wasn't popular. They all called me professor for several weeks, till I got them to switch over to my first name, which is short. Lord, how I hated it! Perhaps that is why anyone today can get immediate action by applying that honorable title to me. I'm not a professor, because I've never taught anyone anything—at least not in a school or college.

The first whale was brought in shortly after my arrival at the station. It was a humpback—so named because it humps itself when it dives. It is one of the rorquals, and two other species of the group were being taken off this coast. They were finbacks and my old friend, the sulphur bottom, he of the whale model I had built in the museum.

Black as tar, splashed and blotched with white and festooned with barnacles, huge side fins or flippers fifteen feet long, enormous crenelated flukes, and a flat head all covered with knobs—he made me think then, and he does now, that nature made him, found him too ugly to exist, and so tried a last-moment scheme of decoration.

I got my initiation into the whaling fraternity that first day. Of course I didn't know it, but the whole station crew from manager down to the last Chinese and Siwash were all set to watch. When one of the rorquals is killed it is at once inflated by the ship's air pump so that it will float easily. The right whales and sperms float by themselves, for their blubber is very fat, but the others sink and are difficult to handle.

A Satisfactory Initiation

By the time a dead whale is brought to the station the air that has been pumped into the carcass, together with the natural gases of decomposition, inflate it as tight as a balloon. It will pop at the first knife thrust. When all was set for my initiating performance, one of the cutters called me over to the side of the whale. As I bent down to examine a spot he had pointed out, he thrust a huge knife into the belly. Out shot a stream of liquid and struck me fair in the face. I went over on my back, slid down the slip and into the water. All six nationalities screamed with delight in its own particular national way; the station whistles blew and the bells rang.

It didn't take me long to realize that I was the goat. I grinned and went up to the station house to change into dry things. Evidently the initiation was satisfactory to those concerned and they figured the professor had passed, for I never had more accommodating men to work with from that time on.

You just have to be on good terms with the station men if you want to get anywhere in studying whales. You can do nothing alone; everything is too big and heavy. Each flipper of a humpback weighs nearly a ton, the heart a thousand pounds, the stomach several hundred, and so on. You cannot even measure the beast alone. I was armed with prepared lists with all the important measurements to be obtained, but I had to step lively to get what I wanted before the carcass disappeared.

While it is being drawn out of the water the flensers attack it with their huge knives like a swarm of flies, cutting through the blubber in parallel lines the entire length of the whale. To each strip a great hook at the end of a wire cable is fastened. Then the steam winch is started and the blubber is pulled off exactly as you would peel an orange. In fifteen minutes one side is laid bare and the carcass is turned over. The other side is stripped and only the flesh and bones remain. With the aid of the steam winch the carcass is literally torn apart and in less than two hours the whole whale is being boiled for oil and fertilizer.

Blubber is a familiar term, but perhaps not everyone understands the function it performs. Whales are warm blooded, as are all mammals. They must be kept warm in the cold sea water. The blubber does just that; it acts as a blanket, a nonconductor, to prevent the animal heat from being absorbed by the water. We wear clothes to prevent our body heat from escaping into the air. Whales, seals and all water mammals have blubber for the same purpose. It is merely a thick layer of fat which lies

(Continued on Page 229)

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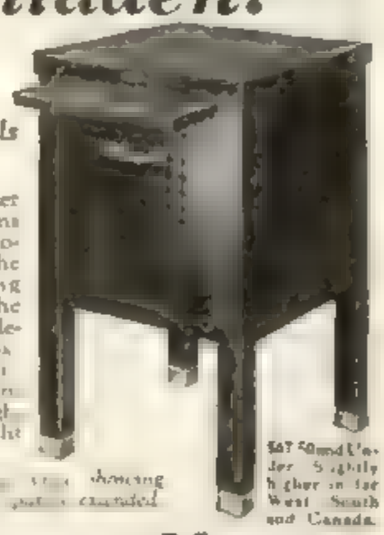

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(Continued from Page 227)

between the skin and the flesh. Small fish are cold-blooded creatures and the temperature of the body changes with the medium in which they live. They do not need blubber to keep them warm.

The blubber is tough and fibrous. As it is peeled off from the whale a man follows on the carcass directly behind the great blanket piece, cutting it away from the flesh as the winch rolls it up. It is a dangerous job. If the hook gives way the blubber flies back with terrific force. I have seen a dozen accidents. Shortly after my arrival at the station a strip of blubber gave way, drove the flenser's knife into himself and nearly cut him in half. Some years later in Japan the posterior part of a whale's body which was being hauled up by the winch fell squarely upon a man. He could hardly be recognized as a human being when we took him out. I was standing near him and only escaped a similar fate by leaping off the dock into twenty feet of water as the carcass crashed upon us. I lost a four-hundred-dollar camera by the jump. Still, I would not have needed it in the next world if I had hesitated just the fraction of a second!

During my third day at the station a female humpback fifty feet long, with a nursing calf, was brought in. The baby was twenty-eight feet in length and only a few months old. The whalers did not want to kill the calf, they said, but it would not leave the dead mother and they were afraid it would starve to death. The milk was white and looked like cow's milk.

Fortune From a Sick Whale

The reason that whales are so big is because the animals live in a supporting medium. If a land mammal grows too large it cannot move about and obtain food. A bird is limited to the weight of body which its wings can bear up in the air. A whale has virtually no limitations. It can grow as huge as it likes, and that is just what it has been doing. Instead of getting smaller as the ages rolled by, whales became larger. It is rather comforting to think that we have the biggest animal that ever existed actually with us today. Even the greatest dinosaur never approximated the vast bulk of a sulphur-bottom whale. The record specimen that has ever been actually measured was one hundred and fifteen feet in length. It would weigh only about ninety tons. A seventy-eight-foot sulphur-bottom whale which Dr. F. A. Lucas weighed in sections at Newfoundland tipped the scales as follows: Total weight, sixty-three tons; flesh alone, forty tons; blubber, eight tons; blood, viscera and baleen, seven tons; bones, eight tons.

Because whales are so big, it used to be thought that they grew very slowly and must live to a great age. That they grow slowly is not true. On the contrary, the growth is amazingly rapid up to the time when they are sexually mature. In all of the large species which I was able to study, the calves more than double their length at birth during the first year. They continue nursing for at least twelve months. At the age of four or five they are able to bear young.

It is easy enough to determine whether or not a whale is old by the condition of the bones. But whether it is twenty years or two hundred is another matter. It will be pretty difficult ever to decide how long whales can live.

A bull sperm whale which was killed at one of the Vancouver Island stations while I was there showed every evidence of great age. He must have been an old warrior, for he bore the scars of battles with killers, the wolves of the sea, and great scratches from the tentacles of giant squids, and octopuses. He even contained a little ambergris, which showed that he was not in good health at the moment. Ambergris is never found in healthy whales. It is a secretion produced only in the intestines of the sperm whale. Presumably the heaps of squid upon which the beasts feed cause irritations in the intestines. Ambergris is found about these spots. Sometimes it forms so rapidly that the intestinal tract is clogged and the whale dies. Then he becomes a veritable gold mine to the men who find him. Ambergris used to be worth twenty dollars an ounce and hundreds of pounds might be found in a single whale if he had been sufficiently ill. It is used as a base for the most delicate perfume! Can you beat that? Not as an odor itself, for it has only a slight and not disagreeable smell, but as a fixative, to make the perfume last.

Incredible tales are told of the fortunes made by whalers who have found a floating mass of ambergris or a dead whale. They are like the stories of buried treasure, and some of them are true. In the days when I was specializing in whales I had dozens of people bringing what they hoped was ambergris to my office in the American Museum of Natural History. But in every case I had to give a negative verdict. None of them ever had real ambergris, which for hundreds of years has been one of the rarest and most valuable of animal products.

Although I was keen to find out everything about the inside and outside of whales, to study their habits was what I most wanted to do. That meant days of life on the little whaling vessels. Incidentally, it also meant fighting seasickness. I am not a bit ashamed, for I have seen old sailors completely defeated after two hours on one of those dancing corks. Thank God, I never get ill any more, but I have great sympathy for those who do. The hunting vessels are somewhat larger now, but at that time they were only ninety feet long. Each one had a motion all its own.

After a day or two I would become so weak that the only way I could stand up was to wrap myself around one of the stays which ran down to the deck just behind the gun platform. But I did stick at it; it is one of the few things for which I give myself full marks.

The gun is the most interesting part of a shore whaler. It is a short cannon, four feet long, with a three-inch bore, and turns easily upon a swivel up and down and from side to side. The six-foot harpoon has a double shaft, at the end of which are four twelve-inch barbs. The harpoon is tipped with a hollow point called the bomb, which is filled with powder. This is ignited by a time fuse set for the desired interval. Three or four seconds after the gun is fired the bomb bursts, frequently killing the whale almost instantly. A large ring slides easily along the double shaft of the harpoon, and to this one end of a five-inch rope is fastened. Forty or fifty fathoms of a somewhat smaller line called the forerunner are coiled on a heavy iron pan just under the gun, giving slack to the harpoon as it flies through the air.

An All-Day Battle

From the pan the rope passes backward over a roller in the bow of the ship to a double winch and down into the hold of the ship. By means of the winch the whale is played as one would use a reel on a fishing rod. Usually about a mile of rope is carried, and often it is not enough. I remember a big sulphur-bottom whale which the harpoon struck squarely between the shoulders. The bomb did not explode, so that the animal was almost uninjured, although the barbs of the harpoon, spread out in the blubber, held us fast. The whale dashed off like a hooked salmon. The rope smoked over the winch. Only relays of men, pouring water, prevented it from catching fire. Half a mile of line ran out and the captain shouted to splice on the extra rope kept for emergencies. Nearly two miles had gone before he dared to check the rush.

Then it became an all-day battle. Foot by foot the winch wound up the rope, only to lose it again on a mad dash. But even a whale can be tired out and the captain finally put the engines to full-speed action. Still we were being dragged ahead at six knots. It was not until nearly dark that a small boat put out from the ship and slipped quietly up beside the whale as it lay rolling at the surface. Then the mate thrust a long slender hand lance into the heart.

While this sort of thing went on I used to stand on the deck just behind the gun with a notebook, watch and camera ready at hand. Very little happened that I did not see and record. Previously almost all the data about the habits of whales had come from the men who hunted them. It was all pretty inaccurate. The men were too busy on their particular job of killing the animal to see and remember correctly what the whale had done. But I had nothing to do except just that. Moreover, I did not trust to first impressions, for it requires a certain amount of experience to observe accurately. In the beginning it is all too new and too exciting. At least it was to me.

I never had seen a live whale. The first one that rose close to the ship gave me the thrill of my life. It seemed as though the whole floor of the ocean had been lifted up by a submarine volcano. Just as the eruption occurred the beast spouted like a steam whistle, a terrific crash from the harpoon gun nearly deafened me and a pair of great flukes rose and fell upon the water. Then dead silence. To save my life I could not give a coherent account of what happened. If anyone had said that the whale had sat up in the water on its tail and roared, I should have agreed that it probably did. You couldn't have proved anything by me, even though I had seen it all. It required three or four such experiences to put me in a mental condition whereby I could anticipate what was going to happen and record it accurately.

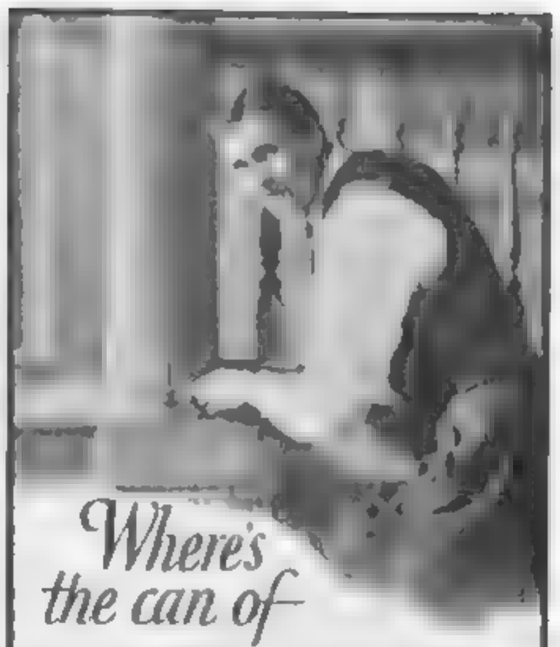
A Test for Marksmen

A whale does not rise vertically. He comes up obliquely and the great flat head shows first. Instantly he blows or spouts. The escaping air produces a loud metallic whistle which can be heard for half a mile on a still day. Then he depresses his head, the huge back slowly rounds into view, and finally the tail appears. The time to fire is when the back is exposed to the maximum height. One of the captains let me shoot three whales after I had been at sea for a considerable time.

Theoretically, I knew just how to do it, but I messed it badly the first time. I could see the big fellow rising when he was still fifteen feet under water and had the sights lined on him as he burst to the surface. I knew it was too soon to fire, but somehow I pressed the trigger. Of course the harpoon struck the top of his head and glanced off. Wasn't I disgusted! A whale hasn't much brain, but even so, it jarred him a bit when the hundred-pound harpoon propelled by three hundred drams of powder landed on his head. He rolled over and lay still. We just had time to reload the gun before he began to notice things again. Then I let him have it right under the flipper. Thus ended the first lesson. My other two whales were killed neatly and with such dispatch that I was admitted into the fraternity of gunners. I remember that the initiation cost me several cases of what we are not supposed to drink in America.

But all this happened to me on calm days. Indeed, they were so calm that even I was not seasick. To shoot a whale in a rough sea with the tiny vessel doing a Charleston on the crests of the waves and sliding down into the troughs as though she were headed for the bottom, is quite another matter. It is not pothunting. In fact, it is more like shooting a bird on the wing. Now you are up and now you are down, and the whale isn't waiting around until you are ready. I did not shoot any whales in that kind of weather. But I know a captain by the name of Larson who, out of a hundred shots, missed only sixteen. He took them as they came, too, fair weather and foul. When there is a thousand dollars blowing right in front of him a gunner does not hesitate just because he might spoil his shooting record!

After the whale is dead a rather amusing performance takes place. First, the huge



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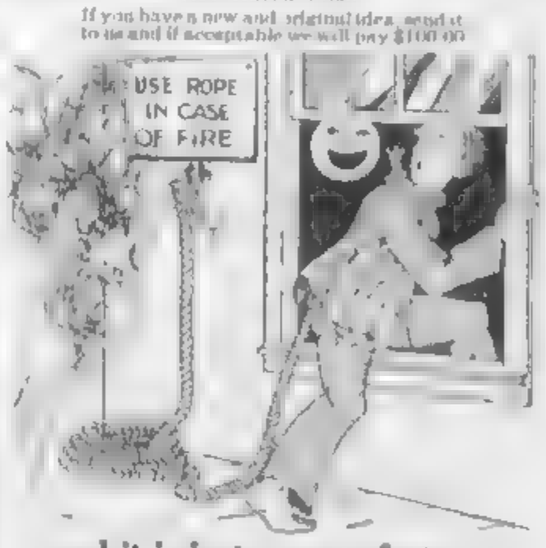

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body must be hauled to the surface with the steam winch, for most of the big species, except the sperm and right whales, sink when killed. Then a spear-pointed tube, connected by a rubber hose to the ship's air pump, is thrust into the whale's tummy. The carcass is slowly inflated until it floats high on the surface like a balloon. If other whales are in sight, the men leave the dead one marked with a flag until the end of the day's hunt.

Most children are taught that whales are mammals, not fish, and that they breathe air, not water. Still it does not seem to penetrate deeply enough to be remembered. At least I judge so by the number of questions that used to be asked me apropos of those very facts. A whale could no more live under water, unless it held its breath, than could a man. Still, it can remain below the surface for a much longer time than any land mammal. During the millions of years since the whale ancestors took up a completely aquatic existence, the bodily structure of the animals has been modified to adapt them for a life in and under the water.

When a whale dives, it takes in great lungfuls of air. During the time this is held in the body it becomes heated and saturated with water vapor. When the whale rises, it blows, and this air, which condenses upon striking the colder atmosphere, forms a column of steam. Exactly the same thing happens when a person breathes on a frosty morning.

Each whale has a characteristic spout. That of the rorquals is a single column. The sulphur bottom has a very tall, thick spout; the humpback a low, rounded cloud; the finback a thin, high column. The right whale's spout divides at the summit, and the sperm shoots out a low bushy puff forward and upward. After a short time I could distinguish at a glance what species of whale we were hunting by the spout alone.

Deep-Sea Divers

During the long period of evolution nature has made many changes in a whale's anatomy to enable it to live in the water. The ability to hold the breath for a considerable time when beneath the surface is one of them. The longest period of submergence for the rorquals which I have recorded is fifty minutes. But this is extraordinary and fifteen to twenty minutes is much more usual. Such toothed whales as the sperm and bottlenose are reported to be able to stay under water for more than an hour.

To me the most fascinating thing about studying whales at sea was in trying to discover what they did way down in the depths of the ocean. I got tantalizing glimpses of their life when they were at the surface. Still, there were only glimpses and the rest of it remained a mystery. How did they communicate under water and when widely separated? It was obvious that they had some system of telegraphing their desires to each member of a school, but what that system was I could not even guess. A celebrated German anatomist, Kükenthal, thinks it is done by special sense organs at the base of the rudimentary hairs on the head, but this seems highly improbable to me.

Another thing which never has been explained is how the animals can descend to great depths. What about the water pressure, which becomes terrific after a hundred feet or so? How can they withstand such pressure and still rapidly rise to the surface? Anyone who had read the extremely interesting series of articles by Commander Ellsberg in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will remember what difficulties the divers encountered at a depth of only one hundred and fifty feet; also how they had to be slowly deflated as they were brought to the surface. Yet, I personally saw a sulphur-bottom whale which had been harpooned dive straight down and take out a quarter of a mile of line. He remained below for thirty-two minutes and reappeared not more than a hundred yards away. At the time we were far out at sea and there was every reason to believe that the animal had gone down to the full limit of the line. Moreover, Captain Andersen told me of a sir whale which dived so deeply when first hit by a harpoon that it smashed its snout on rocks of the ocean floor and came up with fragments deeply embedded in the blubber. Andersen was an unusually intelligent observer and I believe his statement to be perfectly accurate. Doubtless someone will find that there are physiological adaptations of the whale's anatomy which account for its ability to adjust itself to enormous water pressure.

The Whales' Playground

Toward the end of the summer, in 1908, I shifted my operations from Vancouver Island up the coast to Southeastern Alaska. The station was located on Admiralty Island, in a pretty little bay called Murderer's Cove. I don't know how it got its name, and no one seemed to know who had been murdered there. I came to it in a launch from Juneau with Mr. Victor Street, manager of the station. The salmon had just begun to run in the rivers, whence they go on their last journey up over the rapids as far as they can push; then the females lay their eggs and die. The water of the bay was beautifully phosphorescent, and as we came into it late at night, thousands of flashing streaks darted off like submarine lightning. Behind the station lay deep masses of pine and spruce forest; in front rose tier upon tier of beautiful snow-capped mountains. There were a good many bears in the forest.

Only a few evenings after my arrival we were sitting in the station house when the cook dashed in. He was white as chalk. Finally he gasped out:

"I went up to the spring for water. Just as I got there a big bear stood up on his hind legs and grunted at me. I said, 'You stay right there, Mr. Bear. I'll do all the running for both of us.'"

I went out at once with my rifle and a flash light, but the bear had gone. Probably he was just as frightened as was the cook.

The Alaska station was an ideal place to study whales. Most of the hunting was done in the inland waters of Frederick Sound, where there was almost no sea. I spent many days with Captain Graham on his little ship and was supremely happy. We were hardly ever beyond sight of land and had wonderful duck shooting when the ship anchored near shore at night.

They were killing a lot of humpbacks and finbacks there, but only an occasional sulphur bottom, for the big fellows seldom came into the Sound. It was a regular playground for the humps. They seemed to like the quiet waters particularly for love-making. Many times I watched a pair of the huge beasts lying side by side, rolling about and apparently caressing each other with their great flippers. Now and then one of them would bestow a love pat upon the other. I suppose it was gentle for a whale, but it would have crushed an ox to a pulp.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Andrews. The second will appear next week.

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Commercial Cables — **All America Cables**

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DR. JULIUS KLEIN, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, is recognized as a leading authority on the economics of distribution.

HOOFING

(Continued from Page 29)

Nature helped me, in my decision to go in for eccentric dancing, by endowing me with a pair of long legs and arms. I was soon putting together steps, and had one routine that I called a broken waltz clog. With this new routine mastered, I stepped down to the old Rexford Hotel on Bullfinch Street, the clearing house for new steps, and invited the boys to watch my new stuff "and then throw their dancing shoes away." Tommy Hawkins sang a waltz tune for me and I went into a buck dance, but somehow or other we couldn't get together; he insisted that I was dancing out of time, and I was sure it was his singing. The situation was saved by the arrival on the scene of Skinner and Woods. I repeated my dance with Skinner singing the tune, and it was found that I had been dancing in two-four time to three-four, or waltz, tempo.

Our conversation during these sessions must have sounded strange to an innocent bystander. The air was filled with such mysterious phrases as: "Let's see you cut a wing"; "Do Croppy-lie-down", or "Here, watch these back-slip rolls"; "Can you do cover-the-buckle?" Then there were the more familiar expressions, such as: "Off to Buffalo" and "Falling off a log." Some of the old steps derived their names from the sound of the taps. This may seem a little far-fetched, but if you were to hear someone doing the steps of Croppy-lie-down, for example, you could readily understand how it came by the name.

When they try out a girl today for the chorus of a musical show, they ask her to do a time step and a break, the time step now having a certain standard form. In the good old days every hoofer had his own time step, by which he was recognized by the rest of his profession. Every tap dancer of that day wasted his first few steps—simple ones and not part of his routine proper. This was done to help the musicians in the pit to play his music in the same tempo to which he was going to dance. The one that was used most frequently is called the time step today.

A Blue-Serge Make-Up Mirror

If an unfriendly cop would move us off a corner, we'd all go down to the Boston and Albany freight yards. A flat car would serve admirably as a stage and the brakemen would never bother us. To them we were merely harmless loafers. I have a deep feeling of inner satisfaction when I reflect that many of these skeptical ones were later to pay good money to see some of the former disturbers of the peace. It is ever thus with the young artist. There are always those doubtful ones who would rouse him from his dreams and turn his talents into some more useful channel. In my own home I found much stern opposition. They had planned a nice position for me in the Charlestown Navy Yard with my father, and you could not convince my mother to this day that I would not have been better off if I had taken it. Long before I began to dance I had developed a bad case of loose ankles—a tendency to stand on the sides of my feet—which my mother immediately mistook for weak ankles. To correct this defect, she had the shoemaker build a strip of leather on the inside and outside of each of my shoes, so that when I did start to dance I was under a great handicap. She later decided that she should have got the supports for my hat, having learned that my ankles were not the weak spot after all. Shortly afterward, having hit eight successive passes in a neighborhood dice game, I went over to Lynn and had a pair of wooden shoes made to order. The price was eight dollars—a staggering amount to me at the time—but I was about to go into business and wanted the best tools of my trade.

My first partner was one Eddie Stone, from South Boston; we doubled up and went busking around the local saloons. We would do a dance as two newsboys and then pass the hat. The bad feature of this arrangement was that we had to split with the bartender, and even with the free lunch thrown in, we couldn't get the act on a paying basis. My next partner was a good business man. Dan McGatchie was his name originally, but he had changed it to Benny Martin for stage purposes. He succeeded in getting us a vaudeville route, but first it was necessary to loan him one of my old blue serge suits—the other one—which was a trifle large for him, but by rolling up the cuffs of the pants he was able to make a fairly natty appearance. The suit also served as a mirror when making up in theaters not equipped for such purposes. We opened at the King Edward Theater, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The front curtain was worked by hand. The manager simply walked over to one end of the curtain and pulled it back on its traveler, thus revealing the artists in front of a white wall; there was no back-drop. At the end of our act he would pull the curtain back again. We worked very hard and put everything we had into our numbers. We were afraid that if we stopped dancing we would freeze to death.

A Dime for Health Insurance

A few weeks later we were laying off in Glace Bay, broke and hungry. Under the most favorable circumstances, a man might gaze out the window of a Pullman car and speak kindly of this little mining town, provided the train didn't stop too long. But we were seeing it at its very worst, and right on the ground. Benny, however, was not to be discouraged, and went out, assuring me that he would promote something to get us out of town. He returned shortly afterward with the announcement that he had arranged a fight for me the following night, and that we were to get twenty-five dollars. I told him that I was strictly a dancer, but the situation was so acute that I had to let the match stand. My opponent was a local boy—one Slug Haggerty. All I had to do, according to Benny, was just to keep out of his way, and Benny said that he was too heavy and slow to catch me. In my saner moments I would realize that the match should never take place, but Benny would quickly talk down my protests. The fight came off as per schedule, but it was not the true Jack Donahue that was in there taking it for twenty-five dollars; the real Donahue, ever a cautious lad, would have been in bed asleep. Benny told the truth in one instance, however—Slug was heavy; there was no doubt about that. Only the desire to please the crowd, which had paid its good money to see the fight, made me determined to hang on, and it was not until almost half of the first round was over that I decided to stay down, after taking one on top of the head. The blow sprained both my ankles and I was picking coal dust out of my face for weeks.

Back again in Boston, I had hardly thawed out from my northern tour when I heard that Cohan and Harris were casting a show in New York and were looking for hoofers. Without stopping to make a reservation, I immediately boarded a fast freight and two days later was seeing Broadway for the first time. It was just getting up around Forty-second Street then and the call was at the Knickerbocker Theater on Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway. I arrived with a lone dime in my pocket and was badly in need of some quick action. I never even got a try-out, but was hastily looked over by a gruff old stage manager and rejected as being too young; I was still in short pants. And there I stood in the front of the theater, too crushed by the loss of a twenty-dollar-a-week engagement even to move, when I was approached by a hard-looking youth in one of those Brown of Harvard sweaters. He was nursing a

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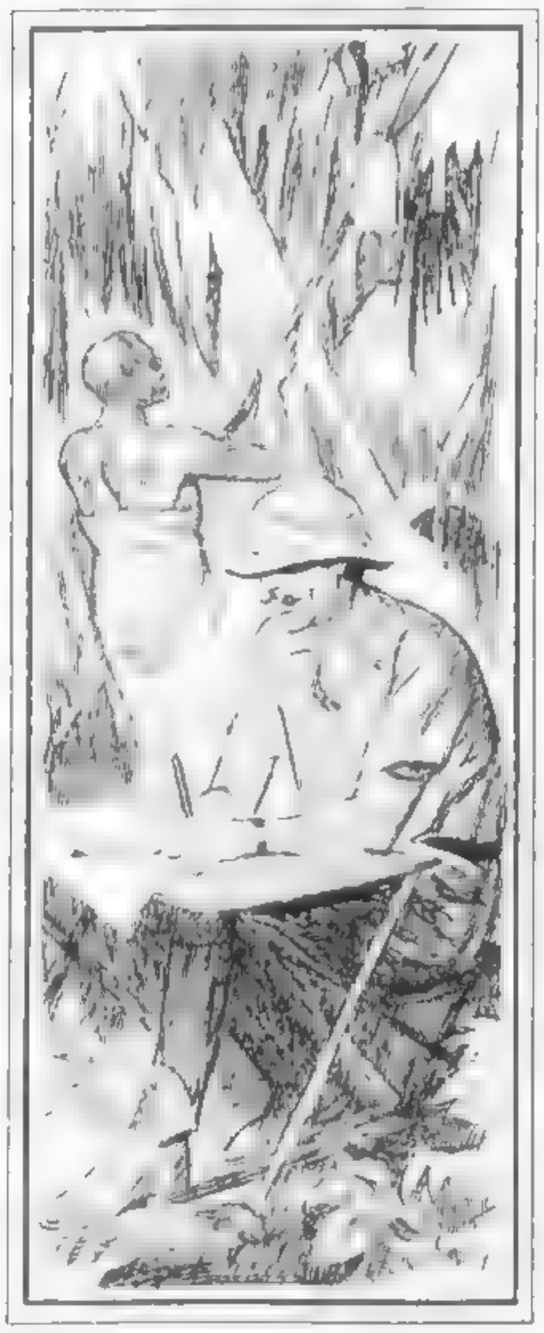

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badly swollen hand which had just had a fresh coat of iodine, and he extended it to me for closer inspection.

"Pretty tough-looking duke," said he.

"It sure is," said I. "How'd you do it?"

"I had to smack a guy. It'll be all right, though; I don't think it's broken."

I wanted to be far away from this bruiser who went about smacking people, but natural curiosity made me ask what had caused the trouble.

"I asked a guy for a dime and he wouldn't give it to me." And sticking his chin right up in my face, he asked, "Have you got a dime?" And then and there I started the custom that Mr. Rockefeller has so diligently carried on.

But I had my dancing shoes with me and every other door seemed to be a saloon; so, at least, I couldn't starve to death. The free lunch here was bigger and better than any I had ever attacked before, and in my youthful enthusiasm I'm afraid I overdid things. I remember eating ten hard-boiled eggs on a hot Saturday afternoon, and to this day, as far as I'm concerned, the hens have laid their fruit in vain. An older busker showed me that it was wise to carry a shoe-shine box, not with any idea of cleaning shoes but as an entrée to the better saloons. So I got an outfit consisting of a brush, a rag, a dauber, one bottle of brown wash and one can of brown polish. By buying the brown polish, it was only necessary to buy the one color, as it would serve equally well on brown or black shoes. Naturally, there were complaints about my work, and the climax came when I ruined a pair of canary-colored shoes which had set the owner back fourteen dollars. This had to happen in the Knickerbocker Café, which served the best free lunch in town, and I was never to know again the feel of their tender young herring on my eager fork.

Back to Boston with the feel of the plush still an unknown pleasure, back on the corner with the old gang, swapping steps. And so I have gone through life, swapping, copping, sometimes topping, and often flopping. Having gained quite a local reputation, I decided to have another fling at vaudeville; this time with a girl named Alice Stewart. We did a comedy, S. T. D. act—singing, talking and dancing. I'm not so sure about the S. T. part of the act, but we made up on the D.! One fellow that played on the bill with us that season asked me to teach him some steps. He was a ball player and he worked on the same bills with us for fourteen weeks. I was able to teach him a few steps, but I advised him to stick to his shortstopping. His name was Joe Tinker, of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance fame. Later I made two or three trips to his Oak Park, Illinois, home. Joe came back to see me last week while I was playing at the Palace Theater in Chicago. He's in the real-estate business in Florida and round Chicago, and doing nicely.

With Mental Reservations

I didn't get back to New York until 1913. Here, as in Boston, the hoofers would meet on corners and swap steps. It was somewhere about this time that I met two hoofers whose names have often been associated with mine. Harland Dixon, of Corcoran and Dixon, and later of Doyle and Dixon; and Johnny Boyle, of Boyle and Brazil. If I remember correctly, our first meeting took place in front of the White Rats Club. We had each shown samples of our wares; having completed my effort, Boyle asked me where I was working. I told him at the Dewey on Fourteenth Street.

Said Boyle, "You're not Donahue, the comedy dancer from Boston, are you?"

Having assured him I was none other, he introduced himself as "Johnny Boyle, the song-and-dance man from Wilkes-Barre," and turning to the third member said, "This is Dixon, the eccentric dancer from Toronto." You see, every dancer was neatly classified—his style of dancing and the point he had started from. George M. Cohan, in his play, The Song and Dance Man, said that every song-and-dance man thinks in his heart that he is the best song-and-dance man in the business, or words to that effect, and we're all song-and-dance men; but when they get any one of us alone at the Lambs Club and ask us which is the best dancer of the trio, we always name the other two, much to our questioner's disgust.

As a creator of eccentric routines with the greatest variety of steps, in my opinion, Harland Dixon stands alone. But Johnny Boyle will always be my choice as the greatest all-around tap dancer I have ever seen. It is only lately, with the mellowing of the years, that I can make this statement and believe it in my heart. We hoofers are like that. As a teacher of dancing, Johnny has given routines to such well-known artists as Marilyn Miller, Dorothy Stone, Gus Shy, Harry K. Morton, Will Rogers, Doris Eaton and hundreds of other less prominent dancers. He must be good. At a Lambs Gambol a few years ago they put the three of us on together, attempting, possibly, to decide something, but we put together a routine and worked as a trio.

Not to be Acquired in Boston

It was in 1912, also, that I had my first experience in musical comedy. I was engaged for a bit and specialty dance in a piece called The Woman Hater's Club. I was playing the part of Spitsky, an orderly, and in the course of the action, while brushing an old coat, I was to find a letter I had forgotten to mail twenty-five years before. Starting off as a straight piece of business, I worked it into a comedy whisk-broom dance, alternating my taps with a rhythmic swish of the brush which I thought very effective. My specialty was a sand dance, but they stopped me from using the sand when it became annoying to the players who had to follow me. However, I managed to smuggle some in and hide it on the stage where I could easily reach it when it came time for my monologue. I played with the show in Springfield at the Court Square Theater, and went with it to Boston, where I got my notice. They had suddenly decided that Spitsky should have a Dutch dialect, and that's something you couldn't pick up around Boston. That excellent actor and director, George Marion, was staging the show, and he, too, having started as a dancer, did everything in his power to save the job for a brother hoofer. We're like that too.

Years later, Al Woods, who had produced the show, sent for me about a job. He told me he would like to have me for a show. I told him that he had already had me and fired me after two weeks. He seemed very surprised and assured me that he neither remembered hiring me nor letting me go. Another in the cast was Joe Santley, doing musical-comedy dancing, which consists of skipping gracefully about the stage. However, the next season found me back with another production for Comstock and Gest, featuring Lady Constance Richardson, who did an æsthetic dance with three yards of chiffon. Also Madame Pollaire, billed as "the ugliest woman in the world, with the smallest waist." It seemed only natural for me to follow these two artists and burlesque their performances. In doing Lady Constance's number I would end my dance by losing the chiffon. Madame Pollaire did a sketch and then an adagio dance which ended with the stabbing of her partner. In burlesquing her dance I worked with a girl and would refuse to stop dancing after having been stabbed seven or eight times.

Five years of vaudeville after this; in the meanwhile I was still swapping steps. Pat Rooney, Eddie Foy and Vernon Castle are some of the hoofers I remember meeting and comparing notes with; and then, in 1918 I was playing in Newport, Rhode Island, and Mr. Dillingham came to town on a slumming trip. Missing a train connection, he dropped into the opera house and caught my act. Having nothing else to do, he came back and signed me up to join

(Continued on Page 237)

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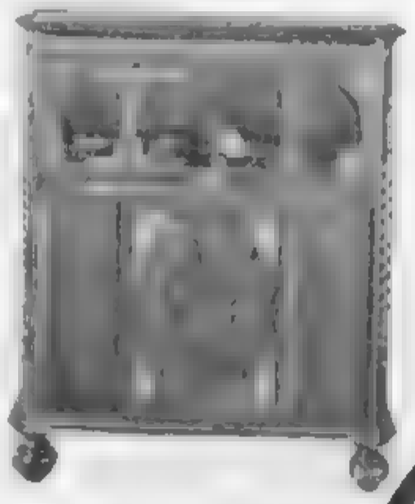
Through this final step, the dinner music, the concerts, the dance music which have made the palaces of recreation in New York City famed throughout the land, may now be enjoyed in the restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors and other places of amusement and recreation *in your own locality, no matter where you live!*



Hitherto, the cost of such entertainment was prohibitive. Now any establishment, even though its patronage be small, can afford to provide this new and finer entertainment—*without increasing its prices to patrons.*

Next time you dine out, look for the restaurant that offers you Capehart entertainment. You'll enjoy Capehart dinner music rendered by world renowned artists and orchestras.

If your mood calls for an evening of dancing, an enterprising proprietor in your town brings you the music of Broadway's favorite dance orchestra through the Capehart.

Whenever or wherever you go to while away the hours, look for the place that has a Capehart. There you'll find life, pleasure and an inviting atmosphere. If you don't find such a place readily, write us. We'll send you the name of a Capehart owner nearby.

The Capehart Orchestrope reproduces music with the *full* volume and tone quality of the original. It is perfectly suited for dancing. In fact many establishments use the Capehart Orchestrope to supplement their regular orchestras, thus offering a continuous program of dance music even when the orchestra is not on duty.

Programs may be arranged in advance. Any proprietor may offer you just the selections, exactly the type of music you most prefer—classical selections, grand opera or popular airs. Once he has chosen his program, the Capehart continues to play without requiring a moment of his attention.

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
EXPORT OFFICES: 549 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Cable, "WILPLATAA"

To proprietors of public establishments:

The Capehart offers you an opportunity to enhance the service which you offer your patrons. Restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors, amusement places of every description as well as many public establishments are installing the Capehart everywhere. And universally they report increased patronage and popularity. Your patrons will be looking for Capehart entertainment. They will appreciate and reward your providing this new type of entertainment. Write us for full details.

THE *Capehart*
ORCHESTROPE
CONTINUOUS AMPLIFIED MUSIC FOR ALL PURPOSES

See that your new washing machine has a pressure-cleanser

(commonly called a "Wringer")

it dries

it cleans

How you *dry* your clothes is of relatively slight importance. But how you *cleanse* your clothes makes a great deal of difference.

The reason why you should choose a wringer-equipped machine is not that one method of water-removal is so much superior to another, but because the wringer provides the one means by which pressure-cleansing is combined with water-removal, in the one operation.

In a sentence, the wringer makes a *whiter wash*. And that is due to the fact that the firm but gentle pressure of the wringer rolls loosens and expels those tenacious particles of dirt and soap that resist other steps in the washing process. LOVELL WRINGERS have a high efficiency—the result of a half-century's experience in the making of wringers and wringer rolls.

There is information of importance to the housewife in the Lovell booklet "Wringing—the Secret of a Whiter Wash." Sent free.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ERIE :: PENNA.

These Manufacturers use Lovell Wringers or Wringer Rolls on Their Washing Machines.

AMERICAN DEVICES CORP.
THE APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING CO.
THE BARTON CORPORATION
THE BLACKSTONE MFG. CO.
THE BOSS WASHING MACHINE COMPANY
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GETZ POWER WASHER CO.
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GRINNELL WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
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UPTON MACHINE COMPANY
VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
VULCAN MANUFACTURING CO.
WELLS H. PRESS CO., INC.

"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"

LOVELL WRINGERS

© Lovell Mfg. Co. 1929

AND WRINGER ROLLS

(Continued from Page 234

Hitchy-Koo in Boston, so it would seem that I owe my real start to Mr. Dillingham and the New Haven Railroad, for not running their train on schedule. Arriving in Boston, I went right to the Colonial Theater and introduced myself to Raymond Hitchcock. I could see his jaw drop with delight when I told him I was a dancer.

"That's the trouble," he said. "If I ask Dillingham for a blond, he'll send me a brunet every time."

The show was already filled with dancers and needed some other kind of specialty. The dancers already engaged were Georgie Moore, Billy Holbrook and Earl Benham. Benham is today one of the greatest song-and-dance tailors in the business. At a nominal price he outfits his brother actors and anyone else that doesn't wince at a two-hundred-dollar price tag on a business suit. However, if the price isn't right, Earl will cheerfully throw in a few steps.

The following season found me in Angel Face, doing a shadow dance in which I tried to get away from my own reflection on the wall. In another routine in this show I worked in a lamp shade for a ballet skirt—an idea I had long wanted to try out—and a coat hanger for a bow and arrow.

No Names, But Lots of Talent

In 1920 I had a chance to go with a small, intimate review, and I took it, figuring that it would be better to stand out in a small show than be lost in a big one. The cast, which contained no names, but lots of talent, included Eddie Cantor, Moran and Mack, Charles Winninger, W. C. Fields, Fanny Brice, Ray Dooley, John Steele, Van and Schenk, Mary Eaton, De Lyle Alda, Lillian Broderick, Margaret Irving. The only dancers in the cast were Carl Randall, Bernard Granville, Jerome and Herbert, and myself. Charley Mack, of Moran and Mack, did a little dancing too. What we might call a terpsichorean field day. Flo Ziegfeld was the producer and the show was the Follies of that year. The musical score was composed by Victor Herbert, Irving Berlin, Gene Buck, Dave Stamper, McCarthy and Tierney, Kalmar and Ruby and Ballard McDonald. It is not surprising, then, that members of the cast, meeting one another on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, where the show opened, would be surprised to learn they were on the same pay roll. I worked in several sketches and did a rough-house dance with Ray Dooley. In one of the sketches I was to play John Barrymore, and had the good fortune to meet Mr. Barrymore. On informing him that I was to impersonate him in the show, he asked me how I was going to do it, and I gave him my impressions of himself in action. Probably in self-protection, he spent much time with me, offering many suggestions and even taking me over to a costumer's to get the proper outfit.

After the Follies came Two Little Girls in Blue—the show in which Evelyn Law high-kicked her way into the limelight. Vanda Hoff, now Mrs. Paul Whiteman, was doing an Oriental nautch dance, and I would follow her in a burlesque of her dance, using one of her old costumes, consisting of a brassière and a short skirt. Miss Hoff would take two encores with a chiffon scarf thrown over her shoulders and her head bowed. On the third encore, I would take her place and the applause would continue until I would raise my head and throw back the scarf and go into my dance. In the summer of that year I was working in vaudeville on bills with Princess Rajah and her snakes. I did a travesty on her dance, using a prop snake and finishing my routine by using the snake for a jumping rope.

Then came Molly Darling, in the fall of 1922, with some critic calling me "the man with the laughing feet." Both George Lederer, the producer of Angel Face, and Alan Dale, the late critic, agreed that my work reminded them of Dan Dailey—a hoofer who came before my time, but, nevertheless, must have been very good. Other dancers in the show were Benny and Western, doing a bootblack dance, snapping their polishing cloths in rhythm, and Billy Taylor. I did a number on a flight of stairs, mostly pantomime and comedy business.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-four found me in Be Yourself, with me playing a nervous young man in the feudal country of Kentucky. Quite in character, I did a fright dance. Queenie Smith was the featured lady with the show.

One Hoofer to Another

In the musical comedy, Sunny, in 1925—in which Marilyn Miller, Mary Hay, Clifton Webb, Joseph Cawthorn, and others, all had entrances built up for them—I started figuring on something different for my first appearance of the evening. So I made my entrance walking on with my back to the audience, talking to Miss Hay, who was completely hidden till I turned around in the center of the stage.

In Rosalie I was doing more comedy and less dancing, but once a hoofer always a hoofer. I saw an incident of this truth one day many years ago at the old Victoria Theater, the site of the present Rialto picture house. "Hello George" Scott, of Bissett and Scott, was trying to crash the matinée, and succeeded in buttonholing the manager, Willie Hammerstein, in front of the theater. As he talked he was unconsciously doing a little time step. Finally he said, "Say, Willie, how about seeing your show this afternoon?"

And Willie, who had hoofed a little in his younger days, went into an "off to Buffalo," saying as he went, "Not today; we're selling out." Hoofers, like elephants, never forget.

Mrs. Sheep: "Look Out, Dear! Here Comes Mary!"

JUST MARRIED
LIFE IS A BIG ENOUGH GAMBLE
- - - - So why take a chance with faulty brakes?
THE brakes on your car have an individuality all their own. Only a brake lining specially adapted to the particular requirements of your brakes can be expected to give QUIET, POWERFUL, DEPENDABLE action.
There is a Thermoid Brake Lining specially designed for those brakes of yours—whether they are "two-wheel" or "four-wheel," "internal" or "external," "mechanical" or "hydraulic."
At a Thermoid Service Station a Thermoid "Brakeanic" will give you the right lining installed right.
THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY
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Brake Lining
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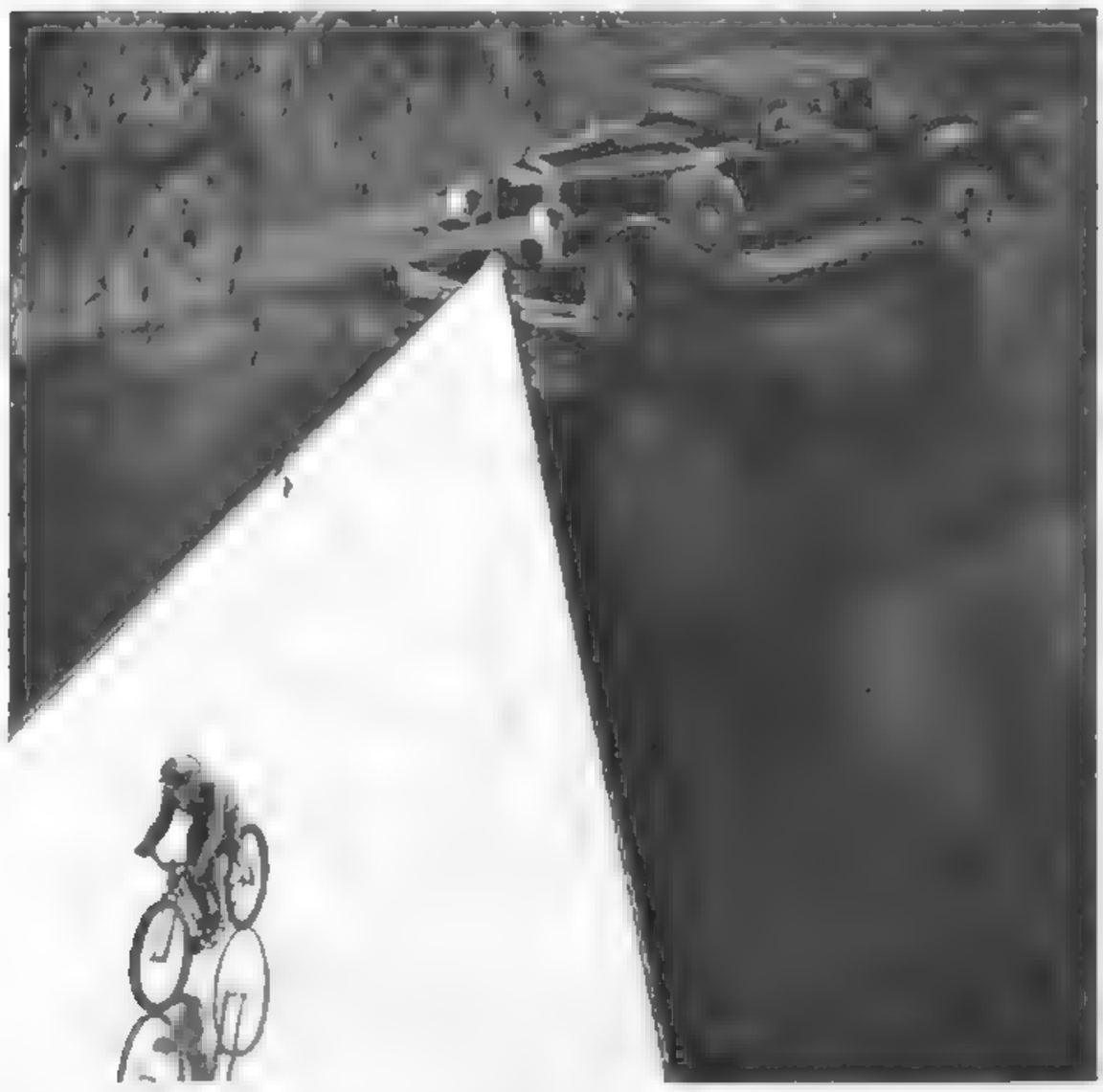
"HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED"—"F·M·L"—"C·A·L"—"INTERWOVEN"
BRAKE LININGS
FOR SHORT STOPS AND LONG SERVICE
CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

Eliminate Nerve Strain
From Night Driving
Automatically



This beautiful new lamp *AUTOMATICALLY* lights the turns *before* you make them. See it today at your dealer or send the coupon below.

NO need now to be left momentarily helpless in the dark when you round a curve or corner. Science has perfected a lamp that turns *AUTOMATICALLY* with the wheels of your car ... and throws a full beam of light around the turns *before you make them*

Guards Your Life

With this lamp, obstructions that might cause an accident and possible injury to yourself and others are seen in time to be avoided

In fog also this lamp ... called Pilot-Ray, is a decided aid. Being lower than your headlights, it casts a sharp beam along the ground where fog is thinnest and there is less reflected glare.

On straightaways, too, Pilot-Ray is of great value. By throwing more light directly on the road it enables you to detect glass, nails, ruts, and other dangers.

Pilot-Ray is endorsed by safety engineers both in America and abroad. It is considered the greatest advance in safe night driving since the discovery of the storage battery and four wheel brakes.

See Your Dealer

There is only one Pilot-Ray. No other lamp operates on this scientific safety principle. No other lamp guards your life at night so faithfully.

Once you have driven with it, we believe, you will never consent to go back to the old unsafe, nerve straining way of night driving

See your dealer today about securing a Pilot-Ray

or send this coupon for prices and complete information

PILOT-RAY

AT ALL AUTOMOTIVE DEALERS

MAIL THIS TODAY!

PILOT-RAY CORPORATION, SEP 14-29
Security Title Insurance Bldg., 6th and Grand, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without obligation, your illustrated, explanatory gift booklet on Safe Night Driving

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____ Make of car_____

THE HAND OF SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 60

make it valuable in the manufacture of paint, varnish, insulation materials, rubber products and many other articles.

Several hundred thousand acres of American land will soon be growing tung trees, which appear to like their new home better than their native land. Florida has spent more than $1,000,000 in this experiment and will soon have a permanent supply of oil aboveground. Although the first American tung-oil press produces but sixty gallons an hour, even this small output is equal to that obtained from the crude efforts of 1000 Chinese coolies. Machinery similar to that employed in the handling of peanuts and castor-oil beans has been modified to fit the processes required in the extraction of tung oil. In Florida the trees grow best in a slightly acid soil, and the nuts, which ripen in the autumn, are allowed to dry and cure on the ground just as they fall.

Great are the opportunities to develop large markets for any number of farm by-products. The production of levulose from artichokes has been carried to the point where commercial use is possible. Dr. Henry Gilman, at Iowa State College, has evolved from corncobs a compound 300 times as sweet as sugar. The fact is that the lowly corncob is now becoming a serious competitor of coal tar as a source of flavors, perfumes and anæsthetics. One enterprising individual has found a way to use the cobs of corn in the manufacture of insulating briquettes which may be employed as a substitute for cork in small refrigerating units.

A chemist who had specialized in studies of farm waste declared recently that we have now entered the age of cellulose, which will surpass in importance the age of steel. His conclusion was doubtless based on the fact that cellulose possesses miracle-making qualities and enters into modern life in a more intimate way than probably any other substance. It forms a basic part of our food, our clothes, our houses and our motion-picture films.

Some idea of the possibilities of this material may be obtained from considering the advances now being made in the production of paper from cornstalk pulp. Thousands of articles are now being merchandised in paper cartons. How to meet the demand has become a problem. The pulp-wood forests have been getting farther away from the centers of population each year. It is not surprising, therefore, that many eyes are turned hopefully to the annual supply of cornstalks now totaling 150,000,000 tons, practically all of which in the past was wasted.

No-Skin Frankfurters

It was only a comparatively few years ago when the growers of cotton received no revenue whatever from their annual harvest of seeds. Today the gross income of the cottonseed industry totals more than a quarter of a billion dollars annually. There is good reason to believe that the growers of corn have just as great an opportunity to turn their waste into profit.

In recent years science has disclosed that cellulose in solution may be reconstituted in the form of films of many varieties. Think what a tremendous change has been brought about by the introduction of the cellulose film that serves as a leather substitute. This invention has almost revolutionized the manufacture of furniture, luggage and various products that heretofore were made of real leather. One investigator says that if we were required to use real leather for all the purposes to which this new material is put, it would be necessary to slaughter twice as many cattle as we do now each year in the United States.

Already the products of cellulose extend all the way from casings for sausages to the rayon fabrics that have completely upset the textile industries. The sausage films produced from cellulose are now made at the rate of seventeen miles of casings a day, and as a result of this invention, we now have what some prefer to call the "no-skin frankfurter" whose popularity is rapidly increasing.

Not only in agriculture but wherever one may turn he will find practices and policies being reshaped by the hand of science. All phases of the basic transportation problem are undergoing a continuous change. Our great rail carriers have been aroused by the advent of the motor car and the airplane. Special trains are furnished with radios, gymnasiums and dance floors. Tea is served in the afternoon. Locomotives are being named after famous people and decorated to match the bright colorings of the cars they haul.

An Engine That Goes Anywhere

An indication of what is coming in the railroad field may be gleaned from the announcement of one seven-year project that calls for the electrification of 1800 miles of track in America's most densely populated region. Electrical applications are increasing rapidly. A big Eastern carrier is testing out a three-power locomotive which gets its energy from any one of three sources—oil, overhead wire or a battery. This great machine carries its own power plant and has been designed for service in freight yards and through city streets that are not completely electrified. When the locomotive is operated on nonelectrified track, the power is furnished by a storage battery charged by an oil engine connected directly to a generator. As the change-over from external to internal power supply, or vice versa, occurs automatically, lights are provided to indicate to the engineer under just what condition of operation the equipment is running. Engines of this type can be driven into buildings where steam locomotives would be objectionable.

The technical brains of one international corporation recently completed the development of a most interesting high-pressure steam engine for railroad use. This machine is in the form of a car of all-steel construction equipped with a 300-horse-power plant, generating steam at 600 pounds' pressure from furnace oil or distillate. On a run of nearly 8000 miles the cost a mile for the new engine car was only a little more than twenty cents, as compared with thirty cents for a steam train burning coal. Three large railroads have placed orders for this type of unit, which supports the belief that the price of oil will be influenced more and more in the future by the demands of rail transportation.

Over in London they are now operating crewless trains of thirty-three cars to speed the mails underground from collection boxes to delivery points in the city. About 23,000 bags of mail are carried daily by trains that are controlled from dispatching cabins in the different subterranean stations. Automatic safety cut-outs prevent collisions, and indicators inform the operators where the trains are at any moment. Machines that record on dials the cause and nature of a mishap, and where it occurred, have also been installed on the London subways

Science has indeed come to the aid of railroad managements. The average distance now traveled daily by each freight train has increased 20 per cent in five years. Though handling more freight than ever before, American transporation systems today employ 200,000 fewer men than they did ten years ago. The present coal bill of the carriers would be $80,000,000 larger if the methods of 1920 were still in use.

In twenty years the size of railroad engines has been multiplied by four, rails are far heavier, broken stone for ballast has replaced cinders, curves have been cut out and grades reduced. In the United States seven men are engaged in maintaining a

(Continued on Page 241)

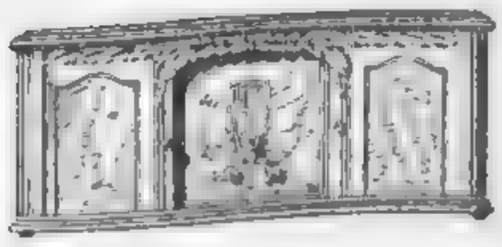
ANNOUNCING

BOSCH RADIO

ENGINEERED TO THE NEW SCREEN-GRID FOUR ELEMENT TUBES

Quality radio but not high-priced will be your discovery when you examine the new Bosch Radio models. Bosch engineered beyond your expectations to the new Screen-Grid tubes, this new Bosch Radio leads in the latest developments. Its electrical design and precision construction assure a pageantry of reception never approached in radio. Bosch Radio has a supreme simplicity of operation. Seven tubes—three Screen-Grid, a powered detector, two amplifiers, arranged in push-pull, and a full wave power rectifier—the latest tube developments. Hear and see the new Screen-Grid Bosch with Dynamic type Speaker at your Bosch Radio Dealer. The Bosch Radio Combination Receiver and Speaker Console—less tubes $168.50.

Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone
—Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada



New Bosch Radio Library Model 48 contains the perfectly shielded chassis with seven tubes, three of which are the new Screen-Grid amplifier type, housed in handsome table cabinet of richly grained walnut veneers. The sliding doors have distinct appeal. Price less tubes $119.50

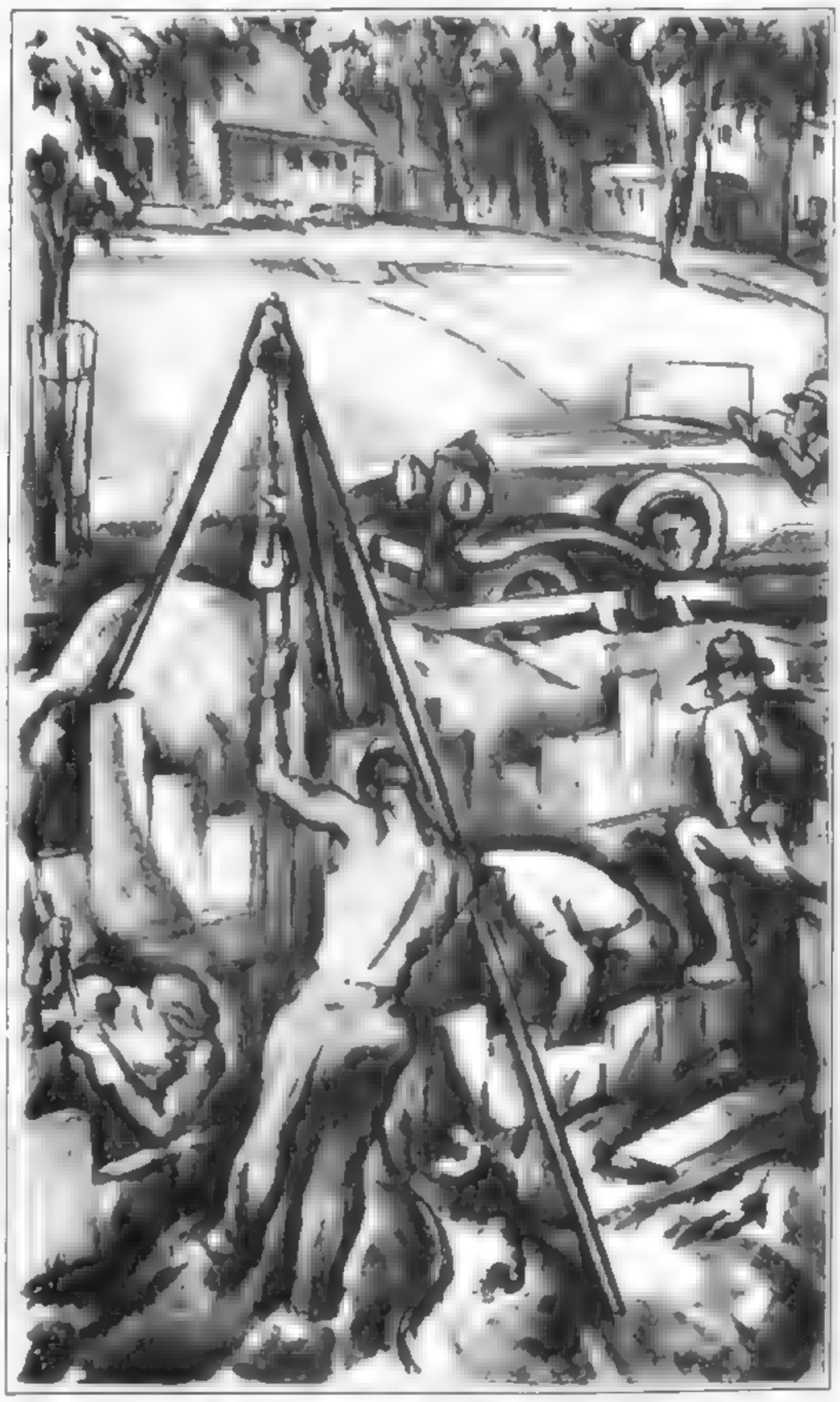
New Bosch Radio De Luxe Console, employing the most modern radio developments, uses seven tubes, three of which are the new Screen-Grid type. The sliding doors conceal both dial panel and dynamic type speaker. Antique finish in Old English line walnut veneers. Price less tubes $240.00

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

You'll Have Better Results With Bosch Radio Tubes

What kind of pipe *will they lay* in front of YOUR property?



"Does it make any difference?" It makes a *lot* of difference to your pocketbook. For there is pipe *and* pipe. There's pipe that may last, say, thirty years. A long time? Cast iron pipe lasts a century or more, *has* lasted a century and more—and there's cast iron pipe on the job today that's been in use for more than 250 years! Cast iron is the *longest* wearing pipe for gas or water mains being laid today . . .

How does this concern *you*, a citizen and property owner? It concerns you very directly—*and* financially. The replacement of underground mains costs money, and the property owner pays, directly or indirectly. Every pipe replacement means a torn-up street, with consequent engineering costs, labor costs, and paving material costs, *in addition to the cost of the pipe.* Many pipe replacements involve detours or tie-ups which add to the staggering national loss due to traffic delays. All this means money out of the taxpayer's pocket. And all this can be avoided—or delayed a century or so—by the laying of gas or water mains of *proved* long life.

When new streets are going down in your city, you've a right and a duty to ask *what kind* of gas or water pipe is being laid under those streets. Make sure that the kind of pipe specified will outlast the pavement. Make sure that the pipe which your taxes are paying for, is *cast iron* pipe. For cast iron pipe outlasts any type of pavement being laid today. And cast iron pipe outlasts, by generations, any other pipe suitable for gas or water mains.

Cast iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed below. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, valuable information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts, and for industrial needs. All information is supplied free of charge. Inquiries should be addressed to: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

CAST IRON PIPE

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white, as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of Cast Iron Pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York City.

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(Continued from Page 233)

one-mile stretch of railroad; in France, twelve; in Germany, twenty-seven; and in England, thirty-four.

Better rail transportation has probably done more than all else to perpetuate prosperity. Let us go back to the year 1905, when the weather during the entire season was ideal for wheat. The people of the Northwest were elated over the prospect of cashing in on the greatest crop ever grown. But when the winter came and the wheat should have found its way to market, the nation's railroad service broke down and the elevators were filled with grain. The wheat was poured into huge mounds, covered with canvas, and left to the mercy of the elements. The result was that there was almost as much misery throughout the farming region of the Northwest as if the wheat crop had been a failure.

Only seven years ago the car shortage in our country was averaging about 55,000 every week. This meant thousands of delays and disappointments to buyers and sellers. Business was hampered as a result of having tens of millions of dollars tied up in corporation inventories. The hand-to-mouth plan of trading was practically impossible. Under such a condition price fluctuations were wide and inflation was always imminent.

But now things are different. Goods come to us in five days instead of five weeks. Turnover is rapid, and warehouses are not overstocked. Instead of making a trip two or three times a year, salesmen must be constantly on the road, always promising immediate delivery. Now when there is a bumper crop in any section of the country the railroads join hands in the crisis.

That happened recently in Kansas in the movement of wheat. Thousands of cars were rolled into the state without any reference to ownership, and more than 1000 carloads of wheat started for market every twenty-four hours until the gigantic task of handling the crop was completed. Prosperity is based on the earning or saving of money, and the part the railroads are playing is evidenced by the fact that they are now saving shippers $1,000,000,000 a year as compared with the methods of ten years ago.

The effects of improved machines and better practices are being felt in every field of transportation. Highway traffic has become of paramount importance. The motorbus mileage of the country has now reached a total of 305,000 miles, while that of the railroads is about 261,000 miles. About sixty-five big rail transportation systems have started operating their own busses for both passengers and freight.

A Change of Horses

One recent innovation in the way of a passenger coach for highway service is a monster double-deck Pullman bus that has berths for twenty-six people and is equipped to supply hot meals during the days consumed in a long journey overland. Each of the thirteen compartments has a wash basin with running water and a built-in vacuum bottle. At the back of the coach is a lavatory. Although this bus is thirty-four feet long and has two decks, it is only ten feet high. It has a detachable engine, so that at certain points during its long run a new motor can be substituted for the one that has been in use. This plan eliminates the necessity of any delay in overhauling the engine during the trip.

Continuous research in the automobile and highway construction fields is bringing highly beneficial results. Clever minds are busy finding remedies for every sort of waste and every kind of trouble. For instance, one of the most disagreeable features of the motor car has been the laborious task the motorist must perform when a tire has to be inflated unexpectedly along the highway. Now comes an automatic tire inflator which may be attached to each wheel. It is a simple little device constructed on the principle of the air compressor. In actual operation it forces air into the tire each time the wheel revolves. When the required pressure is secured, a check valve comes into action, preventing any further intake of air until the pressure has again fallen below the predetermined amount. In the case of punctures and slow leaks this device will keep the tire at the proper pressure as long as the car is running.

Traffic control has come in for a great amount of study. One unique system in a small Eastern city employs a vacuum-tube transmitter of long waves and low power for the control of all street lights. In this plan the radio waves, instead of spreading out in all directions, are confined to the wires that go to receiving stations. This plan of using a transmitter to operate a system of 1000 lamps has replaced the time-clock method of traffic regulation.

A town in Illinois uses an automatic sun switch to control the lights on seventy miles of streets. This new device is what might be called an astronomical clock. It turns on the lights when the sun sets in the evening and switches them off at the coming of dawn.

One Mile to Stop

The need of standardizing traffic signs and signals throughout the country is now apparent. Much confusion is resulting from the present diversity of methods. Since about 4 per cent of our population is color-blind, it is evident that we have several million people in America who require all the help possible in simplifying traffic signals. Experiments have disclosed that the most satisfactory colors for traffic signals are red-orange and blue-green, the bluer the better. To the usual type of color-blind person, red, orange and yellow all appear yellow or brown. Blue-green and blue are taken for blue. It is generally easy for the color-blind person to distinguish the colors that appear yellow from the colors that appear blue, but he finds it easy to confuse yellow and red. In other words, he is likely to get mixed up in the Caution and Stop lights. This is doubtless the reason why a number of cities have done away with the yellow Caution light.

Changes are now coming so rapidly in the field of traffic regulation that no one can say what kind of light arrangements will be in use a year hence. The latest and most satisfactory scheme for small towns is a plan in which the signal changes at each crossing are so timed that a green, or Go, signal shows progressively up and down the street, allowing a vehicle to maintain an average speed of twenty miles an hour without being stopped at any intersection.

American highways are becoming noticeably smoother, due largely to the development of sensitive testing devices which make it possible to penalize contractors for unsatisfactory results. Better machines to study the smoothness of pavements have disclosed many useful facts. Highways completed in the fall are smoother than those finished earlier in the year. The first pavement placed in the morning is rougher than that placed later in the day. This kind of new knowledge serves to guide builders in arranging their plans.

Science is likewise revolutionizing transportation by water and air. Turbine-electric propulsion is being applied to practically all kinds of boats, both large and small. The United States Navy's airplane carrier Saratoga uses this type of power plant, and when traveling at her top speed of 40.5 miles an hour, cannot be stopped in a distance of much less than a mile. If transatlantic passenger liners were to maintain a constant speed equal to that developed by the Saratoga, the crossing from New York to Queenstown could be accomplished in three days and seventeen hours. Although the turbine-electric ship possesses many advantages and is practically free of vibration, foreigners are only now commencing to show interest in this type of vessel.

Innumerable new devices will add to the convenience and comfort of ocean travel. A new mechanism for guiding vessels into harbor during periods of dense fog was recently installed at a French port. The apparatus consists of a siren, the vibrations of which are of such high frequency that they are imperceptible to the human ear. Immediately below the siren is a wireless aerial connected with a mechanism below the water which projects the waves of sound outward over a very small arc of a circle. Every ship carrying a suitable receiver can pick up the sounds, and by following them can make straight for port without having to wait for the fog to lift.

New airplane devices are changing aeronautics practically overnight. One such apparatus is in the nature of auxiliary wings which give the plane a grip on the air in case the motor should stall and the machine start to drop. A new gasoline gage will not freeze or break, and will record within one-eighth of an inch the exact amount of gasoline in an airplane tank. An improved compass weighs only one-fifth as much as previous instruments of its kind, and thereby saves one-half horse power of the engine's energy. A clever altimeter measures the height of a plane by means of a radio echo reflected from the ground. All previous altitude indicators have measured height above sea level, neglecting such factors as mountains, hills and valleys.

The status of aeronautics ten years hence is beyond conception. Already the hum of an approaching airplane motor can be utilized to throw a switch controlling the flood lights at an airport. Even more remarkable is a recent type of army anti-aircraft gun having a control mechanism so delicate that it responds to the sound waves of an airplane's drone and automatically aims the gun at the craft.

Great beacons send fingers of light seventy miles through the darkness of night. The flood lights now used at many airports supply sufficient illumination to enable one to read his newspaper when standing at a distance of a mile from the big lamps. A remarkable radio device will soon make it unnecessary for a pilot to fly blind at night or during a fog. With this system in actual operation two white lines on a black dial will shrink or extend unequally before his eyes, telling him whether he is flying to the left or right of his prescribed course.

A Nest of Airplanes

While the airplane has possibilities unmeasured, the great air liners of the future will doubtless be ships of the dirigible type. Airships now being built both here and abroad will dwarf the latest Zeppelins. Two huge ships at present being constructed for the United States Navy will have a gas capacity almost twice that of today's largest lighter-than-air vessels. They will be made of duralumin and will have a hangar from which five airplanes can be launched, each slipping from a trapeze like performers in a circus. It is likely that heavy oil will be used for fuel, instead of gasoline.

The development and wide use of various types of aircraft will probably bring as great changes in common practices as did the automobile. For example, consider for a moment the territory of Alaska—a land of opportunity, held back by the slowness of exploratory methods. Recently a government expedition supplied with three airplanes did more mapping in Alaska in fifteen days than ordinary surveyors could have accomplished in fifteen years. A great part of the region mapped from the sky had never been seen by human eyes. A wealth of values including water-power and timber resources was disclosed by the pictures.

And so the story runs. We live in a riot of noises, numbers and mechanized melodies, and the current trend to mechanical methods is nowhere near an end. One type of automaton is even replacing watchmen at reservoirs. It not only tells the distant operator the height of water but also controls the flow of the water at his bidding. Other ingenious creations analyze the components of colors with the greatest accuracy; strip telephone cables, making it possible

Just Mix with water and apply—that's all there is to making cracked walls and ceilings like new with Rutland Patching Plaster. Anyone can do it in a few minutes. It makes a *perfect* patch. Lasts as long as the wall itself. At all paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Be sure you get *Rutland* Patching Plaster, made by Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

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BABY'S "COMFY-SAFE" [illegible] baby [illegible] comfort and safety [illegible] Guaranteed to lock to [illegible] and most coach seats. A real Autoseat made by the makers of Little Tinker

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FAMOUS FEET

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HELEN MORGAN'S
Famous Feet

"Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly . . . but nobody's gotta keep a corn . . . Just say 'Blue-jay' to Mr. Drug Store Man!"

So writes Helen Morgan, paraphrasing the famous song she sings in "Show Boat."

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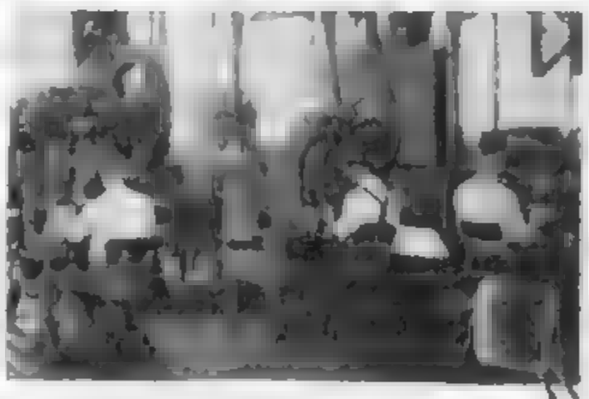
For 29 years, Blue-jay has been conquering the nation's corns. So gently and so conveniently! But now comes a still finer Blue-jay. With a new-style white pad that will not bulge the daintiest slipper . . . Soft and cool as velvet. Relieves shoe-pressure and pain at once. And an improvement in the famous Blue-jay medication, too, to speed the departure of the corn. If Blue-jay has made corns needless in the past, today a corn is a greater folly! The new Blue-jay awaits you at all drug stores, at no increase in price! *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

To Large Employers of Office and Factory Labor÷

"TAKE this easy chair and be comfortable"—that's what you say to the guest in your home. It will pay you to say the same thing to all of your employees—both in factory and office. It will pay in better work and increased production—better morale and better health.



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to salvage the lead and copper from junked cable at small cost; and set type by wire, presenting the likelihood that a single operator, sending by wireless, will eventually be able to set type in dozens of cities at one time.

If it had not been for a little mechanism capable of measuring distance to the billionth of an inch, we would not have been able to verify a valuable new theory of magnetism that greatly improved our cable service. One may get an idea of how small a billionth of an inch really is by noting that if it were possible to get paper of such incredible thinness, more than a million sheets piled one on the other would be required to equal a piece of ordinary tissue paper in thickness. In the field of science the smallest thing may be a matter of greatest importance.

Fewer and fewer tasks are being left for human hands. One clever automaton will turn out 1000 photographic prints an hour. It will handle either roll or cut film, and will take all sizes. The negative is inserted in the front of the machine and an electric contact causes a light to flash on and off for the time necessary to expose the prints. This apparatus not only exposes and numbers the prints but drops them into a dark box, all with one operation.

A Quick Stitch in Time

A new German device called the telehor may soon be used to transmit moving pictures and to serve research workers by getting pictures at places where humans cannot live, such as the bottom of the ocean or high up in the air. This mechanism will transmit pictures direct from the object without the necessity of making preliminary exposures.

In this process the electric impulses of a picture are sent one at a time, and it takes one-eighth of a second to send enough to make a complete picture.

Another remarkable apparatus is made up of an electric motor, an eight-day clock, a motion-picture camera and a high-powered microscope. The motor cranks the camera and the clock regulates the filming. This invention has already recorded the growth of roses and the beating of a turtle's heart. Doubtless it will give us first-hand knowledge of the home life of germs and a better understanding of the growth of a chicken which has not yet been hatched.

The depthograph, a new stereoscopic camera, successfully achieves the third-dimensional effect in photography. An invention known as the recordak is being employed to photograph checks as they pass through an adding machine. New astronomical devices are taking away all privacy from the activities of the sun and the stars. No longer is it necessary to wait for an eclipse to see the prominences of the sun or to study the solar tornadoes caused by sun spots that are many times as large as the earth. Accomplishments of such men as Dr. George Ellery Hale and of Professor Wright of the University of California have brought to reality the dream of science that one day we would be able to make motion pictures of heavenly bodies.

Great are the rewards for successful invention. Such a simple thing as a machine to repair stockings was recently given a market value of $20,000,000. Before long a young lady with a run in her stocking may step into a near-by store and have the damage repaired in less time than it would take to shine her shoes. This mechanism automatically weaves a broken thread back into the fabric, and can make 300 repairs a day.

The present era has no parallel in history. Today's theories are tomorrow's proved principles. The dreams of one month are the realities of the next. The machine has cast its shadow over every department of industry and has added a tremendous measure of power to human arms. The engineer has given to the world a changed tempo, and has created a form of prosperity that is more the result of a flow of new ideas than of a flow of money.

Keeping Robots in Their Place

But, as always, the burdens of prosperity are heavy indeed. Never before has man spent the treasures of the earth so rapidly. Competition is of a new order and springs up overnight. Great discoveries come daily and no one can tell what will be their ultimate effect on any business. Change takes place so speedily that things are scrapped almost before they are used. As a consequence, the road of industry has become a highway of hazards as well as hope.

Now one must not only know what is going on about him but must be able to understand its true significance. This is not easy when the day's news tells of machines to collect energy from ether; luminous bulbs to take the place of filament lamps; giant telescopes to search the boundaries of creation; loud-speakers to reach a million people at once; mechanical ears that will hear a gun 130 miles away; and apparatus capable of exerting a pressure so great it will turn water into hot ice.

Scientific accomplishments of this kind have been chiefly responsible in freeing humanity from uncongenial tasks and dreary drudgery. Automatons of iron have given us leisure time to use in the pursuit of health and a higher culture. They have been indispensable allies in the building and maintenance of America's commercial supremacy.

We are safe in our partnership with robots as long as we remember that they cannot do creative thinking or make decisions, and as long as we continue to regard them as servants whose welfare comes second to humankind.

It is becoming more clear each day that the price of progress is never-ending research. With a raging flood of new knowledge now pouring from laboratories, there is no hope whatever for people who believe that their own business has no scientific problems. Heaven help those who cannot read the handwriting on the wall.

The Kwong Incident

IN HIS biography of Captain Dollar, recently published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. Ernest Poole quoted Captain Dollar as giving the experiences of Mr. Wong Kwong of Hankow with the immigration authorities in San Francisco, when he came to the United States on a business trip in 1923. Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor has brought to our attention the fact that the visit in question took place not in 1923 but in 1915.

How to Settle the Shaving Cream Argument . .

finally and forever

Never before have men been so deeply concerned about shaving creams as they are today. They want far greater comfort. They want speed. They want convenience. And manufacturers, quick to sense the situation, are pouring forth oceans of words in behalf of their own products.

But Talk Means Little—Manufacturers may argue till the cows come home. They may tell you that millions are using their creams, but until you have tried and used any one cream, it means little in *your* life. So we urge that manufacturers dispense with talk as far as possible. Let each one merely offer his shaving cream free for a week's test. Let each product sell itself. That is our way. We are so sure of MOLLÉ, that we will send a week's supply free to any reader of this publication. If we lose, you can forget it. You will be nothing out of the pocket. If MOLLÉ wins, you are assured wonderful shaves all the rest of your life.

It's a Different Type of Cream—Whether you choose MOLLÉ (*Mō-lay*) or not is a question for you, and you only, to decide—after testing it. One thing is certain, however: you'll find MOLLÉ *different*, *very* different, from other shaving creams. MOLLÉ requires no brush. It makes no lather and no bubbles. It contains no soap, no alkali, no caustic.

MOLLÉ is Not a Chemist's Compound—MOLLÉ was discovered by a learned physician—a skin specialist. MOLLÉ is a true emollient. After-lotions are never used. The discoverer of MOLLÉ sought to accomplish three things:

1. *Gentle, easy shaving that would forever end razor-pull.*
2. *A positive, beneficial effect upon the face instead of rough, burning, smarting, irritated skins.*
3. *Quicker, more convenient shaving.*

How well he succeeded is not for us to tell you. A week's trial on your part will bring you the answer.

Some Men Won't Send Coupons—Altho we receive *thousands* of requests weekly for test-supplies of MOLLÉ, we know that some men never clip or send coupons to anybody. We hope that you are not one of those men, because in your interest, as well as ours, we want you to get acquainted with this *different* shaving cream—MOLLÉ.

However, if you never send coupons, or you wish to try MOLLÉ *on this very day*, do this: Go to your nearest druggist. Buy a regular 50c tube of MOLLÉ (a whale of a big package). Use it liberally for one week. If then you are not satisfied in every way, return the remainder to us and we will refund your 50c.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Department 19, Cleveland, Ohio

Our free trial offer has made us more than a million new customers—below is the free coupon.

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather.
A Whale of a Tube.

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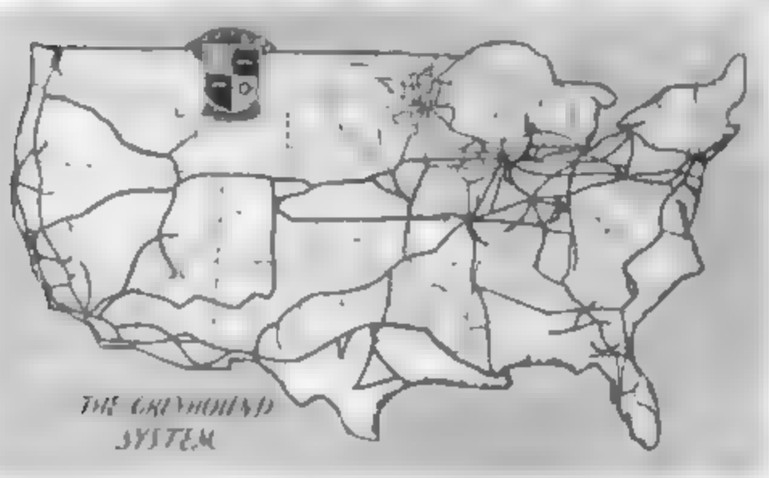
Through Greyhound Lines, places before accessible but once a day now enjoy two to five daily buses along each important highway. Between larger travel centers there are Greyhound buses almost every hour of the day and night. Here is new convenience, new and better service, in transportation. Your comfort and safe arrival are guarded by the largest, most responsible of motor bus systems. You are piloted by drivers not only highly skilled but selected carefully for character. Buses, of modern, all-steel construction, are fitted with every comfort and safety device.



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HAVING IT OUT

By Laffaline Peck

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I—PARDON the poisonal pronoun—am a reasonably brave man; not quite so intrepid as the modern Amazon who has the courage to do her cross-word puzzles in indelible ink, nor quite so valorous as the first medieval citizen who took the inaugural bite out of the eggplant when that somber offshoot of the nightshade family was known as the raging apple.

My courage is reddish brown in color and has a long bushy tail like a fox. In other words, I will take an extended detour to avoid trouble and I will not insist on a return ticket. However, I do possess enough bravery to meet my own problems with my own arithmetic. I know that it takes two to make a fight and that one from one does not leave me. The other fellow is the one who is left.

This may sound like the shrinking diary of a timid commuter. It is. When I hear a burglar in the cellar I go up into the attic to investigate. Yet you may think that it requires courage for a coward to lay all his cards on the table in this manner. I take no credit for it. The cards would have fallen out of my shaky hand, anyway.

However, it proves that even a man like myself can rise to great heights when I inform you that I officiated twice as a judge in the Asbury Park Baby Parade. And in the dark, fearful days of the war I enlisted for active service on the western front—in Kentucky. My semihonorable discharge reads thusly: "Battles, none; wounds, less; appetite, excellent; bravery, optional."

Which not only fits me to a *t* but also dots my *i*, for I hold that bravery is optional at all times and that it is not necessary to exercise the option. When two strong men stand face to face I will be keeping the books. I had not been in the Army a week before I found that I feared all things. Perpetual pearls of perspiration stood out upon my mansard forehead, even as the beads upon the brow of the glipra bird, which cannot sing a note, cannot fly a yard and is afraid of its shadow in a land where there is eternal sunshine. I feared the plunging cavalry horses, the top sergeants, the special orders and the army surgeons. And most of all I feared the bayonet.

I feared the bayonet as the bad boy fears the goblin, the goblin fears the crow of the rooster and the rooster fears the bad boy. It was a round robin of trepidation that encircled me in magnetic waves of imagination. My panic was not an acquired taste. Neither was it inherited, for the only indomitable swordsman in the Peck ancestral elm was a grandfather who used to eat pie with his knife. He must have been an expert marksman with the pastry poniard, for he lived to an unripe old age and passed away, like Chevalier de Bayard, lamenting that the age of chivalry was over when the mundane fork had triumphed over the heroic sword.

But no matter how I absorbed my cutlery abhorrence, all I knew was that I had it and that I dreaded the daily bayonet practice under the chilly halibut eye of an imported English top kicker who seemed to think that the only road to soldier heaven was over the beautiful, scenic, cold-steel route. To him the orthodox demise was to be spitted on the end of a hostile prong like an apple on a stick. He had jabbed at the Boxer in Peking, prodded the Turk in the Dardanelles and exchanged sociable thrusts with Oom Paul's spearsmen in South Africa. The one tall grouch of his life was an elusive Bavarian who had escaped from this sanguinary British filing system after having been neatly indexed and made ready to be put away for future reference.

"'E 'ad no table manners," were the top kicker's own bitter words. "'E 'ad no table manners. 'E rolled hoff my knife."

Cabbages and kings or peas and peasants were all the same to him. Whether you were vegetable or man, you had no business rolling off the knife. He used to instruct us in the manly art of selfish defense and less selfish attack by hacking away with his bayonet at a bag of sand suspended like a tackling dummy from a crossbar. He zipped and hacked at that sack of sand as if it were a personal enemy, and I used to get sick as I watched the sands of inanimate life running out of that canvas hourglass. I couldn't help it. When he plunged and whaled away at that bag, scientists in search of the perfect vacuum could have found one in the pit of my stomach. When it came my turn to impale that sandman, I rushed up to it with wabbly knees, gave it a tender knitting-needle jab, shrieked, and then fell in a manly swoon.

That was nothing new, as I had folded up in a graceful bundle while being vaccinated on my first day in the democratic army. I had oozed into a peaceful collapse as the medical orderly scratched a delicate pigeon track on my arm. When I came to a few minutes later I was daubed artistically with iodine and confined to barracks. I enjoyed three days of light duty and recuperated enough to be vaccinated on the other arm, which operation was followed by

This Play is Called a Huddle in Football. In Medical Circles it is Known as a Consultation

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THIS is one of the most popular school pens in the world—endorsed by writing supervisors everywhere. See that your children have the advantage of [illegible] pen points

THE LIVELIEST MOTOR YOU EVER OWNED

YOU own it right now. All your motor needs is Opco Lubrication. Opco will bring back and preserve your motor's original snappy pick-up, its smooth, powerful pull and its showroom quietness.

Opco is the Big Brother to crank case oil—it lubricates the valves and valve stems and compression rings just as efficiently as crank case oil does the main and connecting rod bearings. Opco is not an oil—it is a hybrid with the exclusive peculiarity that heat *intensifies* its lubricating qualities. Under terrific combustion chamber heat it sears into the metal parts an indurated super slippery film—defying friction and preventing the formation of carbon deposits.

THE OPCO LUBRICATOR

feeds Opco automatically. A lacquer and polish finish unit with combination choke and slow feed valve—calibrating dial, set screw and filler cap of brass—handsome dash control—complete with fittings and a quart of Opco, $5.00 (Canada $6.50). At your dealer's or write direct.

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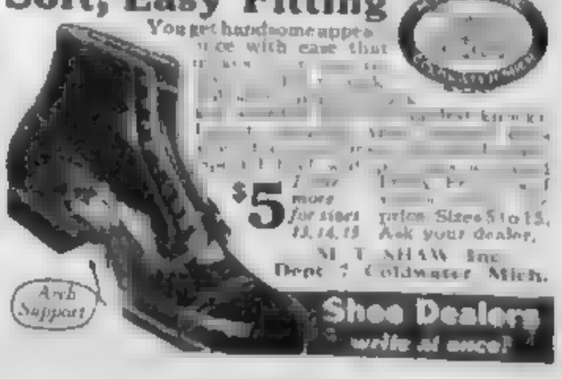
You get handsome appearance with ease that



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POPULAR Mary Ellen Barbour, at right, earns *her own money* for expenses and a goodtimes fund. A single hour of spare time spent in introducing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to her friends brought her almost $1.00. And she is proud to wear the blue-and-gold honor pin that she won for her continued good work.

Many other girls and women are earning shining dollars for their purses in this interesting way. They find it is just as pleasant as it is easy. Mary Carolyn Hurst earned $58.00 in a few months; Eleanor Brown tucked away $5.00 in a single day!

Besides the money you may win such charming and useful prizes as

Sports Watches	*Middy Blouses*
Handy Cameras	*Banjo Ukes*
Silk Umbrellas	*Tennis Rackets*

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Simply take your pencil and fill in the coupon below, and all the details of our plan will be sent you. You'll be so surprised . . . and delighted, that you'll be eager to start! And you can earn without experience. It won't cost you a cent and you'll be under no obligations.

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426 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can earn money and prizes.

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another military swoon, another daub of iodine and three days more of light duty. Whenever a military doctor was in doubt he used iodine; and this treatment reached its pharmaceutical climax in Flanders when an army surgeon painted an entire shell-blasted town with iodine and marked it "Light duty."

Outside of the single exception of bayoneting, I was getting along very well in eating, sleeping and other soldierly duties. No finer trained fighter ever stood in a mess line and no handsomer dragoon ever stretched out in full regalia in bunk fatigue. It looked as if I couldn't miss a commission, which would make me an officer or a gentleman by the usual congressional majority.

By this time I was a top kicker myself. So you could realize that I was not afraid of the war. All I was scared of was the fighting. If I could not kill an enemy with a bayonet when only an ordinary private, I could now consummate my oath against the foe of my country by nagging him to death as a top sergeant.

One Good Sentry on the Go

And then a couple of armistices burst into bloom. The first one was a fake and withered on the vine. But the second was genuine, with the correct signature on the selvage. The English sergeant gathered his beloved bayonets into bundles like asparagus, kissed them sadly and put them away in his hope chest. I was through with all knives for all time except the one in my mess gear, and that wasn't keen enough to spoil the contour of a potato. Discipline tightened up like a banjo string and then snapped from too much pressure and no music. The whole camp was given a Saturday afternoon in the nearest town.

I was one of a raiding detail that captured a cafeteria and gorged itself bow-legged. We ate everything on the menu except the finger marks and the punctuation. I actually spent six dollars and fifteen cents in that cafeteria and left feeling very sick but much refreshed.

It was cold in barracks that night, and some day I shall write my war experiences under seventeen flags and three thin army blankets. I had a fine cough the next morning and went to the infirmary for the usual shower bath of iodine. The infirmary was a popular rendezvous for the sick hoping to get well and the gold-brickers hoping to get sick.

Old Doc Mumble, the post surgeon, was a doctor of the old army school and was known as Little Pills to distinguish him from his famous ancestor, Big Pills, whose gigantic prescriptions in the Civil War still hold all the Olympic records for distance, weight and rebound. His most famous was the medicine prescribed for the homesick West Virginia mountaineers. This regiment of hillside moodies was down in Washington defending the Republican side of the Long Bridge.

A hillside moody is a man who has lived in the hills so long that his outside leg is a foot longer than his wheel leg, which is the proper ratio for a man going around a hill, but useless on the flat plains of the Potomac. A hillside moody can get no traction on a level surface and limps badly. The result was that the entire regiment was incapacitated with homesickness, and General Grant was about to demobilize it when Big Pills diagnosed the situation and wrote his immortal prescription: One band of music and a keg of liquor. That regiment recovered its health immediately.

Doc Mumble took a look at me and said, "You back again?"

I sagged down to a position of attention and gave Little Pills the medical salute, which consists of sticking out the tongue at half-mast and raising the eyebrows to port arms. This is the regulation salute for army surgeons, but doesn't go so good with second looies and third colonels. Little Pills made a grab at my tongue, but I pulled it back before he could paint it with iodine and mark it "Light duty." My tongue had grown a thick white coat of beautiful ermine and I didn't want Little Pills to spoil the effect. I was a sick man and I wanted plenty of time to enjoy the symptoms. Although the war was over, every army post still posted night sentries to annoy officers and enemies seeking to enter the post after dark. It was this guard duty I was trying to avoid.

Little Pills was frustrated in his attempt to weatherproof me with iodine but got even with me by sending me back to barracks; and that night I got even with Little Pills, for I was on sentry go and my post was Number 7, just under Little Pills' window. A good sentry can make a lot of noise in the night, especially when challenging shadows, men and trees. When stopping a stranger in the dark the regulation question is "Halt! Who's there?"

The answer should be, reading from left to right, "Friend of the camp."

After that the rest is ad libitum. If the challenged unknown proves to be another private you exchange breaths with him; if he is a looie you swap salutes; and if he is a general you barter one of your cigarettes for one of his wet matches. The higher the rank in the army, the less rank they are. Number 7 was a very busy post that night and I saw to it that my challenging broadcasting was an octave above the regulation wave length. If Little Pills got any sleep that night it wasn't going to be my fault.

I challenged dogs, cats and the moon. When I got close enough to Number 6 I challenged him and he challenged back. I kept "Halt! Who's there?" ringing out through the night; and around midnight Little Pills raised his window and said "Hey, Peck, are you a traffic cop or a sentry?"

I challenged him before he could slam the window down.

The sentry business continued to get better as the night wore out. The conversation for the next two hours consisted of "Halt! Who's there?"

The answer was "Friend."

Once again it would be "Halt! Who's there?"

And the answer would come "Friend."

At the three hundredth repetition of this short, sociable debate, old Mumble again raised his window and hollered "For heaven's sake, Peck, can't you meet your friends some other place?"

A Military Secret Revealed

I got in a good, loud challenge before he could close his window again. He didn't answer, so I guess he was no friend of that particular camp. The dark red iodine feud continued the next day, for sentry go didn't improve my cold and I had a regulation O. D. fever in the morning. When Little Pills piped me straggling into the infirmary a wicked gleam shone in the B batteries he used for eyes. He shoved back his plunging swivel chair and shouted "Halt! Who's there?"

"Friend of the camp," I said, feeling that there was something rotten in a country much nearer than Denmark.

"Advance, friend, and be iodined" was his next order, and I was. He iodined me to a high gloss. Not only that, but he ticketed me to the base hospital, that bourn from which no soldier returneth. I was good and sick by now, and it didn't make the army cot any softer when Little Pills came down to take charge of the case. He felt my forehead without taking his gloves off and announced that my fever was four above par. I also had the largest private collection of pains that any man had in his stomach, and made the mistake of telling the nurse, who, in turn, told it to Little Pills. I was later to discover that telling a nurse anything is just as safe as imparting a secret to the town crier. When Little Pills heard that I had pains in the tummy, he was so delighted he shook my hand under the pretense that he was feeling my pulse. Before he left he told the nurse to notify him in case I got worse.

"Say, doc," I asked, "suppose I get better?" *(Continued on Page 249)*

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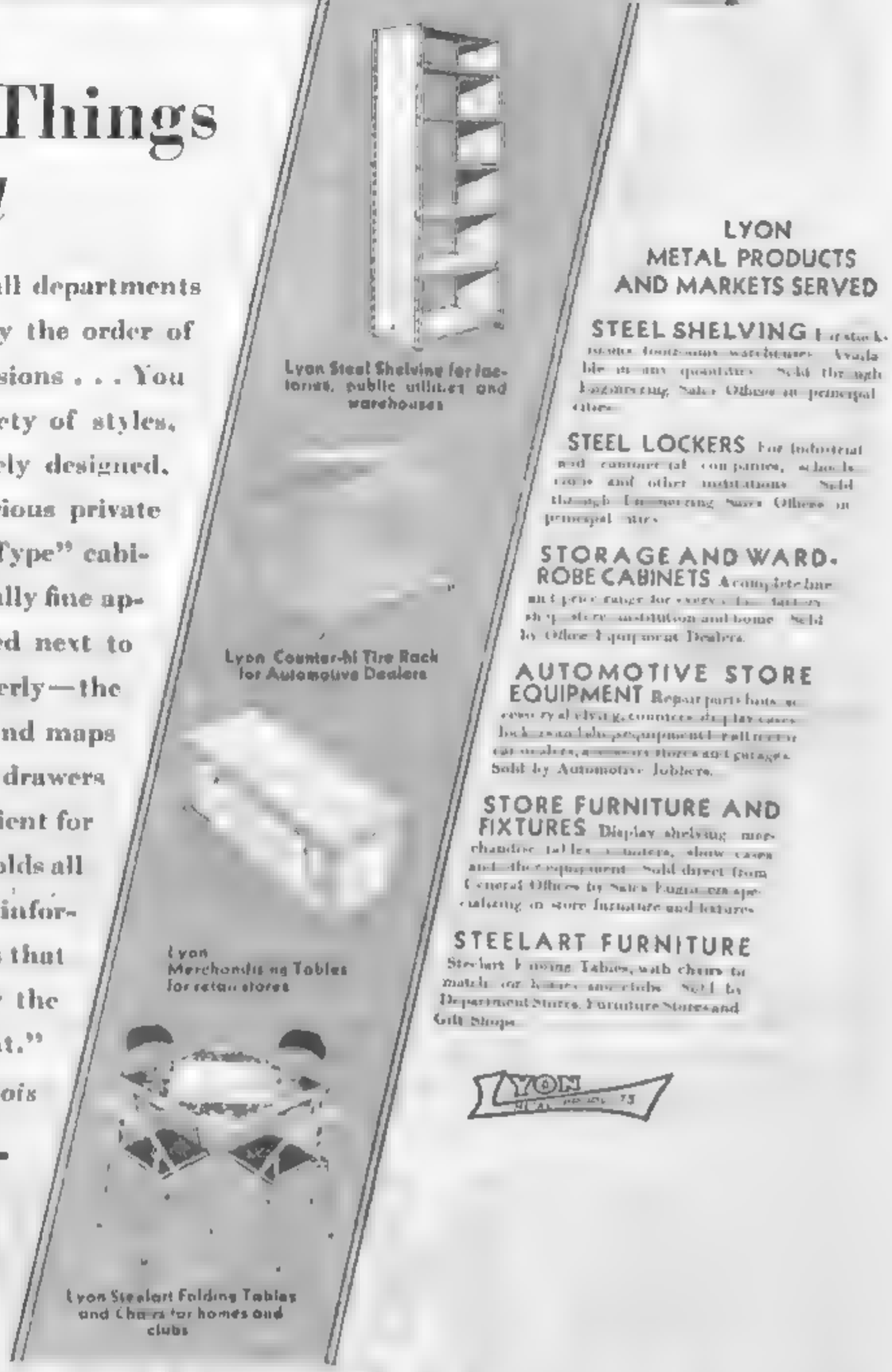
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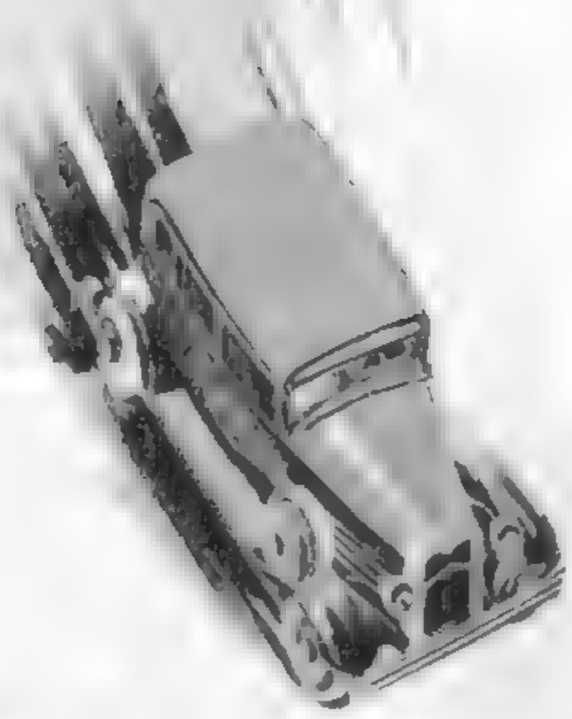

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(Continued from Page 246)

"Then I don't want to hear about it."

He didn't intend the slamming of the door to be music. But it was harmony to my ears. Bad news was good news to Little Pills, because he was back again in two days when he heard I had taken a detour for the worse. He went into executive session with the nurse, studied the chart of the case and announced that I had appendicitis!

I admit that I was feeling like a first-class passenger on the Wreck of the Hesperus, that my illness was not all gold-bricking, but appendicitis was a pony in a different polo game. There was only one answer to appendicitis and that was the knife! If Little Pills ever got his favorite sentry on the operating table he would Hamburger me. I was one shad he was longing to plank. I knew that I must have appendicitis if doc said so, for he was my superior officer and to have anything less would be insubordination. Doc gave the nurse some instructions, sprayed me with a triumphant antiseptic glance and paraded out. The last I heard of him he was chuckling a high C in medical glee. The nurse left the room and came back in a few minutes with a glassful of something that looked like pale and interesting concrete. And by the way, the nurse must have been very pretty at one time, but not this time. She held out the glass to me. I took it and sampled it, then poured it in the cuspidor. It was awful.

Honorably Discharged in Toto

"What's that stuff?" I asked her. "It tastes like your foot's asleep."

"That's bismuth and buttermilk," she said. She informed me that the object of the bismuth was to outline my alimentary tract with a white substance which would enable the surgeons to get an X ray of my interior. Even now, Little Pills was probably up at headquarters studying Professor Doodabb's famous scientific travelogue, Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera. There was only one thing for me to do if I didn't want Little Pills to mince my meat. So I did it.

"Nursy," I said, "let's elope."

"What for?" she asked.

"Just for the boat trip," I told her. She refused.

"All right," I told her, "I'll elope by myself."

And I did. I scurried out of that base hospital. I was back in barracks inside of ten minutes and borrowed a complete uniform from my bunkies, including a set of that famous government summer underwear which is issued to all snow-shoveling details. This underwear has all the rugged warp and woof of a pair of lace curtains. It felt good to get back in barracks and I felt better when my commanding officer informed me that I had just received an honorable telegraphic discharge from the War Department. The war was not only over but I had wriggled off Little Pills' hook and there would be no operation. I could leave the Army at any time I desired, and what's more, I could take my appendix with me.

Now there are not many people who know it, but a soldier leaving the Army is still under military jurisdiction for twenty-four hours following the date of his discharge. This is to prevent him from slugging his immediate military superior the minute he has his discharge in his hands. This is a wise rule and saves the life of many a top kicker. It also saved Doc Mumble, for I would surely have doused him in a bath of his own iodine and low-bridged him with his own beloved pills every time his head came to the surface. I was in civvies on a train rattling eastward inside of five hours, and got back home in Philadelphia in time to go to bed.

The folks dragged in the old family physician by the heels. He was a good diagnostician in the days when doctors rode high bicycles and wore whiskers that looked like the fringe on grandmother's Paisley shawl. He was an old-timer, and his hands were so shaky that he couldn't have found the pulse in a flivver hood. He told me there was nothing to worry about. All I had was appendicitis. A very simple operation. Zip! You're open! Zip! You're sewed up again! He illustrated it with his hands like a man cutting out paper dolls. I told him to slam the door from the outside.

"Young man, you have chronic appendicitis," he said. "If you don't have an operation in the next month, your life won't be worth a pewter dime."

"Doc," I told him, "if there is anybody going to be cut around here, it is going to be you. You're not going to do any fancy needlework on me. If my life is worth only a dime I'm going to be careful to count the change before leaving the window."

He made the second doctor I had eliminated from the tournament, and I was up and about inside of a week. I was feeling as fit as a bull fiddle with plenty of rosin. I was convinced that all I had was one of those stomachs that laughed out of turn. I felt so good that I called up the firm I had worked for before the war and told them I was ready to go out on the road again. They sent me to Los Angeles.

Now I haven't got much of a profile, but I am fairly good-looking when you look at me head-on. I plunged into the wild cafeteria life of Hollywood, and the result was that my appendix started twittering again; but this time I decided to follow the same advice given by the old lady to the captain of the ocean liner. The ship was being battered in a terrific storm and the captain rushed about the deck shouting, "She's lost her propeller! She's lost her propeller!"

The old lady said, "Keep quiet about it and nobody will notice it."

I decided that if I kept mum about my vermiform propeller, no one would take cognizance of it. I kept on about my business, but the blamed thing kept buzzing. The best way I can describe the twinge is as a buzzing pain. It buzzed and buzzed until I felt like a two-legged beehive with ears. So I hopped into a glorious California hospital one day in that sun-kissed land. The trouble was that the sun had kissed me a trifle too hard. When the doctors came around to collect my symptoms I told them that I didn't smoke, but had got a tobacco heart from reading too many cigarette signs. They told me I had my vest buttoned too tight and were about to discharge me as cured, when some diplomaed moron thought of taking a blood test. He pulled out a tiny lancet about the size of a baby toothpick, and when I saw it I promptly swooned. I still had my aversion to sharp instruments, and when he stabbed me in the finger, I hopped out of bed, broke the leg off a chair and went after him.

Well Plastered

They put me back in bed and came back inside of an hour with the good news that the test had shown the white corpuscles had moved right into the high-rent district with the red corpuscles and that an operation was my only chance of surviving the present administration. So I wasn't the least bit astonished when I saw a very pretty nurse bringing in a glass of something which I recognized as my old friend Von Bismuth. The bismuth tasted awful, but she was pretty. I drank it all and it tasted like concrete, looked like concrete, and for all I know, may have been concrete. Then she left the room and came back with a second glass of it.

This time I squawked. "Not a chance," I said. "You drink this one. It's my treat."

"No," she said; "you must drink this one too. The doctors are going to make an X ray." I not only drank that one but I also had to drink a third. I drank until bismuth ran out of my ears, and when she came in with a fourth glass I shrieked: "No more mortar!"

But I had to down that, too, all the time haunted by the dread that the bismuth would set like concrete in my interior and that some public-spirited citizen would purchase me and set me up for a statue in a California park.

The X ray took about ten minutes, and they ferried me back to bed again to await the development of the pictures. That would take about twenty-four hours, which gave me just one day and night to figure out a way of smuggling my noisy appendix out of the quiet hospital zone. A sturdy-looking individual strutted into the room on a set of slanting heels. He carried a bottle of colorless fluid that looked familiar. I asked him what he had in the jug.

"It's alcohol," he said, and his breath was a good witness for the prosecution.

"Grain or wood?"

"Grain."

"What are you going to do with it?"

Sold—for a Dime

"Rub you with it." And he grabbed me by a leg and started to varnish me with the elixir of tremens, which is an indication of how they do things backward in hospitals. I had to drink the bismuth and get rubbed with the alcohol, when I would have been much happier if the process had been reversed. With a two-inch plastering of bismuth on my ribs and a red tile on my head, I would have been a fair imitation of a California bungalow by day. With the quart of alcohol inside, instead of out, I could have impersonated that same bungalow by night. He massaged me with the contraband of thirst and then put me back on the shelf with the other bundles. So far as the exhilarating influence of alcohol on the ankles is concerned, I want to say it is just as stimulating as water on the knee. No sooner was the rub over than a sinister-complexioned citizen wandered into the room with a sheaf of paper under his arm. He stuck a thermometer in my face and the mercury boiled over. He had a terrible expression, with a pair of tiny eyes that looked like Mutt-and-Jeff dots. You have seen that kind of maps. If they put his face on postage stamps, every postcard would go to the Dead Letter Office.

He gave me one of those my-poor-lad looks and then asked, "Who is your nearest living relative?"

"I am," I told him, "and I hope to be for a good many years. What are you asking for?"

"In case of accident," he said, "we must notify your relatives."

"Notify me," I answered, "and there won't be any accident."

He left the room in a dignified shuffle and was followed by three nurses, a couple of doctors and a dozen morbid bystanders. I later discovered that my room had been built over a winding path that pedestrians used for a Dutch cut, and they hadn't got over the habit. But that was my usual luck. Misfortune was a bird dog that always pointed me.

It was about twilight and I was figuring on getting my clothes and looping out of that hospital, when Mutt-and-Jeff Dots came back. Although he was clean-shaven, the expression on his face must have been caused by a full beard of ingrown hairs. He said, "We have rushed your X ray. If we don't operate inside of six hours your life won't be worth a dime."

"How much?" I asked him. "How much?"

"A dime," he answered—"a dime."

"I'll take it," I said. "That's the best offer I have received this year."

They still owe me the ten cents, because I slid down the rain spout that same night. They can send the money to the Conscience Fund, and I guarantee that the Conscience Fund will be heavily overpaid.

My next jump was Marlin, Texas, where I stopped long enough to add another hospital to my chain system of profit-sharing sanitariums. I had another spasm a week later on the sleeper from Marlin to San Antonio and I tipped the Pullman porter five dollars because he didn't volunteer to operate on me with his whisk broom. Five

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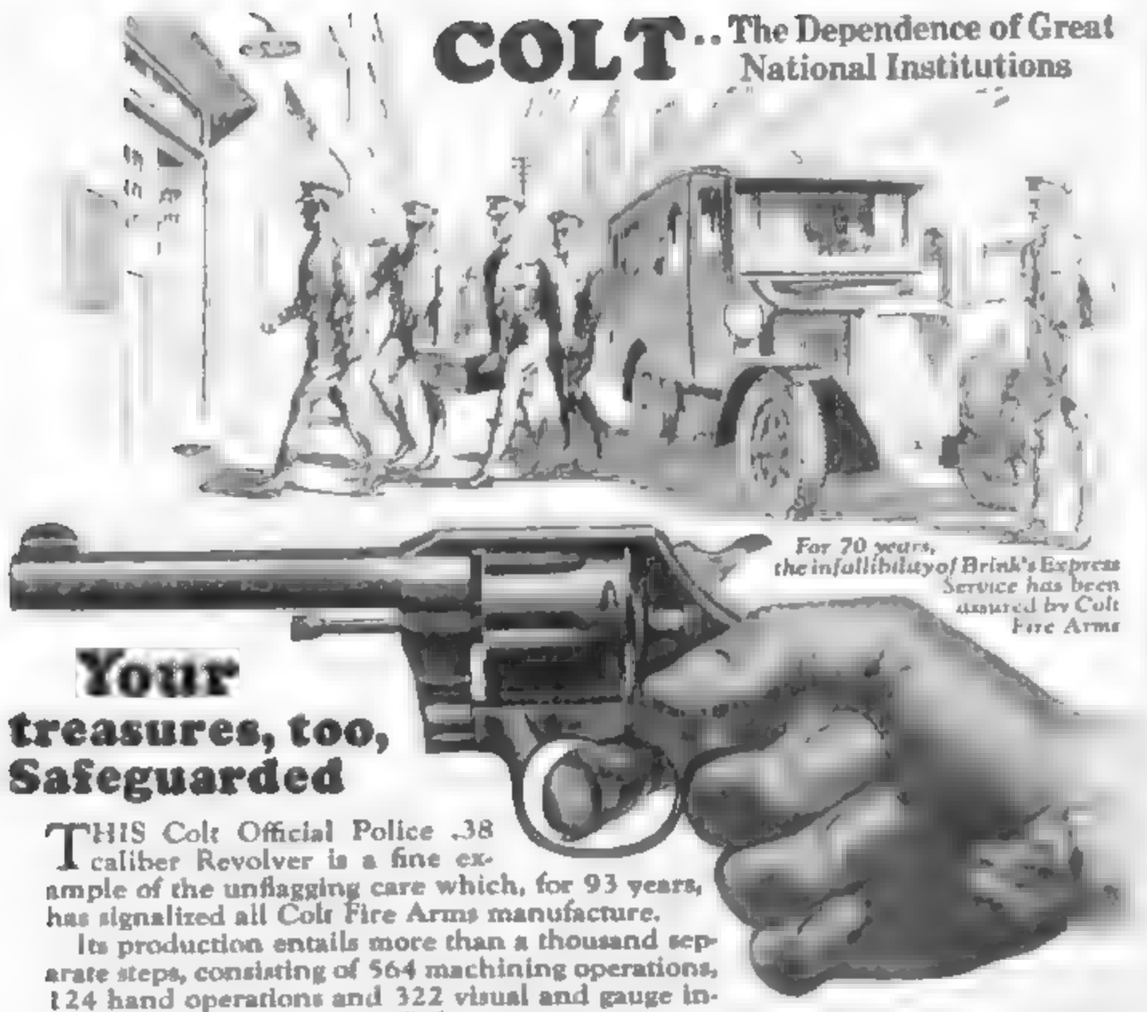

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days in the great indoors of a San Antonio hospital put me on my feet again.

By this time I had become so used to using a hospital for my town house that I usually wired ahead for reservations, and when I alighted at a railroad terminal I expected a reception committee in white to greet me from the driver's seat of an ambulance. I had my shoes polished on the soles so they would look nice on a stretcher. My next alma mater was a private institution in Miami. Once again a four-eyed specialist advised me to have the appendix yanked forth or my life wouldn't be worth a blue note in a saxophone.

I wasn't so sick now, as you can get used to everything in time except polka dots on a vest. I was a walking case. I would walk in, the doc would advise me to get an operation or learn to play a harp, and then I would walk out. Hospitals in Atlanta, Richmond, Baltimore and way stations should remember me, because I had a two weeks' card at all of them.

This weak-kneed hegira lasted several years, and if Mohammed could go to the mountain, then surely Peck could go to the molehill. Peck had his choice of that or the ash heap. I got to New York last year and immediately enlisted for a postgraduate course in all the leading garages for invalids. In addition to that I also voted the straight osteopath ticket and joined the fusion chiropractic masseurs, who did more to me than a laundry does to a loose button. After one of those chiroslapsticks had thumped, jumped and bumped me all over a ten-acre lot, and won the game in the last few seconds by kicking me for a field goal from the fifty-yard line, I decided that a chiro-blackjack's idea of giving the poor little match girl a merry Christmas was to twist her neck so that she could look back from Tuesday and see Monday.

I did everything an owner can do for his appendix except have it out. It had stuck by me through thick and thin, with the result that it was getting thicker and I was getting thinner.

There comes an end to all things, and my finish came last summer. They say a watched pot never boils, but that old century plant of an appendix suddenly burst into bloom. As usual, I went to bed without taking off my hat, thinking I would be up again in a few minutes. At the end of the second night I had to yodel for the doctor. It was a week-end and they couldn't find one at home. Even the horse doctors were out in automobiles. It was another twenty-four hours before they roped any old kind of physician, and by that time the appendix was singing soprano. I will not go into a tear-jerking scenario of the suffering, but the pain was all over the dial and could not be tuned out.

Just Three Big Cut-Ups

The new medical genius took a look at my pistachio complexion, told me I had chronic appendicitis, advised me to have an operation in the next year or my life wouldn't be worth a dollar, then charged me exactly forty-nine dollars more than the value of my life—and he didn't leave the bedside until he had the fifty. Then the regular doctors started arriving by threes and fours. They were grouped six deep around the bed and amused the neighbors' children by jabbing their index fingers into me. Then they all got their heads together like sheep in a storm. This play is called a huddle in football. In medical circles it is known as a consultation. I must have been the most popular man in the class, for they elected me captain.

They had decided to operate on me!

I didn't know anything about it, as they got my wife's permission, the landlord was willing, as my rent was paid a month in advance, and the elevator boy gave his consent immediately.

I could hear the clang of one of the coroner's pleasure cars outside the door, and two husky lads came in with a Red Cross sedan chair consisting of a strip of canvas between two long poles. They gathered me up and off we went. They put me into the ambulance, and I saw there were two or three undelivered patients on the floor. All the doctors crowded into the wagon for the hay ride. That ambulance went through the crowded streets of New York at sixty miles an hour, and it was the only time that I was ever anxious to arrive safely at a hospital.

This time that orchestra of surgeons lost no time in tuning up. I was on the operating table within fifteen minutes of the time I had left for the joy ride in the sad express. The operating boudoir was clean and spotless. I was the only speck in it. There were only three surgeons in the room, so I guess that the mob must have drawn lots, with the losers being forced to stay outside. The three jolly boys were dressed like kleagles. There were two nurses skidding silently around the table and I knew that the minute I absorbed the ether all five of them would start dancing around the table and throwing bandages around like confetti at a Mardi gras. One of the surgeons came up close and I knew those eyes in a minute. It was Doc Mumble! He had a big knife in his hand and I knew he was eager to give me the same military salute that Brutus gave Cæsar. It was the most unequal contest I ever saw in my life. Everybody in the room had a knife but me.

The Victim's Last Request

Little Pills leaned over me and showed his teeth and said, "Is there anything you want?"

"Yes," I told him; "give me a police whistle and a fifteen-yard start."

Mumble's reply was to slap a cone-shaped bag over my face, but he couldn't etherize me. I breathed it in and it was a wonderful tonic. Long service in night clubs, Pullman smokers and the Subways had inoculated me against anything so mild as ether, which was merely a soft drink to me. They tried for fifty minutes and then ran out of gas. It looked like they would have to take me around to the nearest filling station, when Mumble must have conceived the smart idea of whacking me on the head with a baby sledge hammer, for the lights suddenly went out.

All I know about the carving fiesta is what I found out when I broke through the clouds ten days later. Those surgeons didn't operate on me. They tunneled. They started cutting around midnight and at three A.M. they came out on the Jersey side. The incision was exactly the same kind you make on a smelt to remove his backbone.

Mumble got even with me for the night that I did his sentry duty. He did sentry go around my bed for the ten days of my delirium and the nurses tell me that he was as gentle as a Jap painting a fan. No pedestrians used my room for a short cut, for Mumble challenged them all in an allopathic whisper. The operation is considered a success, for I am still in bed. I shall get up next week, and expect to win some kind of Nobel prize, for I shall be the only person of either sex in New York who will be wearing a corset.

It was only yesterday that I acquired sufficient nerve to look at the needlework on my abdomen, and I find that I look like an American League baseball. And, as the after-dinner speakers continually repeat, in the final analysis, I discover that zero is still a cipher. My dread of the knife was all imagination. If I had known how simple it was I would have allowed the docs to throw meat cleavers at me.

I dodged one knife for years, with the result that I suffered every minute of the time. My advice to people with fermenting appendixes is so simple that a child can avoid it.

When the sword of Damascus is hanging over your head by a single hair, take Father Time by the ears and bob the hair.

When you have appendicitis you are up a blind alley that can't be cured with eye drops. Go to your own Doc Mumble and—have it out.

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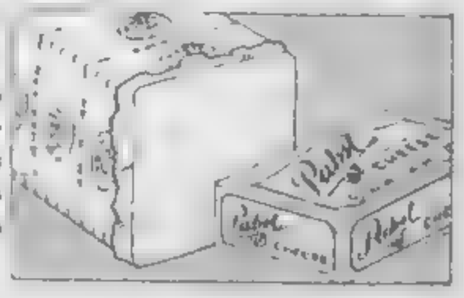

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Triumphant Youth

By George Barton Cutten

IS THIS the day of triumphant youth? Has youth seized the steering wheel, while maturity and old age sit on the back seat vainly trying to drive from this disadvantageous position? Is youth stepping on the gas, disregarding all traffic rules, and waving a hand nonchalantly when any suggestion comes to him from the frantic passengers behind? Just what position does youth hold in modern-day conduct of affairs? Is he really driving the big machine, or is he fooling himself and us as he sits in his toy going through the motions? Have we reached the age of triumphant youth?

One of the greatest pieces of oratory ever delivered in English was spoken in defense of triumphant youth, as long ago as 1741, when the first Earl of Chatham made his famous reply to Horatio Walpole. There is scarcely an English schoolboy who cannot repeat verbatim this brilliant passage:

"Sir: The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with my youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth may be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remainder of his life in the ruin of his country."

A Precocious Youth

Pitt was thirty-two years old when he thrilled Parliament with these words. If this charge could be made against him at his age, what might have been said against his illustrious son, who entered Parliament at twenty-one, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and became Prime Minister of England at twenty-five! The astonishment and concern of some of the elders may be gathered from what actually was said when Pitt, the younger, became prime minister:

A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care.

Notwithstanding some indiscretions, such as drinking champagne out of a lady's slipper at Bath, he has been called England's greatest prime minister. The precocity of the Pitt family does not stand alone. Earl Canning at twenty-nine was made Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his father, George Canning, held the same office when twenty-six, and was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs when thirty-seven. Palmerston was Secretary of State for War at twenty-five, a position which he held for twenty years under six different prime ministers. Cabinet positions and especially premierships are not being handed to men in their twenties and thirties in England today. Not one British prime minister, since Mr. Asquith assumed office in 1908, has been under fifty, and the average age has been fifty-seven. Before that time Addington, Portland, Perceval and Liverpool assumed the premiership in their forties. Gladstone entered Parliament in his early twenties, was first Junior Lord of the Treasury two years later, and a month later Undersecretary of State for the Colonies. Before he was thirty-five he was in the cabinet, but did not become prime minister until he was nearly fifty-nine.

If England's prime ministers are getting older, the Presidents of the United States are getting younger; at least, this is the conclusion if we can trust to averages. There have been thirty Presidents. The average age of the first ten, when they assumed office, was 58.1 years, the second ten averaged 53.9, the last ten averaged 51.6. An analysis of the three groups reveals the fact that of the first ten, three were more than sixty and none was under fifty. Of the second ten, two were more than sixty and four were under fifty. Of the last ten there was none more than sixty and two were under fifty. The youngest President to assume office was Theodore Roosevelt, who accidentally became President at forty-two. In the presidency the trend seems to be against men over sixty Buchanan being the last sexagenarian rather than in favor of younger men. Men of fifty or over can hardly be designated as youths. Real youth does not seem to be arriving at eminence—in the political life of the two great English speaking nations, at least.

Warriors, Young and Old

There have been ten prime ministers of Canada with an average age, on assuming office, of 57.8. This advanced age is due to the fact that three were seventy or over. The three Liberal premiers averaged 47.3 years, the seven Conservative 62.1 years. Some of these prime ministers held office for very short periods; in some cases only months. The five who held the longest terms averaged 52.6 years in age. The last four, who have held the premiership for more than thirty years, averaged only 50.2 years. So it seems as though the age is getting younger, but not yet very youthful; the tendency being, as in the United States, against old men, rather than in favor of youth.

Some other great youths have made history. Alexander the Great became king when a youth of twenty, at twenty-two he gained his first great victory over the Persians, at twenty-three he again defeated them, and at twenty-five with fifty thousand soldiers he overcame a Persian army of one million. Before his death at the age of thirty-two he is said to have wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Napoleon at twenty-eight had conquered Austria and at thirty he was the ruler of France. Alexander Hamilton was a lieutenant colonel on Washington's staff at twenty, father of the Constitution at thirty, and Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two. James Wolfe was a lieutenant colonel at twenty-three, hero of Louisburg at thirty-one, and conqueror of Quebec at thirty-two. Clive was described by Pitt as the youth of twenty-seven who had done the deeds of a heaven-born general. At thirty-two he had wrested India from France and firmly established England's Indian Empire. Marlborough was a French colonel at twenty-four and an English colonel at twenty-eight. So the list of notable youthful warriors might be lengthened.

It is noticeable, however, that there would be few additions to the list from the late war. Marshal Foch was aged sixty-seven years at that time. The youngest colonel of the British army was Lt. Col. Eric MacDonald, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, who commanded the 10th Alberta Battalion during the last year of the war, when twenty-five, with marked success. The army commanders, however, had all passed middle life. Sir John French

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was sixty-two when he took command of the British forces; General Joffre was sixty-two when he commanded the French forces; and General Pershing was fifty-seven when he commanded the United States troops. Not much evidence of triumphant youth in this list! On the German side there was as little evidence of youth. The youngest army commander was probably the Crown Prince, and there was little to recommend youth in what he accomplished. Kitchener was lieutenant colonel at thirty-six, and commander of the Egyptian forces, with rank of general, at forty-two. He was sixty-four when the late war began and he became responsible for the British War Ministry. Roberts was forty-six when the Afghan war broke out and was forty-eight when he made his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. In our own Civil War Grant was lieutenant colonel and brigadier general at thirty-nine, and at forty-two was lieutenant general and commander in chief of the Union forces. Lee was lieutenant colonel at forty-eight and commander of the Confederate forces at fifty-five.

Let us turn from war to education. Harvard has had twenty-three presidents. The first eight averaged 47.5 years upon assuming office, including two of over sixty; the next seven averaged 45.8 years; while the last eight averaged 51.6, including Jared Sparks, aged sixty. Computing them in another way, we find the presidents of Harvard in the seventeenth century averaged 45.7 years on inauguration, in the eighteenth century 48.8 years, in the nineteenth century 49.4 years, and the only one in the twentieth century—the present honored incumbent—fifty-three. This shows a steady advance in years, but less inclination to accept men of sixty or over. The youngest president of Harvard was Henry Dunster, the first one, who was twenty-eight when he assumed office, and the oldest was Charles Chauncy, the second one, who was sixty-two.

Yale has had thirteen presidents. The first seven averaged forty-two upon undertaking the responsibilities of office, and the remaining six averaged 51.1 years. If we divide them by centuries, we find that those of the eighteenth century averaged forty-two years, those of the nineteenth century averaged fifty-one years, while the one appointee for the twentieth century, who now holds the office, assumed it at fifty-two. The youngest Yale president was Elisha Williams, who came to the office at thirty-two, while Noah Porter at sixty was the oldest.

In the Gentler Arts

If these two institutions are any index, it seems as though the chief office in our colleges is not being awarded to the youth of the nation, but more and more to maturity. Some changes in the duties of office may cause a lowering of the age in the future. In the past a man usually came to this office after he had made a success as a college professor, and it was demanded that primarily he should be a scholar. That required years.

Now, however, there is a tendency, especially among those institutions which are not so conservative, to appoint business managers as presidents, and more and more men of affairs rather than trained educators are being sought. Glenn Frank has recently gone to Wisconsin at thirty-eight; and Clarence C. Little to Michigan at thirty-seven; he was president of the University of Maine at thirty-four. R. M. Hutchins, who was made secretary of Yale University at twenty-four, has recently been made president of the University of Chicago at thirty. In days gone by Hyde went to Bowdoin at twenty-seven, and Graves became president of the University of Wyoming at twenty-seven and of Washington at twenty-nine.

Among men of letters we have had some examples of early genius. Byron published his first volume of poems at nineteen, and the first two cantos of Childe Harold at twenty-four; Disraeli published Vivian Grey at twenty-two, Dickens published Pickwick Papers at twenty-four, Shelley wrote Queen Mab at twenty-one, Macaulay contributed to the Edinburgh Review at twenty-five, Carlyle published The Life of Schiller at twenty-eight, and his translation of William Meister at twenty-nine, and Scott wrote considerable poetry before thirty. Noah Webster published his spelling book, grammar, and reading book at twenty-five. There were 62,000,000 copies of this spelling book printed and sold. John T. Delane was editor of the London Times when only twenty-three, and E. W. Bok was editor of the Ladies' Home Journal at twenty-six. In comparison it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the members of the younger present generation, who, some think, have seized the direction of affairs, were still in college or professional schools when these giants of former days were producing masterpieces.

Who are the eminent men in America anyway, and what are their ages? In the 1926 edition of Who's Who in America, there are 2404 names beginning with the letter *m*, exclusive of those for which no date of birth is listed.

Prolonging Infancy

The following is a classification of their numbers in decades from twenty to one hundred:

24-29 years of age (1898-03)	6
30-39 years of age (1888-97)	107
40-49 years of age (1878-87)	444
50-59 years of age (1868-77)	772
60-69 years of age (1858-67)	700
70-79 years of age (1848-57)	304
80-89 years of age (1838-47)	66
90-97 years of age (1830-37)	5

It will be noted that more than 60 per cent of the whole number are found to be between fifty and sixty-nine years of age. The period between eighty and eighty-nine contains eleven times the number of eminent men as does the period between twenty-four and twenty-nine.

The ages containing the most names are from fifty-eight to sixty-one. In these four years are 15 per cent of the whole number. This does not look as though youth were steering the universe! Of course this does not tell the story of when these men first became eminent, but it does show the ages of the eminent men in the nation last year. While this is a list for the names beginning with only one letter, it probably gives a very good estimate of the whole list. The youngest name of this list is that of Wilbur Morse, aged twenty-three, since 1924 Washington correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger. Two others on this list were women: Mary Miles Minter, movie actress, aged twenty-four; and Kathryn Meisle, contralto, aged twenty-seven.

It seems, then, as though we might answer one question, at least in part. Instead of callow youth capturing the wheel and directing the world in its orbit and the stars in their courses, the indications are that eminince is not attained in youth to so great an extent as formerly. There are reasons why this should be so. The demands of formal education take one well through his twenties. Formerly there were no professional schools, or if they existed, the training was meager and required a short time. Now in medicine, for example, the medical schools require for matriculation an arts degree, with premedical work completed, four years in medical school, one year as an interne, then extra study for special work, and some years' practice before recognizing the merits of the individual. Not until he is past forty can a physician hope to attain eminence, and it is more likely to be even later. The other professions are following rapidly in the same course, and demanding the first three decades of life for training before active participation in the profession is permitted, or, at least, countenanced. Someone has facetiously defined a college as "an artificial means of prolonging infancy," and it seems

(Continued on Page 257)

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY

{when all Europe guessed wrong}

The date—October 3rd, 1719. The scene—*Hotel de Nevers*, Paris. A wild mob—fighting to be heard

"Fifty shares!" "I'll take two hundred!" "Five hundred!" "A thousand here!" "Ten thousand!"

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Now you can give your radiator its regular cleaning *yourself*, or your garage man will do it for you at modest cost.

Get a can of the new McCord Cleaner (it costs a dollar at any service station, filling station or accessory store). Follow the simple directions, and when you see what comes out of your radiator you'll be glad you did.

Unless a serious accident or equally serious neglect has forced you to buy a new radiator for your car, you have probably never realized how costly this *frontispiece* of your motor really is.

Your radiator is made entirely of brass, copper and solder, all but the outer shell, which is an expensive work of art in itself.

McCord, pioneers at radiator building, who build more automobile radiators than any independent company in the world, keep this costly raw stock in a vault-like, burglar-proof room. They call it the "Gold Room".

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(Continued from Page 254)

as though there may be as much truth as wit in this definition.

If infancy is prolonged, youth is correspondingly delayed. The effect of this is to postpone maturity and to shorten old age. There was a time when a man, and especially, a woman, was old at sixty. Now sexagenarians are expected to be active, even if not first assuming great responsibilities at that age. In fact, old age seems to have vanished. Sometimes when we hear statisticians claiming that the average of life is lengthened eighteen or twenty years, we think of this as adding to the age so that soon, instead of three score and ten, we may all be living to be centenarians. Unfortunately this is not yet the case. The average age is increased because so many fewer die in infancy—the addition is to the first part of life and not to the last. So, in pushing maturity further along, we are not yet able to push old age along in a corresponding manner, but we do shorten it.

Now, though maturity comes later in life, eminence is not reached in late years so frequently as formerly. If eminence is not attained in youth so frequently as formerly, it is equally true that it is not so frequently attained in old age. The city of fame is first reached in the forties and fifties, rather than before or after those years, the first touch of the garland to the brow comes neither in youth nor in old age, but is reserved for maturity. The above figures from Who's Who may be misleading in one direction, for they seem to indicate that old age rather than middle age is the time of reaching eminence, but it must be remembered that if a man becomes eminent in middle life his name continues in Who's Who as long as he lives.

The reason why a person becomes eminent in middle life rather than later, if he does at all, is probably the reaction to the modern environment, which, with its strong competition and hothouse methods, tends to force results if they are at all possible. Formal education, which delays attainment so that the twenties and early thirties are given to preparation and are barren of results, does develop and prepare the individual so that when he actually begins work he accomplishes more and brings about results more quickly. He then does not have to await old age to attain eminence, but it comes to him during middle life.

New Ways for Old

There is another phase of the subject which should be noted. Inventing requires a new way of looking at things, the recognizing of relations not formerly seen. Youth with free and active imagination seems to be best adapted to this accomplishment. George Westinghouse invented the air brake when twenty-three, Luther Burbank produced the potato which bears his name when twenty-two, George Eastman produced dry plates at twenty-six, Alexander Bell invented the telephone when twenty-nine, Henry Ford produced his first motor car when twenty-nine, Thomas Edison invented the incandescent lamp when thirty-two, and the Wright brothers were thirty-two and thirty-six when they made their first flight.

In business we have some notable examples of genius early in life. Rudolph Spreckels became president of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company at twenty-two, and put the plantation on a paying basis within a year. C. S. Woolworth established his first five-and-ten-cent store when twenty-four, John D. Rockefeller organized the Standard Oil Company when thirty-one, Charles M. Schwab became president of the Carnegie Steel Corporation at thirty-five, and of the United States Steel Corporation when thirty-nine; and Howard Heinz became chairman of the board of directors of the H. J. Heinz Company at thirty-eight. The most precocious financial genius of recent years has been S. P. Gilbert, who became agent general for reparation payments at thirty-two.

The names in the two above paragraphs were not specially selected, but grouped from material at hand. There is one thing noticeable—there are only two persons in these groups who are college men—namely, Howard Heinz and S. Parker Gilbert. This bears out a contention already made that college men do not attain eminence early on account of their early years being spent in training, but shows something else equally well—when noncollege men attain eminence, they do so earlier than do college men.

Of course, we recognize that there are certain lines of attainment from which noncollege men are barred—from the nature of the case. We do not expect noncollege men to become college professors, nor do we expect noncollege men to become eminent in the other professions to any great extent. In the fields, however, where men may achieve prominence without college training, such as the two mentioned above, they usually become eminent, when they do, sooner than college men. We have some notable exceptions, as, for example, Benjamin Silliman, who became professor of chemistry at Yale when only twenty-three.

Slowing Up Genius

It may be that the future will give less opportunity for young men in the two occupations of invention and business. As industry gravitates into the hands of large corporations, more and more the problems will be handed over to well-organized research departments where the results will be classified more under the head of reasoned scientific conclusions than of invention, and where mature training will take the place of the outcroppings of youthful genius. Of course, some young man is always going to ask why a certain thing is done in this old-fashioned way when it might be done by a shorter process which he has evolved, but, as a rule, the problems are going to be recognized in advance, and necessity—which has always been the mother of invention—will demand more exactions from research departments. The large corporations will also be responsible for the curbing of youth in business. They complain now that the trouble with the college man is that he does not want to start at the bottom to work up; a routine which they naturally demand. Though exceptional talent and genius will be eventually recognized, there is a certain preference given to seniority, and the progress of a youthful genius will probably be slower than when he was working for himself or in a smaller firm where individuals are known by name instead of by number.

It has been so frequently pointed out as to make more than a mention of it unnecessary, that while only a small portion of the people have received a college education, the great majority of those in Who's Who are college graduates. This we recognize, regardless of whether we consider college training to be simply an intelligence test or whether we believe a college education to be a valuable preparation for success and attainment. But why does the noncollege man attain eminence, when he does, earlier than the college man? The answer evidently is, because he begins to specialize while the college man is receiving his general training, and if he shows special aptitude for the work which he has chosen he progresses in it rapidly and succeeds before the college man begins his work. So few noncollege men do succeed compared with the college men, and there are so many more of the former than the latter, that college seems to be a good investment of time and money—at least, so we think in America today.

Is youth triumphant? Not so much so as in former days. Is old age ruling the world? Not so much as in former days. This is the time when we are seeing the victory and attainment of middle age, for it is at this age that men are arriving at eminence. The young man must surrender the steering wheel to his father and sit in the back seat with his grandfather. His turn will come later.

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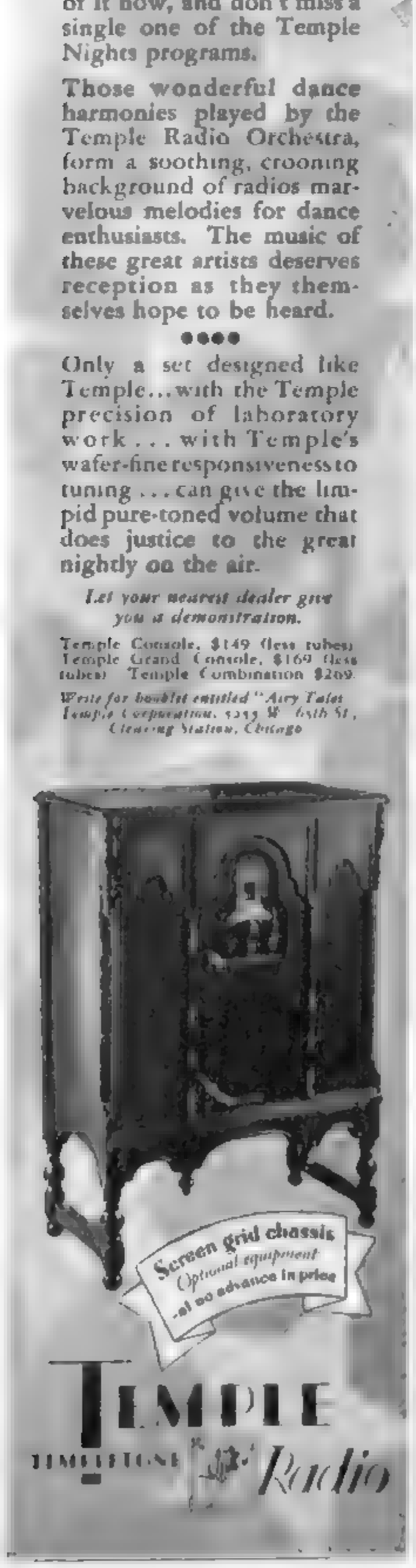

SUBMARINE

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waving green manitee grass which had perfectly concealed them, and followed them with the speed of a projectile as they flashed away in a living, leaping pool of blue and gold. Seen from above, all of them, pursuer and pursued, seemed coated over in veils of silver sequins because of the hissing speed they traveled.

Certain it was she had seen them as they flashed toward the surface, and most certainly she needed them in her business. But all in an instant the quarry was gone, vanished as if in hallucination, leaving the she shark glaring upward with addled wits. A great dark creature with dull, glistening belly had loomed suddenly between her and her prey, a shapeless mass that rocked idly in the water, and it was behind this or into its unseen maw that the darting bonito had vanished. But what in the name of Neptune was it?

Porting her helm hard, so to speak, the shark rose slowly beneath the interloper, her sluggish blood lashed to black fury within her at what she took to be the robbery of her rightful prey. With a writhing twist of her lithe body she veered upward, turning to bring into play her fierce jaws armed with their seven rows of triangular teeth, shaped like the teeth of a mowing machine and quite as sharp. Then pivoting suddenly in mid-rush, she darted aside, her black dorsal fin cutting the surface water like a pirate's flag. This thing was no fish, but a boat—none other than the twelve-foot dinghy which had brought the scientist out to the reef.

The scientist himself was just in the act of stepping into it, in fact, to return to the mainland, for the tide was making and the afternoon on the wane, but he got out of it again a great deal faster than he got in, as the water beneath the boat's prow was rent asunder by the shark's uprushing bulk. Almost in the same instant it was as if an express train had struck the boat. The shark's shagreen bulk, with a ton of momentum behind it, had struck it full on, and one side of it was crushed in as the little craft jammed against the reef rocks. The water boiled white; foam rolled up the rocks in the wake of the hopping scientist.

For the shark it was nothing; far larger boats had been smashed by smaller though great man-eaters before. The point was that the scientist all in a moment was a derelict, marooned on the reef. Like the conger eel, it was his day to be shown.

In the next two minutes, while the stove-in boat filled with water and sank from sight, the scientist's head was filled with many things besides the microscopic and fragmentary knowledge of the sea floor. He thought, for instance, of the vicious and cannibal nature of the man-eating shark—*Carcharodon rondeletii*—of the loss of his valuable scribblings on the breeding habits of *Ostrea mollusca*—the oyster—and its enemy, *Buccinum undatum*—the whelk—which had gone down with the boat; of the unlikeliness of the primitive natives—*homo sapiens*—coming out from the mainland to search for him, at least, for ever so long; and lastly of hunger, thirst, the rising tide, and the contingency of possible storm, which would wash him off the reef.

For upward of two hours the scientist dwelt on these things most consistently, while he crouched on the spine of the reef like a cat on a fence, and the she shark patrolled up and down no more than six feet below him, her cold little eyes set in wrinkled hide like the eyes of an elephant, watching him with an intelligent and implacable hate that made him shiver. Now and then she turned half over on her side and appeared to yawn with her triangular, saw-edged maw, which was terrible. The scientist began to be hypnotized by the changeless monotony and persistence of his jailer, until he turned his eyes away to escape its influence.

Meantime the sun had slid down its western stairway. By the time darkness fell, the scientist had got an insight into the sea and its creatures that two decades of peering, prying and dissecting had failed to give him. Grim and spectral in the gloom, the great shape of the shark prowled and prowled, or drifted with the ground swell, just outside the line of rocks, while from the depths beneath her, brilliant bands of greenish light flashed unceasing as the scavengers came and went, the jackals of the sea. From above and below, and from all sides, they were gathering now, drawn from afar by their acute and marvelous senses, to fatten on the spoils. Like birds in the air, they hovered and circled, their baleful luminance blending with the weird witch-fire glow of floating myriads of infusoria—those tiny phosphor animalcules which are the fireflies of the sea.

At last the late moon rose beyond the distant mainland, setting the stage for the final act, a happening awesome beyond human belief. On the shifting surface of the waters strange shapes made and unmade themselves in the ghostly light; far-off swells seemed close at hand and swells so near they were about to break on the reef appeared remote in the deceitful luminance.

The scientist dozed at last, the sleep of exhaustion. Far on in the small hours he sat up suddenly with a start of premonition. Through his sleep had penetrated a clammy and indescribable weight of dread that had its source in the sharp, sinister reek of musk that freighted the night air like an overpowering drug. Even before he was rightly awake, he knew that some malignant, threatening presence was close at hand. As he swept the still surface of the sea his eyes fairly popped from his head at sight of a colossal pallid mass of flesh rising slowly out of the depths. A spotted, leprous-looking bulk, large as a sperm whale, it came slowly into view, foot after foot of it, yard after yard, until it seemed as if an island were rising out of the sea. The scientist cried out, shuddering at the horrible sight.

What he beheld was the giant white ten-armed squid that lives in the uttermost depths of the ocean floor, a creature which few men have ever lived to see, with a body some eighty feet in length, shaped like a Zeppelin and surrounded by ten writhing tentacles nearly forty feet long and big around as telephone poles. Out of a rayless cavern deep down in the mountainside the monster had been drawn by some mysterious and unknowable influence, to visit the surface, a thing which happens no more than once in a decade or two. The scientist had come to the reef to study molluska; before him was the bleached white king of all the molluska, the largest form left living on this earth.

As he stood and stared, the awful eyes of the apparition came into view, ink-black and appalling, each as large around as a washtub, and set in a Medusa-like head from which the death-pale tentacles branched. Like dark magnets of death they glared across the water at the pygmy human, the livid streamers of the tentacles writhing and bunching like the legs of some stupendous nightmare of a spider crouched for a spring. The man could endure that demonish sight but a moment, then his arm was flung instinctively over his eyes. When he forced himself to look again, two of the bleached arms, like great constrictors, each one covered with terrible sucking disks, studded with black curved claws, came writhing toward him across the intervening space.

In the next few moments the scientist knew such horror as rarely comes to any human outside of a nightmare, fear that turned his very blood to ice. He essayed to flee, but his legs went pithless beneath him as the arms of the devil of the deep came licking up the face of the reef. He fell among the rocks and lay there in a quaking

(Continued on Page 262)

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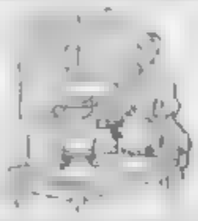

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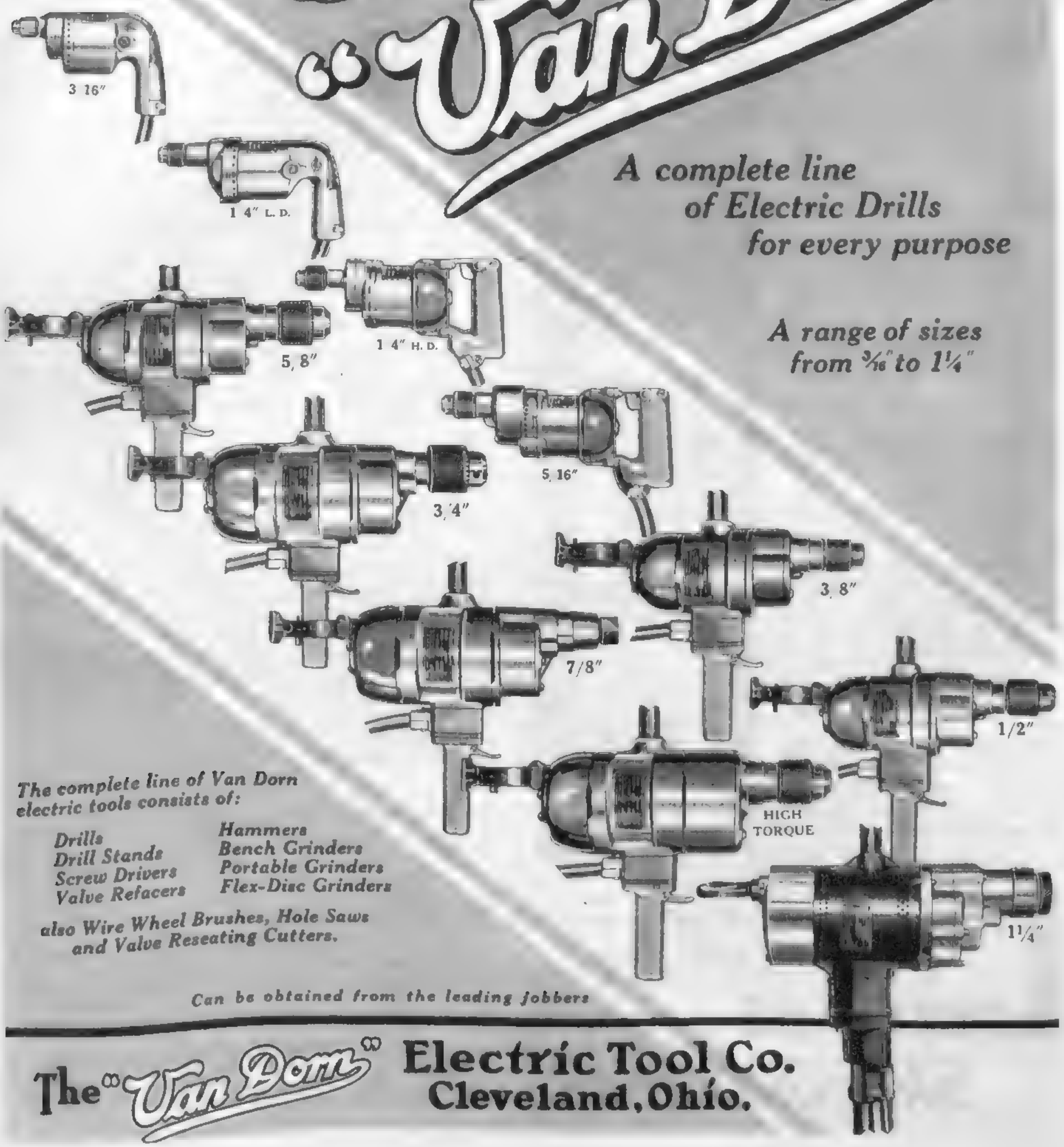

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BETWEEN your fingers you can feel the important new benefit given by Listerine Shaving Cream. *It lubricates the skin!*

Your first shave will prove how great an achievement this is. Instead of painful scrape and pull, instead of smarting friction as the razor is pulled across your face, you will enjoy a new sensation of smooth sailing by the blade as it slides on the lubricating lather of Listerine cream.

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Besides, there is no need to change your shaving habits. Hot water or cold, rubbing-in or not, lotions or none; suit your old preference. And you will discover in Listerine lather an amazingly quick tamer of tough beards, a cool and gentle soother of tender skins, a healer of nicks and abrasions.

157 shaves—50c

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 258)

heap, expecting each moment to feel the fatal clutch of tentacles about him, but nothing happened. The tension mounted beyond all endurance. When finally he forced himself to look again, the air sucked into his lungs in an involuntary gasp. The enemy was gone. Smooth and serene, the face of the waters had regained their brooding and equivocal calm.

Fearing no creature that dwelt either in the upper or lower ocean, the monster devilfish had been daunted by a subtler force. Hard and tough as seasoned gutta-percha, his mighty bulk was one of the few living forms built to withstand the terrific pressure that exists on the ocean floor. The release of that pressure, however, was another matter, and as the creature began dragging himself out into the new strange element of the air, sharp, paralyzing spasms of pain shot through his pallid bulk. A horror of the unknown, the inexplicable, the most overpowering fear known to the animal world, suddenly galvanized him, and an instant later his great form was lunging back to the lightless depths again.

Once more, as in the ancient days of lay and fable, a demon had been banished at cockcrow. For as the man lifted his eyes, above the eastern rim of the sea the first pale rose streamers of dawn trembled and grew like hope. Against them a low dark shape took form—a native boat. It was coming, heading for the reef, higher and larger each moment in the making light. Hoarse yells broke from the scientist's lips as he waved from the highest rock.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE TEENIE WEENIES

ALL the Teenie Weenies are mighty fond of Monarch Teenie Weenie Toffies. There is nothing strange about that, for Teenie Weenie Toffies are made out of pure creamery butter, fresh cream, and pure cane sugar, and they have a wonderfully delicious flavor, quite different from most candy.

The Dunce was so fond of Teenie Weenie Toffies and ate so much, the General gave orders to keep the greedy little chap out of the Teenie Weenie Toffie Factory. But every now and then he'd slip in, to get a bite of his favorite candy!

One noon, while the machinery which packed the Teenie Weenie Toffie cans had shut down for lunch, the Dunce climbed up onto the machine. He jumped into a one pound can of Toffies, and was just about to throw out a Toffie, when suddenly—the machinery started!

The motion knocked him flat on his back, and before he could shout for help, the machine clamped on the lid, and sealed the little fellow up tight, inside the can!

Fortunately, the Cowboy had seen the Dunce disappear, and his yells for help brought a number of Teenie Weenies to the spot.

"The Dunce is sealed up in that Toffie can!" shouted the Cowboy, "We've got to get him out in a hurry, or he'll smother!"

"Get a torch, and cut a hole through the can," cried the Turk.

"No—that won't do!" shouted the Old Soldier, "The waxed paper wrappers on the toffies will catch fire! Get a drill, and put a hole in the can, so he'll get air!"

"Isn't there air in the can?" asked the Lady of Fashion. "Why do you seal the cans without air? It's dangerous! Oh, the poor Dunce!"

"We take the air out so the candy will keep fresh," answered the Old Soldier. "We didn't expect to be canning Dunces!"

The Cowboy brought a tiny drill, and in a few minutes he bored a hole through the side of the can.

"There!" exclaimed the Cowboy, as the air rushed into the hole with a loud hiss. "That will keep him going till we can cut a place big enough to get him out!"

A number of tiny tools had been brought, and in a short time the Cowboy cut a hole through the side of the can. After several toffies had been pulled through the hole, the Dunce popped out his head.

"J-j-jimminy fish hooks!" stuttered the frightened Dunce. "I c-c-certainly was scared! I-I-I was afraid I might be sold in that can, a-and g-get et up for a piece of toffie!"

"Such language, Dunce!" cried the Lady of Fashion. "You should say eaten, not 'et'!"

"Well—et or eaten, I don't want either one to happen to me!" grinned the Dunce as he climbed safely out of the can.

"Now sir," said the General, "I thought you had orders to keep away from the Toffie Factory?"

"Yes, sir, I did," answered the Dunce. "I have tried to keep away. But honest, I just can't! Teenie Weenie Toffies are too good! Once you get a taste of 'em, you can't leave 'em alone!"

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